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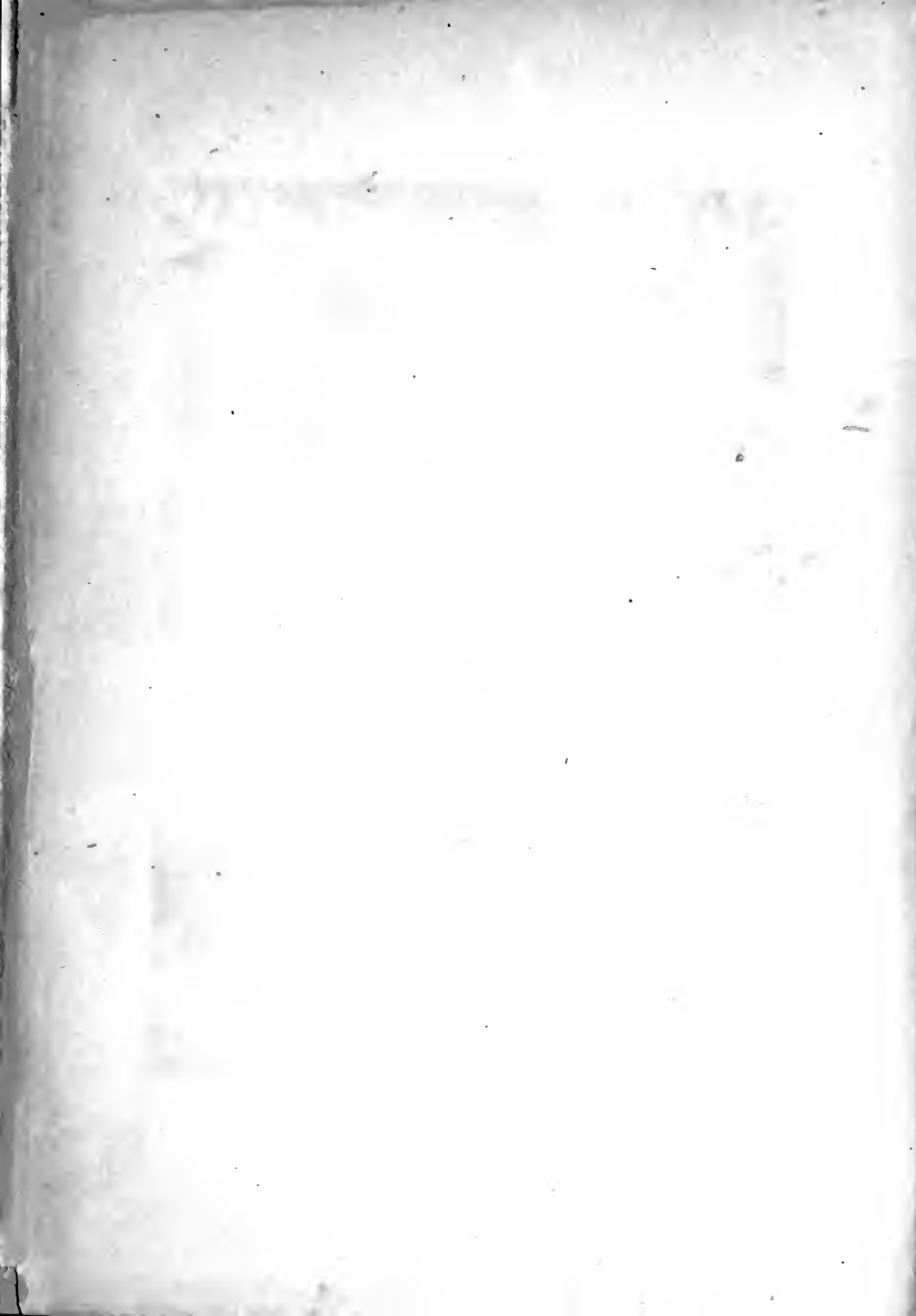
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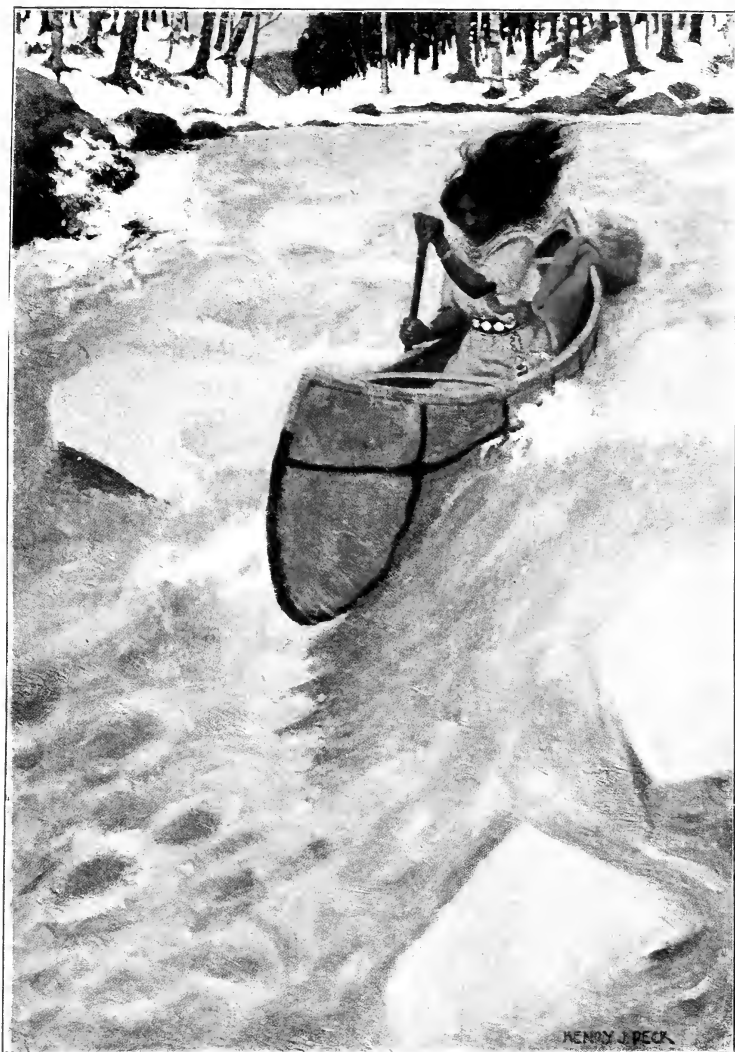
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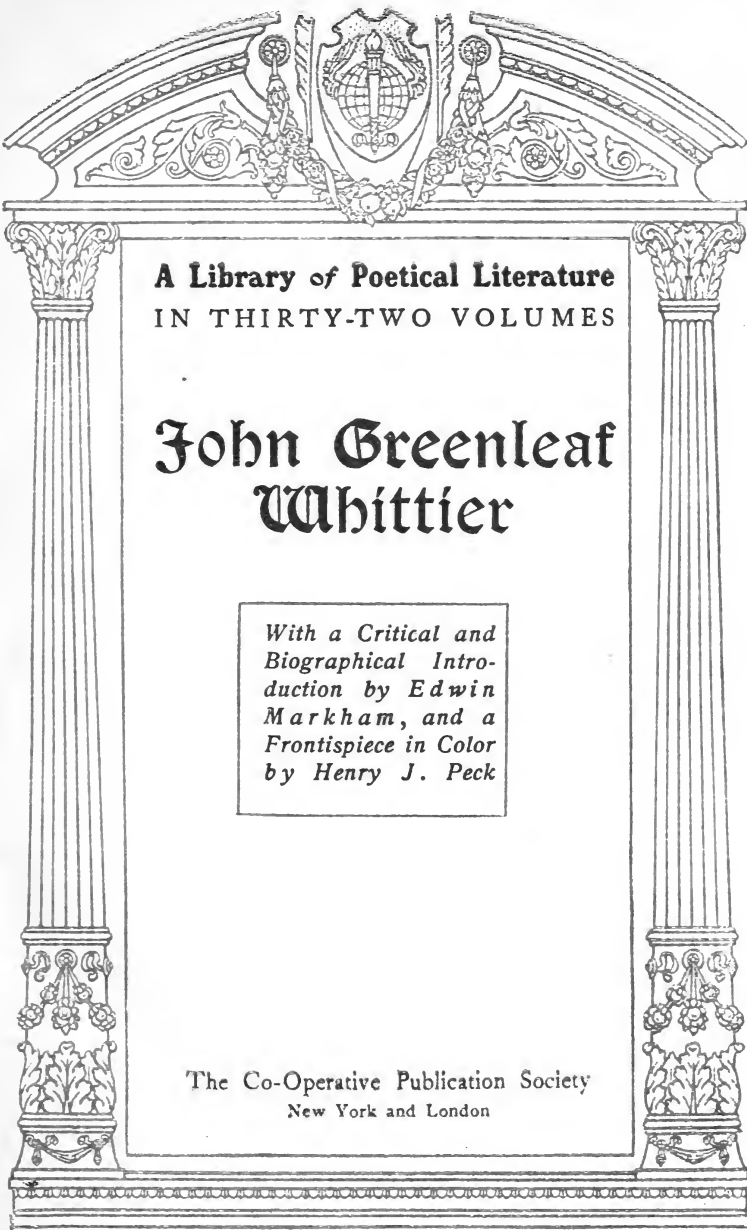




## Whittier

*"The straining eye bent fearfully before . . . .  
The small hand clenching on the useless oar."*

—"The Bridal of Pennacook"



**A Library of Poetical Literature  
IN THIRTY-TWO VOLUMES**

**John Greenleaf  
Whittier**

*With a Critical and  
Biographical Intro-  
duction by Edwin  
Markham, and a  
Frontispiece in Color  
by Henry J. Peck*

The Co-Operative Publication Society  
New York and London

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## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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THE spiritual wave, the seismic billow that for a time sprang high in the seven great English poets of the first years of the nineteenth century would seem to have swept across the Atlantic and poured its thrilling energies into the seven great American poets of a later epoch—Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Whitman, Lowell and Poe.

Of this lyric seven Whittier is the name that will forever be linked with the emancipation of the black race in North America. He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, near the Merrimac. His family for two generations had been Quakers of Huguenot extraction. At Haverhill, in the old colonial home, encircled by wood and field and water (all to be absorbed into the boy's soul), young Whittier spent his early years. Here he did his share of the routine work of a little frugal farm, with scant schooling in the dead of winter.

When the boy was fourteen—at that wondrous crisis in a boy's life when all the gates of being are breaking open to the mysteries—a great event happened, one that laid a shaping hand on all his after years. This event was the chance (if there be any chance) visit of his teacher Joshua Coffin, with a copy of Burns's poems. The roving bee had brought the pollen to the waiting blossom.

The guest at the hearth read and explained the delicious

dew-fresh lyrics of Bobbie Burns; and the listening boy drank in the music until he felt in his own breast the dim stirrings of song. Just so young Keats caught his inspiration from the romantic pages of Spenser. And so, perhaps, by some such influence, unnoted or unknown, each poet is called to his mission by the Muse.

That night at the hearth, that night of revelation, was the beginning of Whittier the poet. He commenced forthwith to shape in verse the fancies of his heart. When he was near nineteen, his sister sent some of his lines to William Lloyd Garrison's paper, "The Free Press." They were printed, to the surprise and joy of the young poet, and a warm friendship sprang up between the country boy and the young abolitionist editor. Whittier now worked his way through two terms in the Haverhill Academy. This ended his schooling, yet through a long life he was a constant student in the university of books. At twenty-one years of age he began to earn his living by editorial work.

In 1831 Whittier published his first book of verse. At that time only two of our great singers had put forth a volume—Bryant and Poe. Browning had not yet given "Pauline" or "Paracelsus" to the world. Tennyson had just sent out a timid little book of lyrics. The sky of song would seem empty to us of to-day, void as it was of so many poets who have since swung into their steadfast places.

But the important event in Whittier's life—more important than the publication of any book—was his decision in 1833 to join the despised and rejected cause of Abolitionism. That cause—now so honorable in men's eyes—was then the very door of social and literary proscription. The "respectable" element were highly enraged against the little band who—led by Garrison—insisted upon arousing the sleeping



conscience of the nation. It was no small sacrifice for Whittier, growing in public favor, to yield to the mandate of freedom. It was a sacrifice that tested the soul, for it drew down ruin upon his literary hopes and political ambitions. Influential editors and publishers, owing to the pressure of property interests vested in chattel slaves, laid a boycott on his literary wares. But the soldier heart of Whittier did not waver—another evidence of the divinity resident in man.

Whittier's physical courage, also, was not infrequently put to the test. Once in Philadelphia the printing office of this poet-editor was attacked by an infuriated mob, plundered, and burned to the ground. Once while strolling through Concord, New Hampshire, he was set upon by a crowd of people bent on suppressing free speech upon the negro question. He was vilified, stoned, struck in the face, and forced to beat a hasty retreat to his rooms, where the rapidly increasing mob declared that he must be handed over to them or they would blow up the building. Alas, when was there ever a prophet who was not a prophet of evil things to his own generation!

During all these years Whittier had been throwing off his rude, hastily written ballads against slavery. But when the end of the Civil War crowned with victory his long labor of thirty years, he turned to work that was more beautiful, more artistic. In 1866 his "Snow-Bound" sprang into immediate favor. As a transcript of life, it is perhaps more true and tender than "Evangeline," more instinct with the savor of the soil, yet at times reaching upward to the larger issues of life and death. "The Tent on the Beach" and "Among the Hills" came in the next two years. Honor, modest fortune, troops of friends, were now the poet's own.

Whittier is the bard of New England. He has given voice to her folk-lore; form, color, and music to her skies and fields; the breath of lyric life to her traditions and moral enthusiasm. He belongs to New England, as Burns to Scotland, as Barnes to Dorsetshire.

Whittier lacks the majesty and imagination of Bryant, the elegance and art of Longfellow, the fine accent and lofty bearing of Lowell, the wit and dash of Holmes, yet he surpasses them all in the fire of his spirit, in the bardic fervor of his ballads, in the homely directness and native faculty of his mind. He has faults of rhyme and rhythm, yet in his happier moments none of his comrades could outdo his silvery phrase, his wood-bird trill, his lyric flight.

America will keep this poet close to her heart, for he was a true child of the Muses and a conscript of moral heroism. He was a poet who was also a man.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

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## PROEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning  
dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the  
sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife,  
are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh Freedom! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gift on thy  
shrine!

AMESBURY, 11th month, 1847.

## THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.\*

---

WE had been wandering for many days  
Through the rough northern country. We had  
seen

The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,  
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake  
Of Winnepiseogee; and had felt  
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy aisles

---

\* Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father's sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips  
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,  
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall  
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift  
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet  
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,  
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind  
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan  
Of forests and of far-off water-falls,  
We had looked upward where the summer sky,  
Tasselled with clouds light-woven by the sun,  
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags  
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land  
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed  
The high source of the Saco; and, bewildered  
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,  
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,  
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop  
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains  
Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and  
thick

As meadow mole hills—the far sea of Casco,  
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;  
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;  
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge  
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun!

And we had rested underneath the oaks  
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are  
shaken

By the perpetual beating of the falls  
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked  
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung

By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,  
Of lazily gliding through its intervals,  
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam  
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon  
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines  
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams  
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver  
The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls.

There were five souls of us whom travel's chance  
Had thrown together in these wild north hills:—  
A city lawyer, for a month escaping  
From his dull office, where the weary eye  
Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged  
streets—

Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see  
Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take  
Its chances all as God-sends; and his brother,  
Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining  
The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,  
Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,  
In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed  
By dust of theologic strife, or breath  
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;  
Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking  
The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,  
Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,  
Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,  
And tenderest moonrise. 'Twas, in truth, a study,  
To mark his spirit, alternating between  
A decent and professional gravity  
And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often  
Laughed in the face of his divinity,

Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined  
The oracle, and for the pattern priest  
Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,  
To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,  
Giving the latest news of city stocks  
And sales of cotton had a deeper meaning  
Than the great presence of the awful mountains  
Glorified by the sunset;—and his daughter,  
A delicate flower on whom had blown too long  
Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice  
And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,  
Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts' bay,  
With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening  
leaves  
And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,  
Poisoning our sea-side atmosphere.

It chanced  
That as we turned upon our homeward way,  
A drear north-eastern storm came howling up  
The valley of the Saco; and that girl  
Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,  
Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled  
In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,  
Who had joined our gay trout-fishing in the streams  
Which have that giant's feet; whose laugh was  
heard  
Like a bird's carol on the sunrise breeze  
Which swelled our sail amidst the lake's green  
islands,  
Shrank from its harsh, chill breath, and visibly  
drooped  
Like a flower in the frost. So, in that quiet inn

Which looks from Conway on the mountains piled  
Heavily against the horizon of the north,  
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made our home:  
And while the mist hung over dripping hills,  
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops, all day long  
Beat their sad music upon roof and pane,  
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.  
The lawyer in the pauses of the storm  
Went angling down the Saco, and, returning,  
Recounted his adventures and mishaps;  
Gave us the history of his scaly clients,  
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt citations  
Of barbarous law Latin, passages  
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet and fresh  
As the flower-skirted streams of Staffordshire  
Where, under aged trees, the south-west wind  
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin, white hair  
Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be told,  
Our youthful candidate forsook his sermons,  
His commentaries, articles and creeds  
For the fair page of human loveliness—  
The missal of young hearts, whose sacred text  
Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.  
He sang the songs she loved; and in his low,  
Deep earnest voice, recited many a page  
Of poetry—the holiest, tenderest lines  
Of the sad bard of Olney—the sweet songs,  
Simple and beautiful as Truth and Nature,  
Of him whose whitened locks on Rydal Mount  
Are lifted yet by morning breezes blowing  
From the green hills, immortal in his lays.  
And for myself, obedient to her wish,  
I searched our landlord's proffered library :

A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its nice wood pictures

Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike them—  
Watts' unmelodious psalms—Astrology's  
Last home, a musty file of Almanacs,  
And an old chronicle of border wars  
And Indian history. And, as I read  
A story of the marriage of the Chief  
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,  
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt  
In the old time upon Merrimack,  
Our fair one, in the playful exercise  
Of her prerogative—the right divine  
Of youth and beauty,—bade us versify  
The legend, and with ready pencil sketched  
Its plan and outlines, laughingly assigning  
To each his part, and barring our excuses  
With absolute will. So, like the cavaliers  
Whose voices still are heard in the Romance  
Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks  
Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling  
The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled  
From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes  
To their fair auditor, and shared by turns  
Her kind approval and her playful censure.

It may be that these fragments owe alone  
To the fair setting of their circumstances—  
The associations of time, scene and audience—  
Their place amid the pictures which fill up  
The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust  
That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,  
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,



That our broad land—our sea-like lakes, and  
mountains  
Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung  
By forests which have known no other change  
For ages, than the budding and the fall  
Of leaves—our valleys lovelier than those  
Which the old poets sang of—should but figure  
On the apocryphal chart of speculation  
As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privi-  
leges,  
Rights and appurtenances, which make up  
A Yankee Paradise—unsung, unknown,  
To beautiful tradition; even their names,  
Whose melody yet lingers like the last  
Vibration of the red man's requiem,  
Exchanged for syllables significant  
Of cotton-mill and rail-car,—will look kindly  
Upon this effort to call up the ghost  
Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear  
To the responses of the questioned Shade:

## I.—THE MERRIMACK.

OH, child of that white-crested mountain whose  
springs  
Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,  
Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters  
shine,  
Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the  
dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so  
lone,

From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of  
stone,  
By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and  
free,  
Thy mountain-born brightness glanced down to  
the sea!

No bridge arched thy waters save that where the  
trees  
Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in  
the breeze:

No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,  
The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall  
Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,  
Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,  
And the hills of Pentucket were tasselled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer than these,  
And greener its grasses and taller its trees,  
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest had rung,  
Or the mower his scythe in the meadows had  
swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out from the wood  
The bark-built wigwams of Pennacook stood,  
There glided the corn-dance — the Council fire  
shone,  
And against the red war-post the hatchet was  
thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their pipes, and  
the young

To the pike and the white perch their baited lines  
flung;  
There the boy shaped his arrows, and there the  
shy maid,  
Wove her many-hued baskets and bright wampum  
braid.

Oh, Stream of the Mountains! if answer of thine  
Could rise from thy waters to question of mine,  
Methinks through the din of thy thronged banks  
a moan  
Of sorrow would swell for the days which have  
gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom and the  
wheel,  
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of steel;  
But that old voice of waters, of bird and of breeze,  
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling of trees!

## II.—THE BASHABA.\*

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the Past,  
And turning from familiar sight and sound  
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast  
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,

---

\* This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook.—*Mass. Hist. Coll.*, vol. iii., pp. 21, 22. "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter,

Led by the few pale lights, which, glimmering  
round

That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;  
And that which history gives not to the eye,  
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,  
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,  
Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,  
Tracing many a golden line  
On the ample floor within;  
Where upon that earth-floor stark,  
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,  
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,  
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,  
Woven of the willow white,  
Lent a dimly-checkered light,  
And the night-stars glimmered down,  
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,  
Slowly through an opening broke,  
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,  
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,  
By the solemn pine-wood made;

---

trees to dance, water to burn, etc. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devill appeareth more familiarly than to others."— *Winslow's Relation*.

Through the rugged palisade,  
In the open fore-ground planted,  
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,  
Stir of leaves and wild flowers blowing,  
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,  
In the sun-light slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba,  
Held his long-unquestioned sway,  
From the White Hills, far away,  
To the great sea's sounding shore;  
Chief of chiefs, his regal word  
All the river Sachems heard,  
At his call the war-dance stirred,  
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,  
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,  
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,  
Lay beside his axe and bow;  
And, adown the roof-pole hung,  
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,  
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung  
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,  
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,  
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing  
O'er the waters still and red;  
And the squaw's dark eye burned brighter,  
And she drew her blanket tighter,  
As, with quicker step and lighter,  
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,  
And a Panisee's dark will,  
Over powers of good and ill,  
Powers which bless and powers which ban—  
Wizard lord of Pennacook,  
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,  
When they met the steady look  
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,  
When the winter night-wind cold  
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,  
And the fire burned low and small,  
Till the very child a-bed,  
Drew its bear-skin over head,  
Shrinking from the pale lights shed  
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding  
Under earth or wave, abiding  
In the caverned rock, or riding  
Misty clouds or morning breeze;  
Every dark intelligence,  
Secret soul, and influence  
Of all things which outward sense  
Feels, or hears or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,  
At his bidding banned or blessed,  
Stormful woke or lulled to rest  
Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;  
Burned for him the drifted snow,  
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,

And the leaves of summer grow  
Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old!  
Now, as then, the wise and bold  
All the powers of Nature hold  
Subject to their kingly will;  
From the wondering crowds ashore,  
Treading life's wild waters o'er  
As upon a marble floor,  
Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements  
With their sterner laws dispense,  
And the chain of consequence  
Broken in their pathway lies;  
Time and change their vassals making,  
Flowers from icy pillows waking,  
Tresses of the sunrise shaking  
Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun  
Rests on towered Gibeon,  
And the moon of Ajalon  
Lights the battle-grounds of life;  
To his aid the strong reverses,  
Hidden powers and giant forces,  
And the high stars in their courses  
Mingle in his strife!

## III.—THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men—the yell  
Of women thronging round the bed—  
The tinkling charm of ring and shell—  
The Powah whispering o'er the dead!—  
All these the Sachem's home had known,  
When, on her journey long and wild  
To the dim World of Souls, alone,  
In her young beauty passed the mother of his  
child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling  
They laid her in the walnut shade,  
Where a green hillock gently swelling  
Her fitting mound of burial made.  
There trailed the vine in Summer hours—  
The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell—  
On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,  
Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine  
fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold—  
It closes darkly o'er its care,  
And, formed in Nature's sternest mould,  
Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.  
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,  
Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,  
And, still in battle or in chase,  
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his fore-  
most tread.

Yet, when her name was heard no more,  
And when the robe her mother gave,



And small, light moccasin she wore,  
Had slowly wasted on her grave,  
Unmarked of him the dark maids sped  
Their sunset dance and moon-lit play;  
No other shared his lonely bed,  
No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes  
The tempest-smitten tree receives  
From one small root the sap which climbs  
Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,  
So from his child the Sachem drew  
A life of Love and Hope, and felt  
His cold and rugged nature through  
The softness and the warmth of her young being  
melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang  
Bemoeking April's gladdest bird—  
A light and graceful form which sprang  
To meet him when his step was heard—  
Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,  
Small fingers stringing bead and shell  
Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—  
With these the household-god \* had graced his  
wigwam well.

Child of the forest!—strong and free,  
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,  
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,  
Or struck the flying bird in air.

---

\* "The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

O'er the heaped drifts of Winter's moon  
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way;  
And dazzling in the Summer noon  
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of  
spray!

Unknown to her the rigid rule,  
The dull restraint, the chiding frown,  
The weary torture of the school,  
The taming of wild nature down.  
Her only lore, the legends told  
Around the hunter's fire at night;  
Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,  
Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell, unques-  
tioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill  
With which the artist-eye can trace  
In rock and tree and lake and hill  
The outlines of divinest grace;  
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest  
Which sees, admires, yet yearns away;  
Too closely on her mother's breast  
To note her smiles of love the child of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be  
Of common, natural things a part,  
To feel with bird and stream and tree  
The pulses of the same great heart;  
But we, from Nature long exiled  
In our cold homes of Art and Thought,  
Grieve like the stranger-tended child,  
Which seeks its mother's arms, and sees but feels  
them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom  
In cultured soil and genial air,  
To cloud the light of Fashion's room  
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,  
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew  
The sweet-briar on the hill-side shows  
Its single leaf and fainter hue,  
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose!

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo  
Their mingling shades of joy and ill  
The instincts of her nature threw,—  
The savage was a woman still.  
Midst outlines dim of maiden schemes,  
Heart-colored prophecies of life,  
Rose on the ground of her young dreams  
The light of a new home—the lover and the wife!

#### IV.—THE WEDDING.

COOL and dark fell the Autumn night,  
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed with light,  
For down from its roof by green withes hung  
Flaring and smoking the pine-knots swung.

And along the river great wood fires  
Shot into the night their long red spires,  
Showing behind the tall, dark wood  
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer and shade,  
Now high, now low, that fire-light played,  
On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,  
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's brook  
And the weary fisher on Contoocook  
Saw over the marshes and through the pine,  
And down on the river the dance-lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to woo  
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,  
And laid at her father's feet that night  
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far South East  
The river Sagamores came to the feast;  
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds shook,  
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of rock,  
From the snowy sources of Snooganock,  
And from rough Coös whose thick woods shake  
Their pine-cones in Umbagog lake.

From Ammonoosuck's mountain pass  
Wild as his home came Chepewass;  
And the Keenomps of the hills which throw  
Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows unstrung,  
Glowing with paint came old and young,  
In wampum and furs and feathers arrayed  
To the dance and feast the Bashaba made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and waters yield  
On dishes of birch and hemlock piled  
Garnished and graced that banquet wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large  
From the rocky slopes of the Kearsarge;  
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,  
And salmon spear'd in the Contoocook;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell thick  
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic,  
And small wild hens in reed-snares caught  
From the banks of Sondagardee brought;

Pike and perch from the Suncook taken,  
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills shaken,  
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot bog,  
And grapes from the vines of Piscataquog:

And, drawn from that great stone vase which  
stands  
In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,\*  
Garnished with spoons of shell and horn,  
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the field,  
All which the woods and the waters yield,  
Furnished in that olden day  
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done  
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,  
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper hum  
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

---

\* There are rocks in the River at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

Painted and plumed, with scalp locks flowing,  
And red arms tossing and black eyes glowing,  
Now in the light and now in the shade  
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more shrill,  
And the beat of the small drums louder still  
Whenever within the circle drew  
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed  
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,  
And toil and care, and battle's chance  
Had seamed his hard dark countenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim—  
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,  
In whose cold look is naught beside  
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines  
The rough oak with her arm of vines;  
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek  
The soft lips of the mosses seek:

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems  
To harmonize her wide extremes,  
Linking the stronger with the weak,  
The haughty with the soft and meek!

## V.—THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked with firs,  
Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge,  
Steep, cavernous hill-side, where black hemlock  
spurs

And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-swept  
ledge  
Pierced the thin-glaz'd ice, or bristling rose,  
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down upon the  
snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,  
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,  
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day  
Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;  
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,  
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling smokes,  
No laugh of children wrestling in the snow,  
No camp-fire blazing through the hill-side oaks,  
No fishers kneeling on the ice below;  
Yet midst all desolate things of sound and view,  
Through the long winter moons smiled dark-eyed  
Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home; and freshly all  
Its beautiful affections overgrew  
Their rugged prop. As o'er some granite wall  
Soft vine leaves open to the moistening dew  
And warm bright sun, the love of that young wife  
Found on a hard cold breast the dew and warmth  
of life.

The steep bleak hills, the melancholy shore,  
The long dead level of the marsh between,  
A coloring of unreal beauty wore  
Through the soft golden mist of young love  
seen,  
For o'er those hills and from that dreary plain,  
Nightly she welcomed home her hunter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate burst of feeling  
Repaid her welcoming smile, and parting kiss,  
No fond and playful dalliance half concealing,  
Under the guise of mirth, its tenderness;  
But, in their stead, the warrior's settled pride,  
And vanity's pleased smile with homage satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone  
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his side;  
That he whose fame to her young ear had flown,  
Now looked upon her proudly as his bride;  
That he whose name the Mohawk trembling heard  
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly look or word.

For she had learned the maxims of her race,  
Which teach the woman to become a slave  
And feel herself the pardonless disgrace  
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave—  
The scandal and the shame which they incur,  
Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last  
Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,  
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed  
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills,



The gray and desolate marsh grew green once  
more,  
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round  
the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,  
With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief;  
Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,  
That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,  
The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,  
Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire  
again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,  
And a grave council in his wigwam met,  
Solemn and brief in words, considering whether  
The rigid rules of forest etiquette  
Permitted Weetamoo once more to look  
Upon her father's face and green-banked Penna-  
cook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,  
The forest sages pondered, and at length,  
Concluded in a body to escort her  
Up to her father's home of pride and strength,  
Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense  
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeetamit's \* hand,  
A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,  
Over high breezy hills, and meadow land  
Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,

---

\* The Spring God.—See Roger Williams's *Key*, etc.

Till rolling down its wooded banks between,  
A broad, clear, mountain stream, the Merrimack  
was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow undrawn—  
The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,  
Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-corn,  
Young children peering through the wigwam  
doors,  
Saw with delight, surrounded by her train  
Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo again.

#### VI.—AT PENNACOOK.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet  
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most  
sweet,

Are ever those at which our young lips drank,  
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank:

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-  
light

Shines round the helmsman plunging through the  
night;

And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees  
In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly fanned  
By breezes whispering of his native land,  
And, on the stranger's dim and dying eye,  
The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood lie!

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once more  
A child upon her father's wigwam floor!

Once more with her old fondness to beguile  
From his cold eye the strange light of a smile.

The long bright days of Summer swiftly passed,  
The dry leaves whirled in Autumn's rising blast,  
And evening cloud and whitening sunrise rime  
Told of the coming of the winter time.

But vainly looked, the while, young Weetamoo,  
Down the dark river for her chief's canoe;  
No dusky messenger from Saugus brought  
The grateful tidings which the young wife sought.

At length a runner, from her father sent  
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam went:  
"Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the dove,  
Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of love."

But the dark chief of Saugus turned aside  
In the grim anger of hard-hearted pride;  
"I bore her as became a chieftain's daughter,  
Up to her home beside the gliding water.

"If now no more a mat for her is found  
Of all which line her father's wigwam round,  
Let Pennacook call out his warrior train  
And send her back with wampum gifts again."

The baffled runner turned upon his track,  
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit back.  
"Dog of the Marsh," cried Pennacook, "no more  
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam floor.

"Go—let him seek some meaner squaw to spread  
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's bed.

Son of a fish-hawk!—let him dig his clams  
For some vile daughter of the Agawams,

“Or coward Nipmucks!—may his scalp dry black  
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her back.”

He shook his clenched hand towards the ocean  
wave,

While hoarse assent his listening council gave.

Alas poor bride!—can thy grim sire impart  
His iron hardness to thy woman's heart?  
Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone  
For love denied and life's warm beauty flown?

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow  
Hung its white wreaths; with stifled voice and  
low

The river crept, by one vast bridge o'ercrossed,  
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly born  
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,  
Or, from the east across her azure field,  
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not—on the mat  
Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat,  
And he, the while, in Western woods afar—  
Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief!  
Waste not on him the sacredness of grief;  
Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,  
His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,  
The storm-worn watcher through long hunting  
    nights,  
Cold, crafty, proud, of woman's weak distress,  
Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness?

## VII.—THE DEPARTURE.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long  
The snowy mountains of the North among,  
Making each vale a water-course—each hill  
Bright with the cascade of some new made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,  
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,  
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack  
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat  
Guided by one weak hand was seen to float,  
Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,  
Too early voyager with too frail an oar!

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,  
The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,  
The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,  
With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat  
On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,  
Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream—  
Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth or dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before,  
The small hand clenching on the useless oar,

The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er the water—  
He knew them all—wo for the Sachem's daughter!

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,  
Heedless of peril the still faithful wife  
Had left her mother's grave, her father's door,  
To seek the wigwam of her chief once more.

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,  
On the sharp rocks and piled up ices hurled,  
Empty and broken, circled the canoe  
In the vexed pool below—but, where was Weeta-  
moo?

#### VIII.—SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE Dark eye has left us,  
The Spring-bird has flown,  
On the pathway of spirits  
She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!* \*—we hear it no more!

Oh, dark water Spirit!  
We cast on thy wave  
These furs which may never  
Hang over her grave;  
Bear down to the lost one the robes that she wore;  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

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\* “*Mat wonck kunna-monee.*” We shall see thee or her no more.—*Vide* Roger Williams's *Key to the Indian Language*.

Of the strange land she walks in  
No Powah has told:  
It may burn with the sunshine,  
Or freeze with the cold.  
Let us give to our lost one the robes that she wore,  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

The path she is treading  
Shall soon be our own;  
Each gliding in shadow  
Unseen and alone!—  
In vain shall we call on the souls gone before—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—They hear us no more!

Oh mighty Sowanna !\*  
Thy gateways unfold,  
From thy wigwam of sunset  
Lift curtains of gold!  
Take home the poor Spirit whose journey is o'er—  
*Mat wonck kunna-monee!*—We see her no more!

So sang the Children of the Leaves beside  
The broad, dark river's coldly-flowing tide,  
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like pause and swell  
On the high wind their voices rose and fell.  
Nature's wild music—sounds of wind-swept trees,  
The scream of birds, the wailing of the breeze,  
The roar of waters, steady, deep and strong,  
Mingled and murmured in that farewell song.

1884.

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\* The Great South West God.

## MOGG MEGONE.

### PART I.

[The story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.]

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,  
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,  
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on  
high,  
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Megone? \*  
Close to the verge of the rock is he,  
While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,  
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,  
And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!

---

\* MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent, in the treaty signed in November, 1676.



Far down, through the mist of the falling river,  
Which rises up like an incense ever,

The splintered points of the crags are seen,  
With water howling and vexed between,  
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath  
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!  
But Mogg Megone never trembled yet  
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.  
He is watchful: each form, in the moonlight dim,  
Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:  
He listens; each sound from afar is caught,  
The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:  
But he sees not the waters, which foam and fret,  
Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin wet—  
And the roar of their rushing, he hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open bough  
Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked root  
Coils like a serpent at his foot,  
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's brow.  
His head is bare, save only where  
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,  
Reserved for him, whoe'er he be,  
More mighty than Megone in strife,  
When breast to breast and knee to knee,  
Above the fallen warrior's life  
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet and gun,  
And his gaudy and tasselled blanket on:  
His knife hath a handle with gold inlaid,  
And magic words on its polished blade—

'Twas the gift of Castine \* to Mogg Megone,  
For a scalp or twain from the Yengees torn:  
His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,

And Modocawando's wives had strung  
The brass and the beads, which tinkle and shine  
On the polished breech, and broad bright line  
Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are near—

Gray Jocelyn's † eye is never sleeping,  
And the garrison lights are burning clear,  
Where Phillips' ‡ men their watch are keeping.  
Let him hie him away through the dank river fog,  
Never rustling the boughs nor displacing the  
rocks,

---

\* Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness, and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando—the most powerful sachem of the east. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

† The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

‡ Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying that "Major Phillips' mare was as lean as an Indian dog."

For the eyes and the ears which are watching for  
Mogg,  
Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox.

He starts—there's a rustle among the leaves:  
Another—the click of his gun is heard!—  
A footstep—is it the step of Cleaves,  
With Indian blood on his English sword?  
Steals Harmon \* down from the sands of York,  
With hand of iron and foot of cork?  
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,  
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle? †  
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,  
How lights the eye of Mogg Megone!  
A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow—  
“Boon welcome, Johnny Bonython!”

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\* Captain Harmon, of Georgeana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them, until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

† Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur De Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it. “Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the main-land, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus.”—*Les voyages de Sieur Champlain*, Liv. 2, c. 3.

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,  
And quick, keen glances to and fro,  
The hunted outlaw, Bonython! \*  
A low, lean swarthy man is he,  
With blanket-garb and buskined knee,  
And naught of English fashion on;  
For he hates the race from whence he sprung,  
And he couches his words in the Indian tongue.

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\* John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse towards R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary, his wife. Soon after, he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court" adjudged "John Bonython outlawed, and incapable of any of his majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." [Court Records of the Province, 1645.] In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph:

"Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,  
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and went to Hobomoko."

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the history of Saco and Biddeford.—Part I., p. 115.

"Hush—let the Sachem's voice be weak;  
The water-rat shall hear him speak—  
The owl shall whoop in the white man's ear,  
That Mogg Megone, with his scalps, is here!"  
He pauses—dark, over cheek and brow,  
A flush, as of shame, is stealing now:  
"Sachem!" he says, "let me have the land,  
Which stretches away upon either hand,  
As far about as my feet can stray  
In the half of a gentle summer's day,  
From the leaping brook \* to the Saco river—  
And the fair-haired girl, thou hast sought of me,  
Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam, and be  
The wife of Mogg Megone forever."

There's a sudden light in the Indian's glance,  
A moment's trace of powerful feeling—  
Of love or triumph, or both perchance,  
Over his proud, calm features stealing.  
"The words of my father are very good;  
He shall have the land, and water, and wood;  
And he who harms the Sagamore John,  
Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone;  
But the fawn of the Yengees shall sleep on my  
breast,  
And the bird of the clearing shall sing in my nest."

"But father!"—and the Indian's hand  
Falls gently on the white man's arm,

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\* Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

And with a smile as shrewdly bland  
As the deep voice is slow and calm—  
“Where is my father’s singing-bird—  
The sunny eye, and sunset hair?  
I know I have my father’s word,  
And that his word is good and fair;  
But, will my father tell me where  
Megone shall go and look for his bride?—  
For he sees her not by her father’s side.”  
The dark, stern eye of Bonython  
Flashes over the features of Mogg Megone,  
In one of those glances which search within;  
But the stolid calm of the Indian alone  
Remains where the trace of emotion has been.  
“Does the Sachem doubt? Let him go with me,  
And the eyes of the Sachem his bride shall see.”  
Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,  
And watchful eyes and whispers soft,  
The twain are stealing through the wood,  
Leaving the downward-rushing flood,  
Whose deep and solemn roar behind,  
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark!—is that the angry howl  
Of the wolf, the hills among?—  
Or the hooting of the owl,  
On his leafy cradle swung?—  
Quickly glancing, to and fro,  
Listening to each sound they go:  
Round the columns of the pine,  
Indistinct, in shadow, seeming  
Like some old and pillared shrine;  
With the soft and white moonshine,

Round the foliage-tracery shed  
Of each column's branching head,  
For its lamps of worship gleaming!  
And the sounds awakened there,  
In the pine leaves fine and small,  
Soft and sweetly musical,  
By the fingers of the air,  
For the anthem's dying fall  
Lingering round some temple's wall!—  
Niche and cornice round and round  
Wailing like the ghost of sound!  
Is not Nature's worship thus  
Ceaseless ever, going on?  
Hath it not a voice for us  
In the thunder, or the tone  
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,  
Speaking to the unsealed ear  
Words of blended love and fear,  
Of the mighty Soul of all?  
Naught had the twain of thoughts like these  
As they wound along through the crowded trees,  
Where never had rung the axeman's stroke  
On the gnarled trunk of the rough-barked oak;—  
Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,  
Breaking the mesh of the bramble fine,  
Turning aside the wild grape vine,  
And lightly crossing the quaking bog  
Whose surface shakes at the leap of the frog,  
And out of whose pools the ghostly fog  
Creeps into the chill moonshine!

Yet even that Indian's ear had heard  
The preaching of the Holy Word:

Sanchekantacket's isle of sand  
Was once his father's hunting land,  
Where zealous Hiacoomes \* stood—  
The wild apostle of the wood,  
Shook from his soul the fear of harm,  
And trampled on the Powwaw's charm;  
Until the wizard's curses hung  
Suspended on his palsying tongue,  
And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,  
Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood—  
Red through its seams a light is glowing,  
On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,  
A narrow lustre throwing.

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\* Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: "One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws;'—then, calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them."—Mayhew's Book, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.



"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands:

"Hold, Ruth—'tis I, the Sagamore!"

Quick, at the summons, hasty hands

Unclose the bolted door;

And on the outlaw's daughter shine

The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands,

Like some young priestess of the wood,

The free born child of Solitude,

And bearing still the wild and rude,

Yet noble trace of Nature's hands.

Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain

More from the sunshine than the rain;

Yet, where her long fair hair is parting,

A pure white brow into light is starting;

And, where the folds of her blanket sever,

Are a neck and bosom as white as ever

The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.

But, in the convulsive quiver and grip

Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,

There is something painful and sad to see;

And her eye has a glance more sternly wild

Than even that of a forest child

In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen

So queenly a form and so noble a mien,

As freely and smiling she welcomes them there!

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone:

"Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?

And, Sachem, say—does Scamman wear,

In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"

Hurried and light is the maiden's tone;

But a fearful meaning lurks within  
Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone—  
An awful meaning of guilt and sin!—  
The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there  
Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair!

With hand upraised, with quick-drawn breath,  
She meets that ghastly sign of death.  
In one long, glassy, spectral stare  
The enlarging eye is fastened there,  
As if that mesh of pale brown hair  
Had power to change at sight alone,  
Even as the fearful locks which wound  
Medusa's fatal forehead round,  
The gazer into stone.  
With such a look Herodias read  
The features of the bleeding head,  
So looked the mad Moor on his dead,  
Or the young Cenci as she stood,  
O'er-dabbled with a father's blood!

Look!—feeling melts that frozen glance,  
It moves that marble countenance,  
As if at once within her strove  
Pity with shame, and hate with love.  
The Past recalls its joy and pain,  
Old memories rise before her brain—  
The lips which love's embraces met,  
The hand her tears of parting wet,  
The voice whose pleading tones beguiled  
The pleased ear of the forest-child,—  
And tears see may no more repress  
Reveal her lingering tenderness.

Oh! woman wronged can cherish hate  
More deep and dark than manhood may;  
But, when the mockery of Fate  
Hath left Revenge its chosen way,  
And the fell curse, which years have nursed,  
Full on the spoiler's head hath burst—  
When all her wrong, and shame, and pain,  
Burns fiercely on his heart and brain—  
Still lingers something of the spell  
Which bound her to the traitor's bosom—  
Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell,  
Some flowers of old affection blossom.

John Bonython's eye-brows together are drawn  
With a fierce expression of wrath and scorn—  
He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!  
Is this the time to be playing the fool—  
Crying over a paltry lock of hair,  
Like a love-sick girl at school?—  
Curse on it!—an Indian can see and hear:  
Away—and prepare our evening cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching now  
Her tearful eye and her varying brow—  
With a serpent eye, which kindles and burns,  
Like a fiery star in the upper air:  
On sire and daughter his fierce glance turns:—  
"Has my old white father a scalp to spare?  
For his young one loves the pale brown hair  
Of the scalp of an English dog, far more  
Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam floor:  
Go—Mogg is wise: he will keep his land—  
And Sagamore John, when he feels with his hand,  
Shall miss his scalp where it grew before."

The moment's gust of grief is gone—

The lip is clenched—the tears are still—  
God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!

With what a strength of will  
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,  
As with an iron hand repressed!  
And how, upon that nameless woe,  
Quick as the pulse can come and go,  
While shakes the unsteadfast knee, and yet  
The bosom heaves—the eye is wet—  
Has thy dark spirit power to stay  
The heart's wild current on its way?

And whence that baleful strength of guile,  
Which, over that still working brow  
And tearful eye and cheek, can throw

The mockery of a smile?  
Warned by her father's blackening frown,  
With one strong effort crushing down  
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again

The savage murderer's sullen gaze,  
And scarcely look or tone betrays  
How the heart strives beneath its chain.

“Is the Sachem angry—angry with Ruth,  
Because she cries with an ache in her tooth,\*  
Which would make a Sagamore jump and cry,  
And look about with a woman's eye?”

---

\* “The tooth-ache,” says Roger Williams, in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, “is the only pain which will force their stout hearts to cry.” He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard “some of their men in this pain.”

No—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's door,  
And braid the mats for his wigwam floor,  
And broil his fish and tender fawn,  
And weave his wampum, and grind his corn,—  
For she loves the brave and the wise, and none  
Are braver and wiser than Mogg Megone!”

The Indian's brow is clear once more:  
With grave, calm face, and half-shut eye,  
He sits upon the wigwam floor,  
And watches Ruth go by,  
Intent upon her household care;  
And ever and anon, the while,  
Or on the maiden, or her fare,  
Which smokes in grateful promise there,  
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams are thine,  
But those which love's own fancies dress—  
The sum of Indian happiness!—  
A wigwam, where the warm sunshine  
Looks in among the groves of pine—  
A stream, where, round thy light canoe,  
The trout and salmon dart in view,  
And the fair girl, before thee now,  
Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,  
Or plying, in the dews of morn,  
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,  
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,  
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,  
Venison and succotash have gone—

For long these dwellers of the wood  
Have felt the gnawing want of food.  
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal cheer—  
With head averted, yet ready ear,  
She stands by the side of her austere sire,  
Feeding, at times, the unequal fire,  
With the yellow knots of the pitch-pine tree,  
Whose flaring light, as they kindle, falls  
On the cottage-roof, and its black log walls,  
And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting flask  
The fire-water burns at the lip of Megone.  
"Will the Sachem hear what his father shall ask?  
Will he make his mark, that it may be known,  
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the land,  
From the Sachem's own, to his father's hand?"

The fire-water shines in the Indian's eyes,  
As he rises, the white man's bidding to do:  
"Wuttamuttata—weekan!\* Mogg is wise—  
For the water he drinks is strong and new,—  
Mogg's heart is great!—will he shut his hand,  
When his father asks for a little land?"  
With unsteady fingers, the Indian has drawn  
On the parchment the shape of a hunter's bow:  
"Boon water—boon water—Sagamore John!  
Wuttamuttata—weekan! our hearts will grow!"  
He drinks yet deeper—he mutters low—  
He reels on his bear-skin to and fro—  
His head falls down on his naked breast—  
He struggles, and sinks to a drunken rest.

---

\* *Wuttamuttata*, "Let us drink." *Weekan*, "It is sweet."

“Humph—drunk as a beast!”—and Bonython’s  
brow

Is darker than ever with evil thought—

“The fool has signed his warrant; but how

And when shall the deed be wrought?

Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is there,

To fix thy gaze in that empty air?—

Speak, Ruth!—by my soul, if I thought that tear,

Which shames thyself and our purpose here,

Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,

Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,

And whose beastly soul is in Satan’s keeping—

This—this!”—he dashes his hand upon

The rattling stock of his loaded gun—

“Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!”

“Father!”—the eye of Bonython

Sinks, at that low, sepulchral tone,

Hollow and deep, as it were spoken

By the unmoving tongue of death—

Or from some statue’s lips had broken—

A sound without a breath!

“Father! my life I value less

Than yonder fool his gaudy dress;

And how it ends it matters not,

By heart-break or by rifle-shot:

But spare awhile the scoff and threat—

Our business is not finished yet.”

“True, true, my girl—I only meant

To draw up again the bow unbent.

Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought

To frighten off thy gloomy thought;—

Come—let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp  
His daughter's cold, damp hand in his.  
Ruth startles from her father's grasp,  
As if each nerve and muscle felt,  
Instinctively, the touch of guilt,  
Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg,  
"What shall be done with yonder dog?  
Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine—  
The deed is signed and the land is mine;  
And this drunken fool is of use no more,  
Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,  
'Twere Christian mercy, to finish him, Ruth,  
Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor,  
If not for thine, at least for his sake,  
Rather than let the poor dog awake,  
To drain my flask, and claim as his bride  
Such a forest devil to run by his side—  
Such a Wetuomanit \* as thou wouldst make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is there?—  
The sleeping Indian is striving to rise,  
With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!—  
"Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-face's hair,

---

\* *Wetuomanit*—a house god, or demon. "They—the Indians—have given me the names of thirty-seven gods, which I have, all which in their solemn Worships they invoke!"—R. Williams's *Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worships, &c., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death: on all which is added Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use—upon all occasions—to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene*, p. 110, c. 21.



For his knife is sharp and his fingers can help  
The hair to pull and the skin to peel—  
Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel,  
The great Captain Scamman must lose his scalp!  
And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with  
Mogg.”  
His eyes are fixed—but his lips draw in—  
With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin,—  
And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak—she does not stir;  
But she gazes down on the murderer,  
Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell,  
Too much for her ear, of that deed of hell.  
She sees the knife, with its slaughter red,  
And the dark fingers clenching the bear-skin bed!  
What thoughts of horror and madness whirl  
Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,  
Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear—  
But he drops it again. “Some one may be nigh,  
And I would not that even the wolves should  
hear.”

He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt—  
Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;—  
Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,  
From his throat he opens the blanket wide;  
And twice or thrice he feebly essays  
A trembling hand with the knife to raise.  
“I cannot”—he mutters—“did he not save  
My life from a cold and wintry grave,  
When the storm came down from Agioochook,

And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops  
shook—

And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,  
Till my knees grew weak and I could not go,  
And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,  
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!  
I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython!

In the devil's name, tell me—what's to be done?"

Oh! when the soul, once pure and high,  
Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,  
As, with the downcast star of morn,  
Some gems of light are with it drawn—  
And, through its night of darkness, play  
Some tokens of its primal day—  
Some lofty feelings linger still—

The strength to dare, the nerve to meet  
Whatever threatens with defeat  
Its all-indomitable will!—

But lacks the mean of mind and heart,  
Though eager for the gains of crime,

Oft, at this chosen place and time,  
The strength to bear this evil part;  
And, shielded by this very Vice,  
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect—with bloodshot eye,  
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,  
Showing their locked embrace beneath,  
In the red fire-light:—"Mogg must die!  
Give me the knife!"—The outlaw turns,

Shuddering in heart and limb, away—  
But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,  
And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.

A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,  
Are dimly pictured, in light and shade,  
Plunging down in the darkness. Hark, that cry.  
Again—and again—he sees it fall—  
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!  
He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by!—  
The door on its rusted hinges creaks:—  
“Ruth—daughter Ruth!” the outlaw shrieks,  
But no sound comes back—he is standing alone  
By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!

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PART II.

'Tis morning over Norridgewock—  
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.  
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred  
At intervals by breeze and bird,  
And wearing all the hues which glow  
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,  
That glorious picture of the air,  
Which summer's light-robed angel forms  
On the dark ground of fading storms,  
With pencil dipped in sunbeams there—  
And, stretching out, on either hand,  
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,  
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,  
The aching and the dazzled eye  
Rests gladdened, on the calm blue sky—  
Slumbers the mighty wilderness!

The oak, upon the windy hill,  
Its dark green burthen upward heaves—

The hemlock broods above its rill,  
Its cone-like foliage darker still,  
    While the white birch's graceful stem  
And the rough walnut bough receives  
The sun upon their crowded leaves,  
    Each colored like a topaz gem;  
    And the tall maple wears with them  
The coronal which autumn gives,  
    The brief, bright sign of ruin near,  
    The hectic of a dying year!

The hermit priest, who lingers now  
On the Bald Mountain's shrubless brow,  
The gray and thunder-smitten pile  
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,\*  
    While gazing on the scene below,  
May half forget the dreams of home,  
That nightly with his slumbers come,—  
The tranquil skies of sunny France,  
The peasant's harvest song and dance,  
The vines around the hill-sides wreathing,  
The soft airs midst their clusters breathing,  
The wings which dipped, the stars which shone  
Within thy bosom, blue Garonne!  
And round the Abbey's shadowed wall,  
At morning spring and even-fall,  
    Sweet voices in the still air singing—  
The chant of many a holy hymn—  
    The solemn bell of vespers ringing—  
And hallowed torch-light falling dim

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\* Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

On pictured saint and seraphim!  
For here beneath him lies unrolled,  
Bathed deep in morning's flood of gold,  
A vision gorgeous as the dream  
Of the beatified may seem,

When, as his Church's legends say,  
Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,

The rapt enthusiast soars away  
Unto a brighter world than this:  
A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale—  
A moment's lifting of the veil!

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,  
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;  
And gently from that Indian town  
The verdant hill-side slopes adown,  
To where the sparkling waters play  
Upon the yellow sands below;  
And shooting round the winding shores  
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie  
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby—  
With birchen boat and glancing oars,  
The red men to their fishing go;  
While from their planting ground is borne  
The treasure of the golden corn,  
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow  
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.  
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,  
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,  
Watching the huskers, with a smile  
For each full ear which swells the pile;  
And the old chief, who never more  
May bend the bow or pull the oar,

Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,  
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone  
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward-turning eye  
A thousand wooded islands lie—  
Gems of the waters!—with each hue  
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.  
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees  
    Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
And, with the motion of each breeze,  
    A moment seen—a moment lost—  
    Changing and blent, confused and tossed,  
    The brighter with the darker crossed,  
Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
Down in the restless waves below,  
    And tremble in the sunny skies,  
As if, from waving bough to bough,  
    Flitted the birds of paradise.  
There sleep Placentia's group—and there  
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;  
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,  
    On which the Father's hut is seen,  
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,  
    And peers the hemlock boughs between,  
Half trembling, as he seeks to look  
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.\*

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\* Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lallamant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

There, gloomily against the sky,  
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;  
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,  
Lifts its gray turrets in the air—  
Seen from afar, like some strong hold  
Built by the ocean kings of old;  
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,  
Swells in the north vast Katadin:  
And, wandering from its marshy feet,  
The broad Penobscot comes to meet  
    And mingle with his own bright bay.  
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,  
Arched over by the ancient woods,  
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,  
    Wielding the dull axe of Decay,  
    Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide  
The beauty of thy azure tide,  
    And with their falling timbers block  
Thy broken currents, Kennebeck!  
Gazes the white man on the wreck  
    Of the down-trodden Norridgewock—  
In one lone village hemmed at length,  
In battle shorn of half their strength,  
Turned, like the panther in his lair,  
    With his fast-flowing life-blood wet,  
For one last struggle of despair,  
    Wounded and faint, but tameless yet!  
Unreaped, upon the planting lands,  
The scant, neglected harvest stands:  
    No shout is there—no dance—no song:  
The aspect of the very child

Scowls with a meaning sad and wild

Of bitterness and wrong.

The almost infant Norridgewock

Essays to lift the tomahawk;

And plucks his father's knife away,

To mimic, in his frightful play,

The scalping of an English foe:

Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,

Burns, like a snake's, his small eye, while

Some bough or sapling meets his blow.

The fisher, as he drops his line,

Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver

Along the margin of the river,

Looks up and down the rippling tide,

And grasps the firelock at his side.

For Bomazeen\* from Tacconock

Has sent his runners to Norridgewock,

With tidings that Moulton and Harmon of York

Far up the river have come:

They have left their boats—they have entered the  
wood,

And filled the depths of the solitude

With the sound of the ranger's drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet

The flowing river, and bathe its feet—

The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,

And the creeping vine, as the waters pass—

A rude and unshapely chapel stands,

Built up in that wild by unskilled hands;

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\* Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.



Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,  
For the holy sign of the cross is there:

And should he chance at that place to be,

Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,  
When prayers are made and masses are said,  
Some for the living and some for the dead,  
Well might that traveller start to see

The tall dark forms, that take their way  
From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,  
And the forest paths, to that chapel door;  
And marvel to mark the naked knees

And the dusky foreheads bending there,  
While, in coarse white vesture, over these

In blessing or in prayer,  
Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,  
Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit \* stands.

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\* Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits, to the savages in North America, was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after laboring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois.—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborde, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeouis. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,  
The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,  
Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,  
Which a stranger is telling him.

---

or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says—"With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastien Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross, which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church, and his own labors. "All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day; first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars: they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and Saints' days, I seldom let a working day pass, without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practice of some particular virtue." *Vide Lettres Édifiantes et Cur.*, vol. vi., p. 127.

That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,  
And wet with dew and loosely worn;  
Her fair neglected hair falls down  
O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown;  
Yet still, in that disordered face,  
The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace  
Those elements of former grace,  
Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,  
Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low  
That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears—  
While through her clasp'd fingers flow,  
From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,  
Her penitential tears—  
She tells the story of the woe  
And evil of her years.

“Oh Father, bear with me; my heart  
Is sick and death-like, and my brain  
Seems girdled with a fiery chain,  
Whose scorching links will never part,  
And never cool again.  
Bear with me while I speak—but turn  
Away that gentle eye, the while—  
The fires of guilt more fiercely burn  
Beneath its holy smile;  
For half I fancy I can see  
My mother's sainted look in thee.

“My dear lost mother! sad and pale,  
Mournfully sinking day by day,  
And with a hold on life as frail

As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,  
Hang feebly on their parent spray,  
And tremble in the gale;  
Yet watching o'er my childishness  
With patient fondness—not the less  
For all the agony which kept  
Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept;  
And checking every tear and groan  
That haply might have waked my own;  
And bearing still, without offence,  
My idle words, and petulance;  
Reproving with a tear—and, while  
The tooth of pain was keenly preying  
Upon her very heart, repaying  
My brief repentance with a smile.

“ Oh, in her meek, forgiving eye  
There was a brightness not of mirth—  
A light, whose clear intensity  
Was borrowed not of earth.  
Along her cheek a deepening red  
Sold where the feverish hectic fed;  
And yet, each fatal token gave  
To the mild beauty of her face  
A newer and a dearer grace,  
Unwarning of the grave.  
'Twas like the hue which autumn gives  
To yonder changed and dying leaves,  
Breathed over by his frosty breath;  
Scarce can the gazer feel that this  
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,  
The mocking-smile of Death!

“ Sweet were the tales she used to tell

When summer's eve was dear to us,  
And, fading from the darkening dell,  
The glory of the sunset fell

On wooded Agamenticus,—  
When, sitting by our cottage wall,  
The murmur of the Saco's fall,

And the south wind's expiring sighs  
Came, softly blending, on my ear,  
With the low tones I loved to hear:

Tales of the pure—the good—the wise—  
The holy men and maids of old,  
In the all-sacred pages told;—

Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's fountains,

Amid her father's thirsty flock,  
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming  
As the bright angels of his dreaming,

On Padan-aran's holy rock;  
Of gentle Ruth—and her who kept  
Her awful vigil on the mountains,  
By Israel's virgin daughters wept;  
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing

The song for grateful Israel meet,  
While every crimson wave was bringing  
The spoils of Egypt at her feet;

Of her—Samaria's humble daughter,  
Who paused to hear, beside her well,  
Lessons of love and truth, which fell  
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water;

And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,  
The Promised One, so long foretold  
By holy seer and bard of old,

Revealed before her wondering eyes!

“Slowly she faded. Day by day  
Her step grew weaker in our hall,  
And fainter, at each even-fall,

Her sad voice died away.  
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,  
Sat Resignation’s holy smile:  
And even my father checked his tread,  
And hushed his voice, beside her bed:  
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke  
Of her meek eye’s imploring look,  
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,  
And, in his stern and gloomy eye,  
At times, a few unwonted tears  
Wet the dark lashes, which for years  
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

“Calm as a child to slumber soothed,  
As if an angel’s hand had smoothed  
The still, white features into rest,  
Silent and cold, without a breath  
To stir the drapery on her breast,  
Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,  
The horror of the mortal pang,  
The suffering look her brow had worn,  
The fear, the strife, the anguish gone—  
She slept at last in death!

“Oh, tell me, father, *can* the dead  
Walk on the earth, and look on us,  
And lay upon the living’s head  
Their blessing or their curse?  
For, oh, last night she stood by me,  
As I lay beneath the woodland tree!”

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe—  
“Jesu! what was it my daughter saw?”

“*She* came to me last night,  
The dried leaves did not feel her tread;  
She stood by me in the wan moonlight,  
In the white robes of the dead!  
Pale, and very mournfully  
She bent her light form over me.  
I heard no sound, I felt no breath  
Breathe o’er me from that face of death:  
Its blue eyes rested on my own,  
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone;  
Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,  
Something, which spoke of early days—  
A sadness in their quiet glare,  
As if love’s smile were frozen there—  
Came o’er me with an icy thrill;  
Oh God! I feel its presence still!”

The Jesuit makes the holy sign—  
“How passed the vision, daughter mine?”

“All dimly in the wan moonshine,  
As a wreath of mist will twist and twine,  
And scatter, and melt into the light—  
So scattering—melting on my sight,  
The pale, cold vision passed;  
But those eyes were fixed on mine  
Mournfully to the last.”

“God help thee, daughter, tell me why  
That spirit passed before thine eye!”

"Father, I know not, save it be  
That deeds of mine have summoned her  
From the unbreathing sepulchre,  
To leave her last rebuke with me.  
Ah, woe for me! my mother died  
Just at the moment when I stood  
Close on the verge of womanhood,  
A child in everything beside;  
And when my wild heart needed most  
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

"My father lived a stormy life,  
Of frequent change and daily strife;  
And—God forgive him! left his child  
To feel, like him, a freedom wild;  
To love the red man's dwelling place,  
The birch boat on his shaded floods,  
The wild excitement of the chase  
Sweeping the ancient woods,  
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore  
Of the still lakes, the clear stream, where  
The idle fisher sets his wear,  
Or angles in the shade, far more  
Than that restraining awe I felt  
Beneath my gentle mother's care,  
When nightly at her knee I knelt,  
With childhood's simple prayer.

"There came a change. The wild, glad mood  
Of unchecked freedom passed.  
Amid the ancient solitude  
Of unshorn grass and waving wood,  
And waters glancing bright and fast,  
A softened voice was in my ear,



Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine  
The hunter lifts his head to hear,  
Now far and faint, now full and near—

The murmur of the wind-swept pine.  
A manly form was ever nigh,  
A bold, free hunter, with an eye  
Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake  
Both fear and love—to awe and charm;

'Twas as the wizard rattlesnake,  
Whose evil glances lure to harm—  
Whose cold and small and glittering eye,  
And brilliant coil, and changing dye,  
Draw, step by step, the gazer near,  
With drooping wing and cry of fear,  
Yet powerless all to turn away,  
A conscious, but a willing prey!

“ Fear, doubt, thought, life itself, ere long  
Merged in one feeling deep and strong.  
Faded the world which I had known,

A poor vain shadow, cold and waste,  
In the warm present bliss alone

Seemed I of actual life to taste.  
Fond longings dimly understood,  
The glow of passion's quickening blood,  
And cherished fantasies which press  
The young lip with a dream's caress,—  
The heart's forecast and prophecy  
Took form and life before my eye,  
Seen in the glance which met my own,  
Heard in the soft and pleading tone,  
Felt in the arms around me cast,  
And warm heart-pulses beating fast.

Ah! scarcely yet to God above  
With deeper trust, with stronger love  
Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,  
Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,  
Than I, before a human shrine,  
As mortal and as frail as mine,  
With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,  
Knelt madly to a fellow worm.

“ Full soon, upon that dream of sin,  
An awful light came bursting in.  
The shrine was cold, at which I knelt;  
    The idol of that shrine was gone ;  
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,  
    Outcast, and spurned and lone,  
Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,  
    With withering heart and burning brain,  
    And tears that fell like fiery rain,  
I passed a fearful time.

“ There came a voice—it checked the tear—  
    In heart and soul it wrought a change ;—  
My father’s voice was in my ear;  
    It whispered of revenge!  
A new and fiercer feeling swept  
    All lingering tenderness away;  
And tiger passions, which had slept  
    In childhood’s better day,  
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length  
In all their own demoniac strength.

“ A youthful warrior of the wild,  
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,  
Of crime the cheated instrument,

Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wilderness  
He tracked his victim; and, at last,  
Just when the tide of hate had passed,  
And milder thoughts came warm and fast,  
Exulting, at my feet he cast

The bloody token of success.

“Oh God! with what an awful power

I saw the buried past uprise,  
And gather, in a single hour,

Its ghost-like memories!

And then I felt—alas! too late—

That underneath the mask of hate,  
That shame and guilt and wrong had thrown  
O’er feelings which they might not own,

The heart’s wild love had known no change;  
And still, that deep and hidden love,  
With its first fondness, wept above

The victim of its own revenge!

There lay the fearful scalp, and there  
The blood was on its pale brown hair!

I thought not of the victim’s scorn,

I thought not of his baleful guile,  
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,  
The characters of sin and shame  
On heart and forehead drawn;

I only saw that victim’s smile—

The still, green places where we met—

The moon-lit branches, dewy wet;

I only felt, I only heard

The greeting and the parting word—

The smile—the embrace—the tone, which made  
An Eden of the forest shade.

“And oh, with what a loathing eye,  
With what a deadly hate, and deep,  
I saw that Indian murderer lie  
Before me, in his drunken sleep!  
What though for me the deed was done,  
And words of mine had sped him on!  
Yet when he murmured, as he slept,  
The horrors of that deed of blood,  
The tide of utter madness swept  
O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.  
And, father, with this hand of mine ” ——  
“Ha! what didst thou?” the Jesuit cries,  
Shuddering, as smitten with sudden pain,  
And shading, with one thin hand, his eyes,  
With the other he makes the holy sign ——  
“I smote him as I would a worm;—  
With heart as steeled—with nerves as firm:  
He never woke again!”

“Woman of sin and blood and shame,  
Speak—I would know that victim's name.”

“Father,” she gasped, a chieftain, known  
As Saco's Sachem—MOGG MEGONE!”

Pale priest! What proud and lofty dreams,  
What keen desires, what cherished schemes,  
What hopes, that time may not recall,  
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall!  
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,  
To lift the hatchet of his sire,  
And, round his own, the Church's foe,  
To light the avenging fire?  
Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,

For thine and for the Church's sake ?  
Who summon to the scene  
Of conquest and unsparing strife,  
And vengeance dearer than his life,  
The fiery-souled Castine ? \*

Three backward steps the Jesuit takes—  
His long, thin frame as ague shakes:  
And loathing hate is in his eye,  
As from his lips these words of fear  
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear—

“The soul that sinneth shall surely die!”  
She stands, as stands the stricken deer,  
Checked midway in the fearful chase,  
When bursts, upon his eye and ear,  
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,  
Between him and his hiding place;  
While still behind, with yell and blow,  
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.  
“Save me, O holy man!”—her cry  
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,  
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,

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\* The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. “The French,” says the author of the *History of Saco and Biddeford*, “after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit.”—p. 215.

Thrilling with mortal agony;  
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,  
And her eye looks fearfully into his own;—  
“ Off, woman of sin!—nay, touch not me  
With those fingers of blood;—begone!”  
With a gesture of horror, he spurns the form  
That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,  
Guilty in the sight of Heaven,  
With a keener woe be riven,  
For its weak and sinful trust  
In the strength of human dust;  
And its anguish thrill afresh,  
For each vain reliance given  
To the failing arm of flesh.

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### PART III.

AH, weary Priest!—with pale hands pressed  
On thy throbbing brow of pain,  
Baffled in thy life-long quest,  
Overworn with toiling vain,  
How ill thy troubled musings fit  
The holy quiet of a breast  
With the Dove of Peace at rest,  
Sweetly brooding over it!  
Thoughts are thine which have no part  
With the meek and pure of heart,  
Undisturbed by outward things,  
Resting in the heavenly shade,

By the overspreading wings  
Of the Blessed Spirit made.  
Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong  
Sweep thy heated brain along—  
Fading hopes, for whose success  
It were sin to breathe a prayer;—  
Schemes which heaven may never bless—  
Fears which darken to despair.  
Hoary priest thy dream is done  
Of a hundred red tribes won  
To the pale of Holy Church;  
And the heretic o'erthrown,  
And his name no longer known,  
And thy weary brethren turning,  
Joyful from their years of mourning,  
'Twixt the altar and the porch.

Hark! what sudden sound is heard  
In the wood and in the sky,  
Shriller than the scream of bird—  
Than the trumpet's clang more high!  
Every wolf-cave of the hills—  
Forest arch and mountain gorge,  
Rock and dell and river verge—  
With an answering echo thrills.  
Well does the Jesuit know that cry,  
Which summons the Norridgewock to die,  
And tells that the foe of his flock is nigh.  
He listens, and hears the rangers come,  
With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,  
And hurrying feet (for the chase is hot),  
And the short, sharp sound of rifle shot,  
And taunt and menace—answered well

By the Indians' mocking cry and yell—  
The bark of dogs—the squaw's mad scream—  
The dash of paddles along the stream—  
The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves  
Of the maples around the church's eaves—  
And the gride of hatchets, fiercely thrown,  
On wigwam-log and tree and stone.

Black with the grime of paint and dust,  
Spotted and streaked with human gore,  
A grim and naked head is thrust  
Within the chapel-door.

“Ha—Bomazeen!—In God's name say,  
What mean these sounds of bloody fray?”  
Silent, the Indian points his hand

To where across the echoing glen  
Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,  
And Moulton with his men.

“Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen?  
Where are De Rouville\* and Castine,  
And where the braves of Sawga's queen?”

“Let my father find the winter snow  
Which the sun drank up long moons ago!  
Under the falls of Tacconock,  
The wolves are eating the Norridgewock;

---

\* Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield, and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.



Castine with his wives lies closely hid  
Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!  
On Sawga's banks the man of war  
Sits in his wigwam like a squaw—  
Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,  
Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,  
Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,  
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after trace,  
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other chase.  
One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,  
For a last vain struggle for cherished life—  
The next, he hurls the blade away,  
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;  
Over his beads his fingers stray,  
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud  
On the Virgin and her Son;  
For terrible thoughts his memory crowd  
Of evil seen and done—  
Of scalps brought home by his savage flock  
From Casco and Sawga and Sagadahock,  
In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,  
As scowling on the priest he looks:  
"Cowesass—cowesass—tawhich wessaseen?\*"   
Let my father look upon Bomazeen—  
My father's heart is the heart of a squaw,  
But mine is so hard that it does not thaw:  
Let my father ask his God to make

---

\* *Cowesass?—tawhich wessaseen?* Are you afraid?—why fear you?

A dance and a feast for a great sagamore,  
When he paddles across the western lake  
With his dogs and his squaws to the spirit's  
shore.

Cowesass—cowesass—tahwhich wessaseen?  
Let my father die like Bomazeen!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,  
And through each window in the walls,  
Round the priest and warrior pours  
The deadly shower of English balls.  
Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;  
While at his side the Norridgewock,  
With failing breath, essays to mock  
And menace yet the hated foe—  
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro  
Exultingly before their eyes—  
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,  
Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!  
Death to the Babylonish dog!  
Down with the beast of Rome!"  
With shouts like these, around the dead,  
Unconscious on his bloody bed,  
The rangers crowding come.  
Brave men! the dead priest cannot hear  
The unfeeling taunt—the brutal jeer;—  
Spurn—for he sees ye not—in wrath,  
The symbol of your Saviour's death;—  
Tear from his death-grasp, in your zeal,  
And trample, as a thing accursed,  
The cross he cherished in the dust:  
The dead man cannot feel!

Brutal alike in deed and word,  
With callous heart and hand of strife,  
How like a fiend may man be made,  
Plying the foul and monstrous trade  
Whose harvest-field is human life,  
Whose sickle is the reeking sword!  
Quenching, with reckless hand, in blood,  
Sparks kindled by the breath of God;  
Urging the deathless soul, unshriven  
Of open guilt or secret sin,  
Before the bar of that pure Heaven  
The holy only enter in!  
Oh! by the widow's sore distress,  
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,  
By Virtue struggling in the accursed  
Embraces of polluting Lust,  
By the fell discord of the Pit,  
And the pained souls that people it,  
And by the blessed peace which fills  
The Paradise of God forever,  
Resting on all its holy hills,  
And flowing with its crystal river—  
Let Christian hands no longer bear  
In triumph on his crimson car  
The foul and idol god of war;  
No more the purple wreaths prepare  
To bind amid his snaky hair;  
Nor Christian bards his glories tell,  
Nor Christian tongues his praises swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing white,  
Glimpses on the soldiers' sight  
A thing of human shape I ween,

For a moment only seen,  
With its loose hair backward streaming,  
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,  
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,  
From the world of light and breath,  
Hurrying to its place again,  
Spectre-like it vanisheth!

Wretched girl! one eye alone  
Notes the way which thou hast gone.  
That great Eye, which slumbers never,  
Watching o'er a lost world ever,  
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,  
By the gushing forest-fountain,  
Plucking from the vine its fruit,  
Searching for the ground-nut's root,  
Peering in the she wolf's den,  
Wading through the marshy fen,  
Where the sluggish water-snake  
Basks beside the sunny brake,  
Coiling in his slimy bed,  
Smooth and cold against thy tread—  
Purposeless, thy mazy way  
Threading through the lingering day,  
And at night securely sleeping  
Where the dogwood's dews are weeping!  
Still, though earth and man discard thee,  
Doth thy heavenly Father guard thee—  
He who spared the guilty Cain,  
Even when a brother's blood,  
Crying in the ear of God,  
Gave the earth its primal stain—  
He whose mercy ever liveth,

Who repenting guilt forgiveth,  
And the broken heart receiveth;—  
Wanderer of the wilderness,  
    Haunted, guilty, crazed and wild,  
He regardeth thy distress,  
    And careth for his sinful child!

'Tis spring time on the eastern hills!  
Like torrents gush the summer rills;  
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves  
The bladed grass revives and lives,  
Pushes the mouldering waste away,  
And glimpses to the April day.  
In kindly shower and sunshine bud  
The branches of the dull gray wood;  
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks;  
    The south-west wind is warmly blowing,  
And odors from the springing grass,  
The pine-tree and the sassafras,  
    Are with it on its errands going.

---

A band is marching through the wood  
Where rolls the Kennebec his flood—  
The warriors of the wilderness,  
Painted, and in their battle dress;  
And with them one whose bearded cheek,  
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak  
    A wanderer from the shores of France.  
A few long locks of scattering snow  
Beneath a battered morion flow,  
And from the rivets of the vest  
Which girds in steel his ample breast,

The slanted sunbeams glance.  
In the harsh outlines of his face  
Passion and sin have left their trace;  
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,  
No signs of weary age are there.  
His step is firm, his eye is keen,  
Nor years in broil and battle spent,  
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent  
The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood  
Urges the hoary veteran on:  
The fire of conquest, and the mood  
Of chivalry have gone.  
A mournful task is his—to lay  
Within the earth the bones of those  
Who perished in that fearful day,  
When Norridgewock became the prey  
Of all unsparing foes.  
Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,  
Of coming vengeance mused Castine,  
Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,  
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks  
Dig up their buried tomahawks  
For firm defiance or swift attack;  
And him whose friendship formed the tie  
Which held the stern self-exile back  
From lapsing into savagery;  
Whose garb and tone and kindly glance  
Recalled a younger, happier day,  
And prompted memory's fond essay,  
To bridge the mighty waste which lay  
Between his wild home and that gray,

Tall château of his native France,  
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din  
Ushered his birth hour gayly in,  
And counted with its solemn toll,  
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark! from the foremost of the band  
Suddenly bursts the Indian yell;  
For now on the very spot they stand  
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.  
No wigwam smoke is curling there;  
The very earth is scorched and bare:  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
Of breathing life—but there comes not one,  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;  
But here and there, on the blackened ground,  
White bones are glistening in the sun.  
And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness,  
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank;  
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,  
Tethered to tree and stump and rock.  
Rotting along the river bank!

Blessed Mary!—who is she  
Leaning against that maple tree?  
The sun upon her face burns hot,  
But the fixed eyelid moveth not;  
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and clear  
From the dry bough above her ear;  
Dashing from rock and root its spray,  
Close at her feet the river rushes:

The black-bird's wing against her brushes,  
And sweetly through the hazel bushes  
The robin's mellow music gushes;—  
God save her! will she sleep alway?

Castine hath bent him over the sleeper:

“Wake, daughter—wake!”—but she stirs no  
limb:

The eye that looks on him is fixed and dim;  
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be no deepea,  
Until the angel's oath is said,  
And the final blast of the trump goes forth  
To the graves of the sea and the graves of earth.

RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD!

1834.



## LEGENDARY.

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### THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the South, which they call Merrimack.”—SIEUR DE MONTS, 1604.]

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill;  
Poured slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.  
I see the winding Powow fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.  
There's not a tree upon thy side,  
Nor rock, which thy returning tide  
As yet hath left abrupt and stark  
Above thy evening water-mark;  
No calm cove with its rocky hem,  
No isle whose emerald swells begem  
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail  
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;  
No small boat with its busy oars,  
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;  
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,  
Or rigid poplar colonnade,

But lies distinct and full in sight,  
Beneath this gush of sunset light.

Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,  
Stretching its length of foam afar,  
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,  
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,  
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail  
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale; \*  
And o'er these woods and waters broke  
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,  
As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,  
Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimack rolled down his flood;  
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
Which channels vast Agioochook  
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock  
The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven," †  
Tributes from vale and mountain side—  
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves  
The stormy challenge of the waves,  
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,  
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,

---

\* The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the colony in Virginia, in his capacity of "Admiral of New England," made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

† Lake Winnipiseogee—*The Smile of the Great Spirit*—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

Planting upon the topmost crag  
The staff of England's battle-flag;  
And, while from out its heavy fold  
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,  
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,  
And weapons brandishing in air,  
He gave to that lone promontory  
The sweetest name in all his story; \*  
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,  
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters—  
Who, when the chance of war had bound  
The Moslem chain his limbs around,  
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,  
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,  
And fondly to her youthful slave  
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look!—the yellow light no more  
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;  
And clearly on the calm air swells  
The twilight voice of distant bells.  
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin  
The mists come slowly rolling in;  
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,  
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,  
While yonder lonely coast-light set  
Within its wave-washed minaret,  
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,  
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

---

\* Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

Home of my fathers!—I have stood  
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:  
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade  
Along his frowning Palisade;  
Looked down the Appalachian peak  
On Junita's silver streak;  
Have seen along his valley gleam  
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;  
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;  
Yet, wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!  
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound  
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,  
The unforgotten swell and roar  
Of waves on thy familiar shore;  
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom  
And quiet of his lonely room,  
Thy sunset scenes before him pass;  
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,  
The loved and lost arose to view,  
Remembered groves in greenness grew,  
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,  
Along whose bowers of beauty swept  
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,  
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,  
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;  
And while the gazer leaned to trace,  
More near, some dear familiar face,  
He wept to find the vision flown—  
A phantom and a dream alone!

## THE NORSEMEN.

[Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.]

GIFT from the cold and silent Past!  
A relic to the present cast;  
Left on the ever-changing strand  
Of shifting and unstable sand,  
Which wastes beneath the steady chime  
And beating of the waves of Time!  
Who from its bed of primal rock  
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block?  
Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,  
Thy rude and savage outline wrought?

The waters of my native stream  
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam:  
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar  
The circles widen to its shore;  
And cultured field and peopled town  
Slope to its willowed margin down.  
Yet, while this morning breeze is bringing  
The mellow sound of church-bells ringing,  
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar  
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,  
And voices from the wayside near  
Come quick and blended on my ear,

A spell is in this old gray stone—  
My thoughts are with the Past alone!  
A change!—The steepled town no more  
Stretches along the sail-thronged shore;  
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,  
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion proud!  
Spectrally rising where they stood,  
I see the old, primeval wood:  
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand  
I see its solemn waste expand:  
It climbs the green and cultured hill,  
It arches o'er the valley's rill;  
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw  
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.  
Unchanged, alone, the same bright river  
Flows on, as it will flow forever!  
I listen, and I hear the low  
Soft ripple where its waters go;  
I hear behind the panther's cry,  
The wild bird's scream goes thrilling by,  
And shyly on the river's brink  
The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark!—from wood and rock flung back,  
What sound comes up the Merrimack?  
What sea-worn barks are those which throw  
The light spray from each rushing prow?  
Have they not in the North Sea's blast  
Bowed to the waves the straining mast?  
Their frozen sails the low, pale sun  
Of Thulé's night has shone upon;  
Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep  
Round icy drift, and headland steep.

Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's daughters  
Have watched them fading o'er the waters,  
Lessening through driving mist and spray,  
Like white-winged sea-birds on their way!  
Onward they glide—and now I view  
Their iron-armed and stalwart crew;  
Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,  
Turned to green earth and summer sky:  
Each broad, seamed breast has cast aside  
Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide;  
Bared to the sun and soft warm air,  
Streams back the Norsemen's yellow hair.  
I see the gleam of axe and spear,  
The sound of smitten shields I hear,  
Keeping a harsh and fitting time  
To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme;  
Such lays as Zetland's Skald has sung,  
His gray and naked isles among;  
Or muttered low at midnight hour  
Round Odin's mossy stone of power.  
The wolf beneath the Arctic moon  
Has answered to that startling rune;  
The Gaal has heard its stormy swell,  
The light Frank knows its summons well;  
Iona's sable-stoled Culdee  
Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,  
And swept with hoary beard and hair  
His altar's foot in trembling prayer!

'Tis past—the 'wilderer vision dies  
In darkness on my dreaming eyes!  
The forest vanishes in air—  
Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare;

I hear the common tread of men,  
And hum of work-day life again:  
The mystic relic seems alone  
A broken mass of common stone;  
And if it be the chiselled limb  
Of Berserker or idol grim—  
A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,  
The stormy Viking's god of War,  
Of Praga of the Runic lay,  
Or love awakening Siona,  
I know not—for no graven line,  
Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,  
Is left me here, by which to trace  
Its name, or origin, or place.

Yet, for this vision of the Past,  
This glance upon its darkness cast,  
My spirit bows in gratitude  
Before the Giver of all good,  
Who fashioned so the human mind,  
That, from the waste of Time behind  
A simple stone, or mound of earth,  
Can summon the departed forth;  
Quicken the Past to life again—  
The Present lose in what hath been,  
And in their primal freshness show  
The buried forms of long ago.  
As if a portion of that Thought  
By which the Eternal will is wrought,  
Whose impulse fills anew with breath  
The frozen solitude of Death,  
To mortal mind were sometimes lent,  
To mortal musings sometimes sent,



To whisper—even when it seems  
But Memory's phantasy of dreams—  
Through the mind's waste of woe and sin,  
Of an immortal origin!

1841.

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## CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise  
to-day,  
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked  
the spoil away,—  
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faith-  
ful three,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His hand-  
maid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my  
prison bars,  
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the  
pale gleam of stars;  
In the coldness and the darkness all through the  
long night time,  
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's  
early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept  
by;  
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown  
the sky;

No sound amid night's stillness, save that which  
seemed to be  
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the  
sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the  
morrow  
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in  
my sorrow,  
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained  
for and sold,  
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer  
from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the  
shrinking and the shame;  
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to  
me came:  
“Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!” the wicked  
murmur said,  
“Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy  
maiden bed?”

“Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and  
sweet,  
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the  
pleasant street?  
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer  
Sabbath through  
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's  
pew?”

'Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee  
with what mirth  
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm  
bright hearth;  
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads  
white and fair,  
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for  
thee kind words are spoken,  
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laugh-  
ing boys are broken,  
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are  
laid,  
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunt-  
ers braid.

"Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies  
led,  
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread;  
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure  
and sound;  
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and  
sack-cloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at  
things divine,  
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and  
wine;  
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the  
pillory lame,  
Rejeicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in  
their shame.

“And what a fate awaits thee?—a sadly toiling  
slave,  
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage  
to the grave!  
Think of thy woman’s nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,  
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!”

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble  
Nature’s fears  
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,  
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,  
To feel, oh, Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi’s cell,  
And how from Peter’s sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,  
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel’s robe of white,  
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—for the peace  
and love I felt,  
Like dew of Hermon’s holy hill, upon my spirit melt;  
When, “Get behind me, Satan!” was the language of my heart,  
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sun-  
shine fell,

Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within  
my lonely cell;

The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward  
from the street

Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of  
passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was  
open cast,

And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street  
I passed;

I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared  
not see,

How, from every door and window, the people  
gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned  
upon my cheek,

Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling  
limbs grew weak:

"Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid; and from  
her soul cast out

The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weak-  
ness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in  
morning's breeze,

And a low deep voice within me seemed whisper-  
ing words like these:

"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven  
a brazen wall,

Trust still His loving kindness whose power is  
over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit  
waters broke  
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly  
wall of rock;  
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear  
lines on high,  
Tracing with rope and slender spar their net-work  
on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped  
and grave and cold,  
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed  
and old,  
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at  
hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the  
land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's  
ready ear,  
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and  
scoff and jeer;  
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of  
silence broke,  
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit  
spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of  
the meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of  
the weak!

Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the  
prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf  
amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red  
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;  
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest,  
"heed not her words so wild,  
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read  
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,  
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring  
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:  
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?  
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,  
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,  
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice, no sign replied;  
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:  
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying  
friend was nigh,  
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his  
eye;  
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so  
kind to me,  
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring  
of the sea:

“Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins  
of Spanish gold,  
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of  
her hold,  
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner  
in your bay  
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child  
away!”

“Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their  
cruel laws!”  
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the peo-  
ple’s just applause.  
“Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,  
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for  
silver sold?”

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half  
way drawn,  
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter  
hate and scorn;  
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in  
silence back,  
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode mur-  
muring in his track.



Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of  
soul;  
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and  
crushed his parchment roll.  
“Good friends,” he said, “since both have fled,  
the ruler and the priest,  
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well  
released.”

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept  
round the silent bay,  
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me  
go my way;  
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of  
the glen,  
And the river of great waters, had turned the  
hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed  
beneath my eye,  
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of  
the sky,  
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and  
woodland lay,  
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of  
the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all  
praises be,  
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His  
handmaid free :

All praise to Him before whose power the mighty  
are afraid,  
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the  
poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm  
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the  
grateful psalm;  
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the  
saints of old,  
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter  
told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty  
men of wrong,  
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand  
upon the strong.  
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!  
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven  
and devour:

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart  
be glad,  
And let the mourning ones again with robes of  
praise be clad,  
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the  
stormy wave,  
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to  
save!

1842.

**FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.**

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake  
There lingers not a breeze to break  
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,  
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,  
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,  
The snowy mountain-tops which lie  
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white! save where the bleak,  
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak  
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,  
And belts of spruce and cedar show,  
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,  
Though yet on her deliverer's wing  
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,  
And mildly from its sunny nooks  
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,  
The sweet birch and the sassafras,  
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care  
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,  
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,  
What reck the broken Sokokis,  
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried—  
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died  
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,  
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land  
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,  
Save one lone beech, unclosing there  
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,  
They break the damp turf at its foot,  
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,  
The firm roots from the earth divide—  
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,  
In tasselled garb of skins arrayed,  
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed  
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest  
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'Tis done: the roots are backward sent,  
The beechen tree stands up unbent—  
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race  
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place  
Which knew them once, retains no trace;

O! long may sunset's light be shed  
As now upon that, beech's head—  
A green memorial of the dead!

There shall his fitting requiem be,  
In northern winds, that, cold and free,  
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break  
Forever round that lonely lake  
A solemn under-tone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,  
Where Nature's younger children rest,  
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less  
These bronzed forms of the wilderness  
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild flowers blow,  
As if with fairer hair and brow  
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest  
No priestly knee hath ever pressed—  
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,  
And thoughts of wailing and despair,  
And cursing in the place of prayer! \*

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round  
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound—  
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all  
His powerless bolts of cursing fall  
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,  
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!  
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone  
The secret of the heart is known—  
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings  
Of form and creed, and outward things,  
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan—  
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban  
The spirit of our brother man!

1841.

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\* The brutal and unchristian spirit of the early settlers of New England toward the red man is strikingly illustrated in the conduct of the man who shot down the Sokokis chief. He used to say he always noticed the anniversary of that exploit, as "the day on which he sent the devil a present."—Williamson's *History of Maine*.

*ST. JOHN.*

“To the winds give our banner!  
Bear homeward again!”  
Cried the Lord of Acadia,  
Cried Charles of Estienne;  
From the prow of his shallop  
He gazed, as the sun,  
From its bed in the ocean,  
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters  
That shallop had passed,  
Where the mists of Penobscot  
Clung damp on her mast.  
St. Saviour had look'd  
On the heretic sail,  
As the songs of the Huguenot  
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers  
Remembered her well,  
And had cursed her while passing,  
With taper and bell,  
But the men of Monhegan,  
Of Papists abhorr'd,  
Had welcomed and feasted  
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop  
With dun-fish and ball,  
With stores for his larder,  
And steel for his wall.

Pemequid, from her bastions  
And turrets of stone,  
Had welcomed his coming  
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders  
Had followed his way,  
As homeward he glided,  
Down Pentecost Bay.  
O! well sped La Tour!  
For, in peril and pain,  
His lady kept watch  
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant  
The morning sun shone,  
On the plane trees which shaded  
The shores of St. John.  
"Now, why from yon battlements  
Speaks not my love!  
Why waves there no banner  
My fortress above?"

Dark and wild, from his deck  
St. Estienne gazed about,  
On fire-wasted dwellings,  
And silent redoubt;  
From the low, shattered walls  
Which the flame had o'errun,  
There floated no banner,  
There thunder'd no gun!

But, beneath the low arch  
Of its doorway there stood



A pale priest of Rome,  
In his cloak and his hood.  
With the bound of a lion,  
La Tour sprang to land,  
On the throat of the Papist  
He fastened his hand.

“Speak, son of the Woman,  
Of scarlet and sin!  
What wolf has been prowling  
My castle within?”  
From the grasp of the soldier  
The Jesuit broke,  
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,  
He smiled as he spoke:

“No wolf, Lord of Estienne,  
Has ravaged thy hall,  
But thy red-handed rival,  
With fire, steel, and ball!  
On an errand of mercy  
I hitherward came,  
While the walls of thy castle  
Yet spouted with flame.

“Pentagoet’s dark vessels  
Were moored in the bay,  
Grim sea-lions, roaring  
Aloud for their prey.”  
“But what of my lady?”  
Cried Charles of Estienne:  
“On the shot-crumbled turret  
Thy lady was seen:

“Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,  
Her hand grasped thy pennon,  
While her dark tresses swayed  
In the hot breath of cannon!  
But woe to the heretic,  
Evermore woe!  
When the son of the church  
And the cross is his foe!

“In the track of the shell,  
In the path of the ball,  
Pentagoet swept over  
The breech of the wall!  
Steel to steel, gun to gun,  
One moment—and then  
Alone stood the victor,  
Alone with his men!

“Of its sturdy defenders,  
Thy lady alone  
Saw the cross-blazon’d banner  
Float over St. John.”

“Let the dastard look to it!”  
Cried fiery Estienne,  
“Were D’Aulney King Louis,  
I’d free her again!”

“Alas, for thy lady!  
No service from thee  
Is needed by her  
Whom the Lord hath set free:  
Nine days, in stern silence,  
Her thralldom she bore,  
But the tenth morning came,  
And Death opened her door!”

As if suddenly smitten  
La Tour stagger'd back;  
His hand grasped his sword-hilt,  
His forehead grew black.  
He sprang on the deck  
Of his shallop again:  
"We cruise now for vengeance!  
Give way!" cried Estienne.

"Massachusetts shall hear  
Of the Huguenot's wrong,  
And from island and creek-side  
Her fishers shall throng! "  
Pentagoet shall rue  
What his Papists have done,  
When his palisades echo  
The Puritan's gun!"

O! the loveliest of heavens  
Hung tenderly o'er him,  
There were waves in the sunshine,  
And green isles before him:  
But a pale hand was beckoning  
The Huguenot on;  
And in blackness and ashes  
Behind was St. John!

## PENTUCKET.\*.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town  
The mellow light of sunset shone!  
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still  
Mirror the forest and the hill,  
Reflected from its waveless breast  
The beauty of a cloudless West,  
Glorious as if a glimpse were given  
Within the western gates of Heaven,  
Left, by the spirit of the star  
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood  
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,  
Where many a rood of open land  
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,  
With corn-leaves waving freshly green  
The thick and blacken'd stumps between.  
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread.  
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,  
Back to those mountains, white and cold,  
Of which the Indian trapper told,  
Upon whose summits never yet  
Was mortal foot in safety set.

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\* The village of Haverhill, on the Merrimack, called by the Indians Pentucket, was for nearly seventeen years a frontier town, and endured all the horrors of savage warfare for many years.

Quiet and calm, without a fear  
Of danger darkly lurking near,  
The weary laborer left his plough—  
The milk-maid caroll'd by her cow—  
From cottage door and household hearth  
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.  
At length the murmur died away,  
And silence on that village lay—  
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,  
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,  
Undreaming of the fiery fate  
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped  
The Merrimack along his bed,  
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood  
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,  
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,  
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.  
Yet on the still air crept a sound—  
No bark of fox—nor rabbit's bound—  
Nor stir of wings—nor waters flowing—  
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,  
Which downward from the hill-side beat?  
What forms were those which darkly stood  
Just on the margin of the wood?—  
Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,  
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?  
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd,  
Dark human forms in sunshine show'd,  
Wild from their native wilderness,  
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,  
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—  
Then smote the Indian tomahawk  
On crashing door and shattering lock—  
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then  
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—  
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,  
And childhood's cry arose in vain—  
Bursting through roof and window came,  
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;  
And blended fire and moonlight glared  
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun locked brightly through  
The river willows, wet with dew.  
No sound of combat fill'd the air,—  
No shout was heard—nor gun-shot there:  
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke  
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;  
And on the green sward many a stain,  
And, here and there, the mangled slain  
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,  
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell  
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,  
Still show the door of wasting oak  
Through which the fatal death-shot broke.  
And point the curious stranger where  
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—  
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,  
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—  
And still, within the churchyard ground,  
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,

Whose grass-grown surface overlies  
The victims of that sacrifice.

1838.

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THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

FATHER! to thy suffering poor  
Strength and grace and faith impart,  
And with Thy own love restore  
Comfort to the broken heart!  
Oh, the failing ones confirm  
With a holier strength of zeal!—  
Give Thou not the feeble worm  
Helpless to the spoiler's heel!

Father! for Thy holy sake  
We are spoiled and hunted thus;  
Joyful, for Thy truth we take  
Bonds and burthens unto us:  
Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,  
Weary with our daily task,  
That Thy truth may never fall  
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes  
Flits the forest-bird unscared,  
And at noon the wild beast comes  
Where our frugal meal was shared;  
For the song of praises there  
Shrieks the crow the livelong day,  
For the sound of evening prayer  
Howls the evil beast of prey!

Sweet the songs we loved to sing  
Underneath Thy holy sky—  
Words and tones that used to bring  
Tears of joy in every eye,—  
Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,  
When we gathered knee to knee,  
Blameless youth and hoary hair,  
Bow'd, O God, alone to Thee.

As Thine early children, Lord,  
Shared their wealth and daily bread,  
Even so, with one accord,  
We, in love, each other fed.  
Not with us the miser's hoard,  
Not with us his grasping hand;  
Equal round a common board,  
Drew our meek and brother band!

Safe our quiet Eden lay  
When the war-whoop stirred the land,  
And the Indian turn'd away  
From our home his bloody hand.  
Well that forest-ranger saw,  
That the burthen and the curse  
Of the white man's cruel law  
Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth  
To our toiling hard and long,  
Father! from the dust of earth  
Lift we still our grateful song!  
Grateful—that in bonds we share  
In Thy love which maketh free;



Joyful—that the wrongs we bear,  
Draw us nearer, Lord, to Thee!

Grateful!—that where'er we toil—  
By Wachuset's wooded side,  
On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,  
Or by wild Neponset's tide—  
Still, in spirit, we are near,  
And our evening hymns which rise  
Separate and discordant here,  
Meet and mingle in the skies!

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,  
Let the proud and evil priest  
Rob the needy of his flock,  
For his wine-cup and his feast,—  
Redden not Thy bolts in store  
Through the blackness of Thy skies?  
For the sighing of the poor  
Wilt Thou not, at length, arise?

Worn and wasted, oh, how long  
Shall Thy trodden poor complain?  
In Thy name they bear the wrong,  
In Thy cause the bonds of pain!  
Melt oppression's heart of steel,  
Let the haughty priesthood see,  
And their blinded followers feel,  
That in us they mock at Thee!

In Thy time, O Lord of hosts,  
Stretch abroad that hand to save  
Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,  
Smote apart the Red Sea's wave!

Lead us from this evil land,  
From the spoiler set us free,  
And once more our gather'd band,  
Heart to heart, shall worship Thee!  
1838.

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## THE FOUNTAIN.

TRAVELLER! on thy journey toiling  
By the swift Powow,  
With the summer sunshine falling  
On thy heated brow,  
Listen, while all else is still  
To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing  
By that streamlet's side,  
And a greener verdure showing  
Where its waters glide—  
Down the hill-slope murmuring on,  
Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth  
O'er the sloping hill,  
Beautiful and freshly springeth  
That soft-flowing rill,  
Through its dark roots wreath'd and bare,  
Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never  
In that magic well,  
Of whose gift of life for ever  
Ancient legends tell,—

In the lonely desert wasted,  
And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian\*  
Sought with longing eyes,  
Underneath the bright pavilion  
Of the Indian skies;  
Where his forest pathway lay  
Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,  
With the dusky brow  
Of the outcast forest-ranger,  
Crossed the swift Powow;  
And betook him to the rill,  
And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness  
For an instant shone  
Something like a gleam of gladness,  
As he stooped him down  
To the fountain's grassy side  
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing  
O'er his mossy seat,  
And the cool, sweet waters flowing  
Softly at his feet,  
Closely by the fountain's rim  
That lone Indian seated him.

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\* De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

Autumn's earliest frost had given  
To the woods below  
Hues of beauty, such as Heaven  
Lendeth to its bow;  
And the soft breeze from the west  
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving  
With his chains of sand;  
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,  
'Twixt the swells of land,  
Of its calm and silvery track,  
Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood and meadow,  
Gazed that stranger man  
Sadly, till the twilight shadow  
Over all things ran,  
Save where spire and westward pane  
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling  
Of his warrior sires,  
Where no lingering trace was telling  
Of their wigwam fires,  
Who the gloomy thoughts might know  
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,  
Hills that once had stood,  
Down their sides the shadows throwing  
Of a mighty wood,  
Where the deer his covert kept,  
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided  
Down the swift Powow,  
Dark and gloomy bridges strided  
Those clear waters now;  
And where once the beaver swam,  
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,  
And the hunter's cheer,  
Iron clang and hammer's ringing  
Smote upon his ear;  
And the thick and sullen smoke  
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be, his fathers ever,  
Loved to linger here?  
These bare hills—this conquer'd river—  
Could they hold them dear,  
With their native loveliness  
Tamed and tortured into this?

Sadly, as the shades of even  
Gathered o'er the hill,  
While the western half of Heaven  
Blushed with sunset still,  
From the fountain's mossy seat  
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown for ever,  
But he came no more  
To the hill-side or the river  
Where he came before.  
But the villager can tell  
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden  
With their fruits or flowers—  
Roving boy and laughing maiden,  
In their school-day hours,  
Love the simple tale to tell  
Of the Indian and his well.

1837.

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THE EXILES.

THE goodman sat beside his door  
One sultry afternoon,  
With his young wife singing at his side  
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air,—  
The dark green woods were still;  
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud  
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that cloud  
Above the wilderness,  
As some dark world from upper air  
Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder pealed,  
And all was still again,  
Save a low murmur in the air  
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,  
A weary stranger came,  
And stood before the farmer's door,  
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope  
Was in his quiet glance,  
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed  
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore  
In Pilate's council-hall:  
It told of wrongs—but of a love  
Meekly forgiving all.

“ Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here ? ”  
The stranger meekly said;  
And, leaning on his oaken staff,  
The goodman's features read.

“ My life is hunted—evil men  
Are following in my track;  
The traces of the torturer's whip  
Are on my aged back.

“ And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee  
Within thy doors to take  
A hunted seeker of the Truth,  
Oppressed for conscience' sake.”

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife—  
“ Come in, old man ! ” quoth she,—  
“ We will not leave thee to the storm,  
Whoever thou may'st be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,  
And silent sat him down;  
While all within grew dark as night  
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze  
Filled every cottage nook,  
And with the jarring thunder-roll  
The loosened casement shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet  
Came sounding up the lane,  
And half a score of horse, or more,  
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—  
We would not be house-breakers;  
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,  
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,  
With much of fear and awe,  
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,  
The parish priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,  
And let thy pastor in,  
And give God thanks, if forty stripes  
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman,—  
"The stranger is my guest;  
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,—  
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"  
And strong hands shook the door,  
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the priest,—  
"Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."



Then kindled Macey's eye of fire :  
    " No priest who walks the earth,  
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest  
    Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught  
    The matchlock, hotly tried  
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,  
    By fiery Ireton's side ;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,  
    With shout and psalm contended ;  
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,  
    With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then :  
    " My spirit is not free  
To bring the wrath and violence  
    Of evil men on thee :

    " And for thyself, I pray forbear,—  
    Bethink thee of thy Lord,  
Who healed again the smitten ear,  
    And sheathed his follower's sword.

    " I go, as to the slaughter led :  
    Friends of the poor, farewell ! "  
Beneath his hand the oaken door  
    Back on its hinges fell.

    " Come forth, old gray-beard, yea and nay ; "  
    The reckless scoffers cried,  
As to a horseman's saddle-bow  
    The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long  
In Boston's crowded jail,  
Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,  
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:  
Those scenes have passed away—  
Let the dim shadows of the past  
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent priest—  
"Take goodman Macey too;  
The sin of this day's heresy,  
His back or purse shall rue."

And priest and sheriff, both together  
Upon his threshold stood,  
When Macey, through another door,  
Sprang out into the wood.

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macey cried,  
She caught his manly arm:—  
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,  
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or naught,—  
The river course was near:—  
The plashing on its pebbled shore  
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock tasselled o'er with birch,  
Above the waters hung,  
And at its base, with every wave,  
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there  
The goodman wields his oar:  
“Ill luck betide them all”—he cried,—  
“The laggards upon the shore.”

Down through the crashing under-wood,  
The burly sheriff came:—  
“Stand, goodman Macey—yield thyself;  
Yield in the King’s own name.”

“Now out upon thy hangman’s face!”  
Bold Macey answered then,—  
“Whip *women*, on the village green,  
But meddle not with *men*.”

The priest came panting to the shore,—  
His grave cocked hat was gone:  
Behind him, like some owl’s nest, hung  
His wig upon a thorn.

“Come back—come back!” the parson cried,  
“The church’s curse beware.”  
“Curse an thou wilt,” said Macey, “but  
Thy blessing prithee spare.”

“Vile scoffer!” cried the baffled priest,—  
“Thou’lt yet the gallows see.”  
“Who’s born to be hanged, will not be drowned,”  
Quoth Macey merrily;

“And so, sir sheriff and priest, good bye!”  
He bent him to his oar,  
And the small boat glided quietly  
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds  
Scattered and fell asunder,  
While feebler came the rush of rain,  
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun  
Looked out serene and warm,  
Painting its holy symbol-light  
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rainbow span,  
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended;—  
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,  
And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope  
The small boat glided fast,—  
The watchers of "the Block-house" saw  
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison  
Sat shaking in their shoes,  
To hear the dip of Indian oars,—  
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,  
(The men were all away),  
Looked out to see the stranger oar  
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw  
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,  
And Newbury's spire and weathercock  
Peered o'er the pines before them,

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,  
The marsh lay broad and green;  
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crowned,  
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skillful hand and wary eye  
The harbor-bar was crossed;  
A plaything of the restless wave,  
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven  
On land and water lay,—  
On the steep hills of Agawam,  
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,  
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;  
The watch-fire of the garrison  
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning  
On Massachusetts' Bay!  
Blue wave, and bright green island,  
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety  
Round isle and headland steep—  
No tempest broke above them,  
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape  
The vent'rous Macey passed,  
And on Nantucket's naked isle,  
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,  
They braved the rough sea-weather;  
And there, in peace and quietness,  
Went down life's vale together:

How others drew around them,  
And how their fishing sped,  
Until to every wind of heaven  
Nantucket's sails were spread:

How pale want alternated  
With plenty's golden smile;  
Behold, is it not written  
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth  
A refuge of the free,  
As when true-hearted Macey,  
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow  
Her shrubless hills of sand—  
Free as the waves that batter  
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,  
No loftier spirit stirs,—  
Nor falls o'er human suffering  
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—  
And grant for evermore,  
That charity and freedom dwell,  
As now upon her shore!

1841.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

[The following Ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous General M., of Hampton, N. H., who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a venerable family visitant.]

DARK the halls, and cold the feast—  
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest!  
All is over—all is done,  
Twain of yesterday are one!  
Blooming girl and manhood gray,  
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,  
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;  
Dies the bonfire on the hill;  
All is dark and all is still,  
Save the starlight, save the breeze  
Moaning through the grave-yard trees;  
And the great sea-waves below,  
Like the night's pulse, beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride  
She hath wakened, at his side.  
With half uttered shriek and start—  
Feels she not his beating heart?  
And the pressure of his arm,  
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed  
Springs that fair dishevelled head,

And a feeling, new, intense,  
Half of shame, half innocence,  
Maiden fear and wonder speaks  
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing  
Faintest light the lamp is throwing  
On the mirror's antique mould,  
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,  
And, through faded curtains stealing,  
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,  
Silver-streaked his careless hair;  
Lips of love have left no trace  
On that hard and haughty face;  
And that forehead's knitted thought  
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,  
More than these calm lips will tell.  
Stooping to my lowly state,  
He hath made me rich and great,  
And I bless him, though he be  
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light  
O'er her fingers small and white;  
Gold and gem, and costly ring  
Back the timid lustre fling—  
Love's selected gifts, and rare,  
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow  
From those tapering lines of snow;



Fondly o'er the sleeper bending  
His black hair with golden blending,  
In her soft and light caress,  
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why  
That wild stare and wilder cry,  
Full of terror, full of pain?  
Is there madness in her brain?  
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low:  
“Spare me—spare me—let me go!”

God have mercy!—Icy cold  
Spectral hands her own enfold,  
Drawing silently from them  
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,  
“Waken! save me!” still as death  
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,  
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;  
But she hears a murmur low,  
Full of sweetness, full of woe,  
Half a sign and half a moan:  
“Fear not! give the dead her own!”

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!  
That cold hand whose pressure froze,  
Once in warmest life had borne  
Gem and band her own hath worn.  
“Wake thee! wake thee!” Lo, his eyes  
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,  
Closer to his breast he holds her;

Trembling limbs his own are meeting.  
And he feels her heart's quick beating:  
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"  
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream—an idle dream."  
But before the lamp's pale gleam  
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—  
There no more the diamond blazes,  
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—  
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,  
But his dark lip quivereth,  
And as o'er the past he thinketh,  
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;  
Can those soft arms round him lie,  
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest  
Soothed and child-like on his breast,  
And in trustful innocence  
Draw new strength and courage thence;  
He, the proud man, feels within  
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought  
Simple prayers her mother taught,  
And His blessed angels call,  
Whose great love is over all;  
He, alone, in prayerless pride,  
Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread,  
From his look, or word, or tread,

Unto whom her early grave  
Was as freedom to the slave,  
Moves him at this midnight hour,  
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!  
From their solemn homes of thought,  
Where the cypress shadows blend  
Darkly over foe and friend,  
Or in love or sad rebuke,  
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,  
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,  
Lifting from those dark, still places,  
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,  
O'er the guilty hearts behind  
An unwitting triumph find.

## VOICES OF FREEDOM.

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### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

[TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. BAYOU. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, TOUSSAINT refused to join them until he had aided M. BAYOU and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in TOUSSAINT many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for his kindness.

In 1797, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE was appointed, by the French government, General-in-chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General MAITLAND, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of TOUSSAINT was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of NAPOLEON to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by LE CLERC, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of TOUSSAINT finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'ENGHIEN. It was the remark of GODWIN, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by COLUMBUS, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.]

'T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile  
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down

Its beauty on the Indian isle—

On broad green field and white-walled town;  
And inland waste of rock and wood,  
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,  
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,  
Soft as the landscape of a dream,  
All motionless and dewy wet,  
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met:  
The myrtle with its snowy bloom;  
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—

The white cecropia's silver rind  
Relieved by deeper green behind,—  
The orange with its fruit of gold,—  
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—  
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,  
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—  
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,  
And proudly rising over all,  
The kingly palm's imperial stem,  
Crowned with its leafy diadem,—  
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,  
The fiery-winged cucullo played!

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,

Fair island of the Western Sea.

Lavish of beauty, even when

Thy brutes were happier than thy men,

For they, at least, were free!

Regardless of thy glorious clime,

Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,

The toiling negro sighed, that Time

No faster sped his hours.

For, by the dewy moonlight still,  
He fed the weary-turning mill,  
Or bent him in the chill morass,  
To pluck the long and tangled grass,  
And hear above his scar-worn back  
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack;  
While in his heart one evil thought  
In solitary madness wrought,—  
One baleful fire surviving still  
    The quenching of the immortal mind—  
    One sterner passion of his kind,  
Which even fetters could not kill,—  
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,  
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry!—long, loud, and shrill,  
From field and forest, rock and hill,  
Thrilling and horrible it rang,  
    Around, beneath, above;—  
The wild beast from his cavern sprang —  
    The wild bird from her grove!  
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony  
Were mingled in that midnight cry;  
But, like the lion's growl of wrath,  
When falls that hunter in his path,  
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,  
Is rankling in his bosom yet,  
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,—  
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;  
It was as if the crimes of years—  
The unrequited toil—the tears—  
The shame and hate, which liken well  
Earth's garden to the nether hell,

Had found in Nature's self a tongue,  
On which the gathered horror hung;  
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,  
Burst, on the startled ears of men,  
That voice which rises unto God,

Solemn and stern—the cry of blood!  
It ceased—and all was still once more,  
Save ocean chafing on his shore,  
The sighing of the wind between  
The broad banana's leaves of green,  
Or bough by restless plumage shook,  
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again  
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell—  
Glowed on the heavens a fiery strain,  
And flashes rose and fell;  
And, painted on the blood-red sky,  
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high;  
And, round the white man's lordly hall,  
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;  
And those who crept along the wall,  
And answered to his lightest call

With more than spaniel dread—  
The creatures of his lawless beck—  
Were trampling on his very neck!  
And, on the night-air, wild and clear,  
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;  
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,  
And dark cheeks pressed against her own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame  
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came

Full on the scornful hearts of those,  
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,  
And to thy hapless children gave  
One choice—pollution, or the grave!

Where then was he, whose fiery zeal  
Had taught the trampled heart to feel,  
Until despair itself grew strong,  
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong?  
Now—when the thunderbolt is speeding;  
Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding;  
Now—when the latent curse of Time  
Is raining down in fire and blood—  
That curse which, through long years of crime,  
Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood—  
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,  
Where murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,  
That shadowed o'er his humble door,  
Listening, with half-suspended breath,  
To the wild sounds of fear and death—  
Toussaint L'Ouverture!  
What marvel that his heart beat high!  
The blow for freedom had been given;  
And blood had answered to the cry  
Which earth sent up to Heaven!  
What marvel, that a fierce delight  
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,  
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,  
Told where the midnight tempest came,  
With blood and fire along its van,  
And death behind!—he was a MAN!



Yes, dark-souled chieftain!—if the light  
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray  
Unveiled not to thy mental sight  
The lowlier and the purer way,  
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,  
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—  
That calm reliance upon God  
For justice, in his own good time,—  
That gentleness, to which belongs  
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,  
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling

For mercy on the evil-dealing,—  
Let not the favored white man name  
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.  
Has *he* not, with the light of heaven  
Broadly around him, made the same?  
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,  
And gloried in his ghastly shame?—  
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,  
To offer mockery unto God,  
As if the High and Holy One  
Could smile on deeds of murder done!—  
As if a human sacrifice  
Were purer in his Holy eyes,  
Though offered up by Christian hands,  
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

\* \* \* \*

Sternly, amidst his household band,  
His carbine grasped within his hand,  
The white man stood, prepared and still,  
Waiting the shock of maddened men,  
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when  
The horn winds through their caverned hill.

And one was weeping in his sight—  
The sweetest flower of all the isle,—  
The bride who seemed but yesternight  
Love's fair embodied smile.  
And, clinging to her trembling knee,  
Looked up the form of infancy,  
With tearful glance in either face,  
The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha—stand, or die!” The white man's eye  
His steady musket gleamed along,  
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,  
With fearless step and strong.  
“What, ho, Toussaint!” A moment more,  
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.  
“Away,” he shouted; “fly with me,—  
The white man's bark is on the sea;—  
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,  
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.  
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,  
The yoke is spurned—the chain is broken;  
On all the hills our fires are glowing—  
Through all the vales red blood is flowing!  
No more the mocking White shall rest  
His foot upon the Negro's breast;  
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip  
The warm blood from the driver's whip;—  
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn  
For all the wrongs his race have borne,—  
Though for each drop of Negro blood  
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;  
Not all alone the sense of ill  
Around his heart is lingering still,

Nor deeper can the white man feel  
Thè generous warmth of grateful zeal.  
Friends of the Negro! fly with me—  
The path is open to the sea:  
Away, for life! ”—He spoke, and pressed  
The young child to his manly breast,  
As, headlong, through the cracking cane,  
Down swept the dark insurgent train—  
Drunken and grim, with shout and yell  
Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell!

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail  
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.  
Cloud-like that island hung afar,  
    Along the bright horizon's verge,  
O'er which the curse of servile war  
    Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge.  
And he—the Negro champion—where  
    In the fierce tumult, struggled he?  
Go trace him by the fiery glare  
Of dwellings in the midnight air—  
The yells of triumph and despair—  
    The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,  
    Beneath Besançon's alien sky,  
Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,  
    Yea, even now is nigh—  
    When, everywhere, thy name shall be  
Redeemed from *color's infamy*;  
And men shall learn to speak of thee,  
As one of earth's great spirits, born  
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,  
Casting aside the weary weight

And fetters of its low estate,  
 In that strong majesty of soul,  
     Which knows no color, tongue or clime—  
 Which still hath spurned the base control  
     Of tyrants through all time!  
 Far other hands than mine may wreath  
 The laurel round thy brow of death,  
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word  
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—  
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm—  
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—  
 Be mine the better task to find  
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,  
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone  
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—  
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,  
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—  
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains  
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—  
 That kindness to the wronged is never  
     Without its excellent reward,—  
 Holy to human-kind, and ever  
     Acceptable to God.

1833.

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\* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!  
     Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough  
     Within thy hearing, or thou liest now  
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den; .  
 Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when  
     Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou  
     Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow;  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,

## THE SLAVE SHIPS,

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,  
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

*Milton's Lycidas.*

[The French ship LE RODEUR, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the

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Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Spanish slaver, LEON. The same disease had been there ; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind ! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The RODEUR reached Gaudaloupe on the 21st of June ; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

“ ALL ready ? ” cried the captain ;

“ Ay, ay ! ” the seamen said ;

“ Heave up the worthless lubbers—

The dying and the dead.”

Up from the slave-ship’s prison

Fierce, bearded heads were thrust—

“ Now let the sharks look to it—

Toss up the dead ones first ! ”

Corpse after corpse came up,—

Death had been busy there ;

Where every blow is mercy,

Why should the spoiler spare ?

Corpse after corpse they cast

Sullenly from the ship,

Yet bloody with the traces

Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,

With his arms upon his breast,

With his cold brow sternly knotted,

And his iron lip compressed.

“ Are all the dead dogs over ? ”

Growled through that matted lip—

“ The blind ones are no better,

Let’s lighten the good ship.”

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,  
The very sounds of hell!  
The ringing clank of iron—  
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—  
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled—  
The starving infant's moan—  
The horror of a breaking heart  
Poured through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison  
The stricken blind ones came:  
Below, had all been darkness—  
Above, was still the same.  
Yet the holy breath of heaven  
Was sweetly breathing there,  
And the heated brow of fever  
Cooled in the soft sea air.

“Overboard with them, shipmates!”  
Cutlass and dirk were plied;  
Fettered and blind, one after one,  
Plunged down the vessel's side.  
The sabre smote above—  
Beneath, the lean shark lay,  
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw  
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries  
Rang upward unto Thee?  
Voices of agony and blood,  
From ship-deck and from sea.  
The last dull plunge was heard—  
The last wave caught its stain—

And the unsated shark looked up  
For human hearts in vain.

\* \* \* \*

Red glowed the western waters—  
The setting sun was there,  
Scattering alike on wave and cloud  
His fiery mesh of hair.  
Amidst a group in blindness,  
A solitary eye  
Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck,  
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,  
"Is gathering and at hand—  
Curse on't—I'd give my other eye  
For one firm rood of land."  
And then he laughed—but only  
His echoed laugh replied—  
For the blinded and the suffering  
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,  
And on a stormy heaven,  
While fiercely on that lone ship's track  
The thunder-gust was driven.  
"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"  
And, as the helmsman spoke,  
Up through the stormy murmur,  
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel  
Unheeding on her way,  
So near, that on the slaver's deck  
Fell off her driven spray.



“Ho! for the love of mercy—  
We’re perishing and blind!”

A wail of utter agony  
Came back upon the wind:

“Help *us!* for we are stricken  
With blindness every one;  
Ten days we’ve floated fearfully,  
Unnoting star or sun.  
Our ship’s the slaver Leon—  
We’ve but a score on board—  
Our slaves are all gone over—  
Help—for the love of God!”

On livid brows of agony  
The broad red lightning shone—  
But the roar of wind and thunder  
Stifled the answering groan.  
Wailed from the broken waters  
A last despairing cry,  
As, kindling in the stormy light,  
The stranger ship went by.

\* \* \* \*

In the sunny Guadaloupe  
A dark-hulled vessel lay—  
With a crew who noted never  
The night-fall or the day.  
The blossom of the orange  
Was white by every stream,  
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird  
Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever,  
And the moonlight slept as well,

On the palm trees by the hill-side,  
And the streamlet of the dell;  
And the glances of the Creole  
Were still as archly deep,  
And her smiles as full as ever  
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,  
The green earth and the sky,  
And the smile of human faces,  
To the slaver's darkened eye;  
At the breaking of the morning,  
At the star-lit evening time,  
O'er a world of light and beauty,  
Fell the blackness of his crime.

1834.

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STANZAS.

[“The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands had applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?”—*Dr. Follen's Address*.

“Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?”—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!  
Slaves—in a land of light and law!  
Slaves—crouching on the very plains  
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!  
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—  
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—  
By every shrine of patriot blood,  
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!  
  
By storied hill and hallowed grot,  
By mossy wood and marshy glen,  
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,  
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!  
The groan of breaking hearts is there—  
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!  
*Slaves*—*SLAVES* are breathing in that air,  
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!  
  
What, ho!—*our* countrymen in chains!  
The whip on *WOMAN'S* shrinking flesh!  
*Our* soil yet reddening with the stains,  
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!  
What! mothers from their children riven!  
What! God's own image bought and sold!  
*AMERICANS* to market driven,  
And bartered as the brute for gold!  
  
Speak! shall their agony of prayer  
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?  
To us whose fathers scorned to bear  
The paltry *menace* of a chain;  
To us, whose boast is loud and long  
Of holy Liberty and Light—  
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong  
Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,  
Our sympathies across the wave,  
Where Manhood, on the field of death  
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?  
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung  
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,  
And millions hail with pen and tongue  
*Our* light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,  
By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,  
And Poland, gasping on her lance,  
The impulse of our cheering call?  
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,  
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?  
And toss his fettered arms on high,  
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be  
A refuge for the stricken slave?  
And shall the Russian serf go free  
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?  
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane  
Belax the iron hand of pride,  
And bid his bondman cast the chain  
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag  
Proclaim that all around are free,  
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag  
That beetles o'er the Western Sea!  
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,  
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,  
And round our country's altar clings  
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine  
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;  
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line  
To spare the struggling Suliote—  
Will not the scorching answer come  
From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:  
“Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,  
Then turn, and ask the like of us!”

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,  
The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—  
Content to live the lingering jest  
And by-word of a mocking Earth?  
Shall our own glorious land retain  
That curse which Europe scorns to bear!  
Shall our own brethren drag the chain  
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,  
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,  
And on the nation's naked heart  
Scatter the living coals of Truth!  
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet  
The shadow of our fame is growing!  
Up—while ye pause, our sun may set  
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth—  
The gathered wrath of God and man—  
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,  
When hail and fire above it ran.  
Hear ye no warnings in the air?  
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?  
Up—up—why will ye slumber where  
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom!—not in strife  
Like that your sterner fathers saw—  
The awful waste of human life—  
The glory and the guilt of war:  
But break the chain—the yoke remove,  
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,  
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,  
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,  
And leave no traces where it stood ;  
Nor longer let its idol drink  
His daily cup of human blood:  
But rear another altar there,  
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,  
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,  
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

1834.

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### THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,  
Which the long evening shadow is stretching  
before,  
With a music as sweet as the music which seems  
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky?  
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play  
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door—  
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?

'T is the great Southern planter—the master who  
waves

His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen—for shame! Let those Yankee fools  
spin,

Who would pass for our slaves with a change of  
their skin;

Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,  
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

“But thou art too lovely and precious a gem  
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them—  
For shame, Ellen, shame!—cast thy bondage aside,  
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

“Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can  
wrong,

But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,  
Where the shade of the palm-tree is over my home,  
And the lemon and orange are white in their  
bloom!

“Oh, come to my home, where my servants shall  
all

Depart at thy bidding and come at thy call;  
They shall heed thee as mistress with trembling  
and awe,

And each wish of thy heart shall be felt as a law.”

Oh, could ye have seen her—that pride of our  
girls—

Arise and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,

With a scorn in her eye which the gazer could feel,  
And a glance like the sunshine that flashes on  
steel!

“Go back, haughty Southron! thy treasures of  
gold  
Are dim with the blood of the hearts thou hast  
sold;  
Thy home may be lovely, but round it I hear  
The crack of the whip and the footsteps of fear!

“And the sky of thy South may be brighter than  
ours,  
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer thy flowers;  
But, dearer the blast round our mountains which  
raves,  
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes  
over slaves!

“Full low at thy bidding thy negroes may kneel,  
With the iron of bondage on spirit and heel;  
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner would be  
In fetters with them, than in freedom with thee!”

1835.

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TO W. L. G.

CHAMPION of those who groan beneath  
Oppression's iron hand:  
In view of penury, hate, and death,  
I see thee fearless stand,



Still bearing up thy lofty brow,  
In the steadfast strength of truth,  
In manhood sealing well the vow  
And promise of thy youth.

Go on!—for thou hast chosen well;  
On in the strength of God!  
Long as one human heart shall swell  
Beneath the tyrant's rod.  
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,  
As thou hast ever spoken,  
Until the dead in sin shall hear—  
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,  
I feel my pulses thrill,  
To mark thy spirit soar above  
The cloud of human ill.  
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,  
And echo back thy words,  
As leaps the warrior's at the shine  
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain—  
A searcher after fame—  
That thou art striving but to gain  
A long-enduring name—  
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand,  
And steeled the Afric's heart,  
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,  
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read  
Thy mighty purpose long!  
And watched the trials which have made  
Thy human spirit strong?

And shall the slanderer's demon breath  
Avail with one like me,  
To dim the sunshine of my faith  
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on—the dagger's point may glare  
Amid thy pathway's gloom—  
The fate which sternly threatens there  
Is glorious martyrdom!  
Then onward with a martyr's zeal—  
Press on to thy reward—  
The hour when man shall only kneel  
Before his Father—God.

1833.

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### SONG OF THE FREE.

[“Living I shall assert the right of FREE DISCUSSION;  
dying, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of FREE PRINCIPLES, and the example of a manly and independent defence of them.”—  
*Daniel Webster.*]

PRIDE of New England!  
Soul of our fathers!  
Shrink we all craven-like,  
When the storm gathers?  
What though the tempest be  
Over us lowering,  
Where's the New Englander  
Shamefully cowering?

Graves green and holy  
    Around us are lying,—  
Free were the sleepers all,  
    Living and dying!

Back with the Southerner's  
    Padlocks and scourges!  
Go—let him fetter down  
    Ocean's free surges!  
Go—let him silence  
    Winds, clouds, and waters—  
Never New England's own  
    Free sons and daughters!  
Free as our rivers are  
    Ocean-ward going—  
Free as the breezes are  
    Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,  
    Haste we, and summon  
Courage and loveliness,  
    Manhood and woman!  
Deep let our pledges be:  
    Freedom for ever!  
Truce with oppression,  
    Never, oh! never!  
By our own birthright-gift,  
    Granted of Heaven—  
Freedom for heart and lip,  
    Be the pledge given!  
If we have whispered truth,  
    Whisper no longer;  
Speak as the tempest does,  
    Stern and stronger;

Still be the tones of truth  
Louder and firmer,  
Startling the haughty South  
With the deep murmur :  
God and our charter's right,  
Freedom for ever!  
Truce with oppression,  
Never, oh! never!

1836

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### THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

Written on reading the report of the proceedings of the American Colonization Society, at its annual meeting in 1834.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and  
glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of  
men?  
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,  
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn:  
Hark! the cheer and the hallo!—the crack of the  
whip,  
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip!  
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—  
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to  
catch.  
So speed to their hunting, o'er mountain and glen,  
Through cane-brake and forest—the hunting of  
men!

Gay luck to our hunters!—how nobly they ride  
In the glow of their zeal, and the strength of their  
pride!—

The priest with his cassock flung back on the wind,  
Just screening the politic statesman behind—  
The saint and the sinner, with cursing and prayer—  
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily there.  
And woman—kind woman—wife, widow, and  
maid—

For the good of the hunted, is lending her aid:  
Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein—  
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!

Oh! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,  
In this "land of the brave and this home of the  
free."

Priest, warrior, and statesman, from Georgia to  
Maine,

All mounting the saddle—all grasping the rein—  
Right merrily hunting the black man, whose sin  
Is the curl of his hair and the hue of his skin!  
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns him at bay!  
Will our hunters be turned from their purpose and  
prey?

Will their hearts fail within them?—their nerves  
tremble, when

All roughly they ride to the hunting of men?

Ho!—ALMS for our hunters? all weary and faint  
Wax the curse of the sinner and prayer of the saint.  
The horn is wound faintly—the echoes are still,  
Over cane-brake and river, and forest and hill.  
Haste—alms for our hunters! the hunted once  
more

Have turned from their flight with their backs to  
the shore:

What right have *they* here in the home of the white,  
Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Freedom and  
Right?

Ho!—alms for the hunters, or never again  
Will they ride in their pomp to the hunting of  
men!

ALMS—ALMS for our hunters! why *will* ye delay,  
When their pride and their glory are melting away?  
The parson has turned; for, on charge of his own,  
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting, alone?  
The politic statesman looks back with a sigh—  
There is doubt in his heart—there is fear in his  
eye.

Oh! haste, lest that doubting and fear shall pre-  
vail,

And the head of his steed take the place of the  
tail.

Oh! haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,  
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?

1835.

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### CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the Report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the "Courier" of that city, it is stated, "*The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!*" ]

JUST God!—and these are they  
Who minister at Thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of light!

What! preach and kidnap men?  
Give thanks—and rob Thy own afflicted poor?  
Talk of Thy glorious liberty, and then  
Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of Thy own  
Merciful Son, who came to seek and save  
The homeless and the outcast,—fettering down  
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!  
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!  
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends  
Strength to the spoiler, Thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn  
Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book  
Of those high words of truth which search and  
burn  
In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!  
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord  
That, from the toiling bondsman's utter need,  
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long  
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,  
And, in Thy name, for robbery and wrong  
At Thy own altars pray?

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?  
Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common Father down!  
To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood—  
Perverting, darkening, changing as they go,  
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might  
Shall perish; and their very names shall be  
Vile before all the people, in the light  
Of a world's liberty.

Oh! speed the moment on  
When Wrong shall cease—and Liberty, and Love,  
And Truth, and Right, throughout the earth be  
known  
As in their home above.

1836.

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### THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a late publication of L. F. TASISTRO, "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN."]



A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!  
Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace  
Which that poor victim of the market-place  
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?  
Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done  
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,  
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,  
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—  
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,  
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!  
Wet with her blood your whips — o'ertask her  
frame,  
Make her life loathsome, with your wrong and  
shame,  
*Her* patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal  
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years,  
But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears  
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,  
Thou *prudent* teacher—tell the toiling slave  
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save  
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray  
Of God's free Gospel from her simple heart,  
And to her darkened mind alone impart  
One stern command—"OBEY!"

So shalt thou deftly raise  
The market price of human flesh; and while  
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters smile,  
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how thy work was blest,  
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,  
Thy poor disciples sell.

Oh, shame! the Moslem thrall,  
Who, with his master, to the Prophet kneels,  
While turning to the sacred Kebla feels  
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey  
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn  
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne  
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain  
Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes—  
Its rites will only swell his market price,  
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand  
And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh, from the fields of cane,  
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—  
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome  
hell,  
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky.  
    HOW LONG, OH GOD, HOW LONG ?  
1843.

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## STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved,  
    The freedom which they toiled to win ?  
Is this the soil whereon they moved ?  
    Are these the graves they slumber in ?  
Are *we* the sons by whom are borne  
The mantles which the dead have worn ?  
  
And shall we crouch above these graves,  
    With craven soul and fettered lip ?  
Yoke in with marked and branded slaves,  
    And tremble at the driver's whip ?  
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,  
And speak—but as our masters please ?  
  
Shall outraged Nature cease to feel ?  
    Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow ?  
Shall ruffian threats of cord and steel—  
    The dungeon's gloom—the assassin's blow,  
Turn back the spirit roused to save  
The Truth, our Country, and the Slave ?  
  
Of human skulls that shrine was made,  
    Round which the priests of Mexico  
Before their loathsome idol prayed—  
    Is Freedom's altar fashioned so ?

And must we yield to Freedom's God,  
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought

Which well might shame extremest hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?

Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?

Shall Honor bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?

Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?

No—by each spot of haunted ground,

Where Freedom weeps her children's fall—

By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's mound—

By Griswold's stained and shattered wall—

By Warren's ghost—by Langdon's shade—

By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst

The bands and fetters round them set—

By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed

Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—

By all above—around—below—

Be ours the indignant answer—NO!

No—guided by our country's laws,

For truth, and right, and suffering man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,

As Christians *may*—as freemen *can*!

Still pouring on unwilling ears

That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor still,

While woman shrieks beneath his rod,

And while he tramples down at will

The image of a common God!

Shall watch and ward be round him set,  
Of Northern nerve and bayonet ?

And shall we know and share with him  
The danger and the growing shame ?  
And see our Freedom's light grow dim,  
Which should have filled the world with flame !  
And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,  
A world's reproach around us burn ?

Is 't not enough that this is borne ?  
And asks our hearty neighbor more ?  
Must fetters which his slaves have worn,  
Clank round the Yankee farmer's door ?  
Must he be told, beside his plough,  
What he must speak, and when, and how ?

Must he be told his freedom stands  
On Slavery's dark foundations strong—  
On breaking hearts and fettered hands,  
On robbery, and crime, and wrong ?  
That all his fathers taught is vain—  
That Freedom's emblem is the chain ?

Its life—its soul, from slavery drawn ?  
False—foul—profane ! Go—teach as well  
Of holy Truth from Falsehood born !  
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from Hell !  
Of Virtue in the arms of Vice !  
Of Demons planting Paradise !

Rail on, then, "brethren of the South"—  
Ye shall not hear the truth the less—  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
No fetter on the Yankee press !

From our Green Mountains to the Sea,  
One voice shall thunder—WE ARE FREE!  
1835.

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## LINES

Written on reading the message of Governor RITNER, of  
Pennsylvania, in 1836, on the subject of Slavery.

THANK God for the token!—one lip is still free—  
One spirit untrammelled—unbending one knee!  
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and  
firm,

Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;  
When traitors to Freedom, and Honor, and God,  
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with blood;  
When the recreant North has forgotten her trust,  
And the lip of her honor is low in the dust,—  
Thank God, that one arm from the shackle has  
broken!

Thank God, that one man, as a *freeman*, has  
spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has been blown!  
Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the murmur has  
gone!

To the land of the South—of the charter and  
chain—

Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's pain;  
Where the cant of Democracy dwells on the lips  
Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders of whips!  
Where "chivalric" honor means really no more  
Than scourging of women, and robbing the poor!

Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth on high,  
 And the words which he utters are—WORSHIP, OR  
 DIE!

Right onward, oh, speed it! Wherever the blood  
 Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;  
 Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining;  
 Wherever the lash of the driver is twining;  
 Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,  
 Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of heart;  
 Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind,  
 In silence and darkness, the God-given mind;  
 There, God speed it onward!—its truth will be  
 felt—

The bonds shall be loosened—the iron shall melt!

And oh, will the land where the free soul of PENN  
 Still lingers and breathes over mountain and glen—  
 Will the land where a BENEZET's spirit went forth  
 To the peeled, and the meted, and outcast of  
 Earth—

Where the words of the Charter of Liberty first  
 From the soul of the sage and the patriot burst—  
 Where first for the wronged and the weak of their  
 kind,

The Christian and statesman their efforts com-  
 bined—

Will that land of the free and the good wear a  
 chain?

Will the call to the rescue of Freedom be vain?

No, RITNER!—her "Friends," at thy warning shall  
 stand

Erect for the truth, like their ancestral band;

Forgetting the feuds and the strife of past time,  
Counting coldness injustice, and silence a crime;  
Turning back from the cavil of creeds, to unite  
Once again for the poor in defence of the Right;  
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full tide of  
Wrong,

Overwhelmed, but not borne on its surges along;  
Unappalled by the danger, the shame, and the  
pain,  
And counting each trial for Truth as their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, honest and true,  
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its due;  
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert with thine,  
On the banks of Swetara, the songs of the Rhine—  
The German-born pilgrims, who first dared to  
brave

The scorn of the proud in the cause of the slave :—  
Will the sons of such men yield the lords of the  
South

One brow for the brand—for the padlock one  
mouth?

They cater to tyrants?—they rivet the chain,  
Which their fathers smote off, on the negro again?

No, never!—one voice, like the sound in the cloud,  
When the roar of the storm waxes loud and more  
loud,

Wherever the foot of the freeman hath pressed  
From the Delaware's marge to the Lake of the  
West,

On the South-going breezes shall deepen and glow  
Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!



The voice of a PEOPLE—uprisen—awake—  
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,  
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from  
 each height,  
 "OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE  
 RIGHT!"

1837.

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LINES

Written on reading the famous "PASTORAL LETTER" of  
 the Massachusetts General Association, 1837.

So, this is all—the utmost reach  
 Of priestly power the mind to fetter!  
 When laymen think—when women preach—  
 A war of words—a "Pastoral Letter!"  
 Now, shame upon ye, parish Popes!  
 Was it thus with those, your predecessors,  
 Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes,  
 Their loving kindness to transgressors?  
 A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—  
 Alas! in hoof and horns and features,  
 How different is your Brookfield bull,  
 From him who bellows from St. Peter's!  
 Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,  
 Think ye, can words alone preserve them?  
 Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
 And sword of temporal power to serve them.  
 Oh, glorious days—when church and state  
 Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!  
 And on submissive shoulders sat  
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers.

No vile "itinerant" then could mar  
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
But at his peril of the scar  
Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.  
Then, wholesome laws relieved the church  
Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
And priest and bailiff joined in search,  
By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!  
The stocks were at each church's door,  
The gallows stood on Boston Common,  
A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—  
The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!  
Your fathers dealt not as ye deal  
With "non-professing" frantic teachers;  
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
And Salem's streets, could tell their story,  
Of fainting woman dragged along,  
Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!  
And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
Of memories sacred from the scorner?  
And why with reckless hand I plant  
A nettle on the graves ye honor?  
Not to reproach New England's dead  
This record from the past I summon,  
Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
And suffering and heroic woman.  
No—for yourselves alone, I turn  
The pages of intolerance over,  
That, in their spirit, dark and stern,  
Ye haply may your own discover!

For, if ye claim the "pastoral right"  
To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
And from your precincts shut the light  
Of Freedom's day around ye dawning;  
If when an earthquake voice of power,  
And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
That, forth, in its appointed hour,  
The Spirit of the Lord is going!  
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
On kindred, tongue, and people breaking,  
Whose slumbering millions, at the sight,  
In glory and in strength are waking!  
When for the sighing of the poor,  
And for the needy, God hath risen,  
And chains are breaking, and a door  
Is opening for the souls in prison!  
If then ye would, with puny hands,  
Arrest the very work of Heaven,  
And bind anew the evil bands  
Which God's right arm of power hath riven—  
What marvel that, in many a mind,  
Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
Are closely with your own combined,  
Yet "less in anger than in sadness"?  
What marvel, if the people learn  
To claim the right of free opinion?  
What marvel, if at times they spurn  
The ancient yoke of your dominion?  
Oh, how contrast, with such as ye,  
A LEAVITT's free and generous bearing!  
A PERRY's calm integrity,  
A PHELPS's zeal and Christian daring!

A FOLLEN'S soul of sacrifice,  
And MAY'S with kindness overflowing!  
How green and lovely in the eyes  
Of freemen are their graces growing!

Ay, there's a glorious remnant yet,  
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
The coming of whose welcome feet  
Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
Of Liberty and Love forever,  
Whose joy is one abiding spring,  
Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale  
Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,  
Which echoes here the mournful wail  
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,  
Close while ye may the public ear—  
With malice vex, with slander wound them—  
The pure and good shall throng to hear,  
And tried and manly hearts surround them.

Oh, ever may the power which led  
Their way to such a fiery trial,  
And strengthened womanhood to tread  
The wine-press of such self-denial,  
Be round them in an evil land,  
With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,  
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
And Deborah's song for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God,  
Against the ark of his salvation,  
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
With blessings for a dying nation?

What, but the stubble and the hay  
 To perish, even as flax consuming.  
 With all that bars his glorious way,  
 Before the brightness of His coming ?

And thou sad Angel, who so long  
 Hast waited for the glorious token,  
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong  
 To liberty and light has broken—  
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee  
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
 And over Earth's full jubilee  
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!  
 1837.

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LINES

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at  
 Chatham Street Chapel, N. Y., held on the 4th of the 7th  
 month, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before  
 Our fathers in their weary way,  
 As with thy chosen moved of yore  
 The fire by night—the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,  
 A nation's song ascends to Heaven,  
 Most Holy Father! unto Thee  
 May not our humble prayer be given ?

Thy children all—though hue and form  
 Are varied in Thine own good will—  
 With Thy own holy breathings warm,  
 And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father!—hill and plain  
Around us wave their fruits once more,  
And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,  
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love  
Are round us as a mantle thrown,  
And unto Thee, supreme above,  
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,  
As unto us, no joyful thrill—  
For those who, under Freedom's wing,  
Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word  
Of light and love is never given—  
For those whose ears have never heard  
The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,  
Whereon no human mercies fall—  
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,  
Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time  
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,  
When every land, and tongue, and clime,  
The message of Thy love shall hear—

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,  
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,  
And to his fettered soul be given  
The glorious freedom of the just!

## LINES

Written for the celebration of the Third Anniversary of  
British Emancipation, at the Broadway Tabernacle,  
N. Y., "First of August," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER!—just and true  
Are all Thy works and words and ways,  
And unto Thee alone are due  
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!  
As children of Thy gracious care,  
We veil the eye—we bend the knee,  
With broken words of praise and prayer,  
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,  
The sighing of the island slave;  
And stretched for him the arm of might,  
Not shortened that it could not save.  
The laborer sits beneath his vine,  
The shackled soul and hand are free—  
Thanksgiving!—for the work is Thine!  
Praise!—for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here—  
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!  
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear—  
Thine ear hath heard the bondsman's prayer!  
Praise!—for the pride of man is low,  
The counsels of the wise are naught,  
The fountains of repentance flow;  
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on 'Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!  
And when the bondman's chain is riven,  
And swells from all our guilty coasts  
The anthem of the free to Heaven,  
Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,  
As with Thy cloud and fire before,  
But unto Thee, in fear and dread,  
Be praise and glory ever more.  
1837.

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## LINES

Written for the Anniversary Celebration of the First of  
August, at Milton, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away  
Since Britain drove her million slaves  
Beneath the tropic's fiery ray :  
God willed their freedom ; and to-day  
Life blooms above those island graves !

He spoke ! across the Carib sea,  
We heard the clash of breaking chains,  
And felt the heart-throb of the free,  
The first, strong pulse of liberty  
Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,  
The Briton's triumph shall be ours :  
Wears slavery here a prouder brow  
Than that which twelve short years ago  
Scowled darkly from her island bowers ?



Mighty alike for good or ill  
With mother-land, we fully share  
The Saxon strength—the nerve of steel—  
The tireless energy of will,—  
The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do ?  
Our hour and men are both at hand ;  
The blast which Freedom's angel blew  
O'er her green islands, echoes through  
Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it; old Europe! we have sworn  
The death of slavery.—When it falls  
Look to your vassals in their turn,  
Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn,  
Your prisons and your palace walls!

Oh kingly mockers!—scoffing show  
What deeds in Freedom's name we do;  
Yet know that every taunt ye throw  
Across the waters, goads our slow  
Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,  
Appalled by democratic crime,  
Grind as their fathers ground before,—  
The hour which sees our prison door  
Swing wide shall be *their* triumph time.

On then, my brothers! every blow  
Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;  
Whatever here uplifts the low  
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,  
Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart! The promised hour draws near—  
I hear the downward beat of wings,  
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear—  
Joy to the people!—woe and fear  
To new world tyrants, old world kings!  
1846.

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### THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS,  
SOLD INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
Where the noisome insect stings,  
Where the fever demon strews  
Poison with the falling dews,  
Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
Through the hot and misty air,—  
Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
There no mother's eye is near them,  
There no mother's ear can hear them;  
Never, when the torturing lash  
Seams their back with many a gash,  
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,  
From the fields at night they go,  
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
To their cheerless homes again—  
There no brother's voice shall greet them—  
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From the tree whose shadow lay  
On their childhood's place of play—  
From the cool spring where they drank—  
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank—  
From the solemn house of prayer,  
And the holy counsels there—

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—  
Toiling through the weary day,  
And at night the spoiler's prey.

Oh, that they had earlier died,  
Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
Where the tyrant's power is o'er  
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
By the holy love He beareth—  
By the bruised reed He spareth—  
Oh, may He, to whom alone  
All their cruel wrongs are known,  
Still their hope and refuge prove,  
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,  
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
From Virginia's hills and waters,—  
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

1838.

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### ADDRESS

Written for the opening of "PENNSYLVANIA HALL," dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, on the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.

Nor with the splendors of the days of old,  
The spoil of nations, and "barbaric gold"—  
No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,  
Where dark and stern the unyielding Roman  
stood,

And the proud eagles of his cohorts saw  
A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—  
Nor blazoned car—nor banners floating gay,  
Like those which swept along the Appian way,  
When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,  
The victor warrior came in triumph home,  
And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild and high,  
Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky;  
But calm and grateful, prayerful and sincere,  
As Christian freemen, only, gathering here,  
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,  
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,  
As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—  
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

Oh! loftier halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,  
Stood darkly mirrored in the Ægean seas,  
Pillar and shrine—and life-like statues seen,  
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between,  
Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill  
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—  
And the chaste temple, and the classic grove—  
The hall of sages—and the bowers of love,  
Arch, fame, and column, graced the shores, and  
gave  
Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave;  
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,  
The Pantheon's dome—the Coliseum's pride—  
The Capitol, whose arches backward flung  
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,  
Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went  
forth  
To the awed nations of a conquered earth,

Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came,  
And Brutus lightened from his lips of flame!

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,  
And in the shadows of her stately walls,  
Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears of woe  
Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow;  
And fetters clanked beneath the silver dome  
Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.  
Oh! not for him—the chained and stricken slave—  
By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,  
In the thronged' forum, or the sages' seat,  
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat;  
No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,  
No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Freedom given,  
Pledged to the Right before all Earth and Heaven,  
A free arena for the strife of mind,  
To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,  
Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er of old  
From Roman hall, or Grecian temple rolled;  
Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet  
The Propylaea or the Forum met.  
Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife  
Shall win applauses with the waste of life;

No lordly victor urge the barbarous game—  
No wanton Lais glory in her shame.  
But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,  
As the ear listens to the tale of woe;  
Here, in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong—  
Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's  
tongue—

No partial justice hold the unequal scale—  
No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—  
No tyrant's mandate echo from this wall,  
Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!  
But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,  
Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;  
Where the high trust is fixed on Truth alone,  
And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown,  
Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and  
might,

Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand  
Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,  
From thy blue waters, Delaware!—to press  
The virgin verdure of the wilderness.

Here, where all Europe with amazement saw  
The soul's high freedom trammelled by no law;  
Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men  
Gathered in peace, around the home of PENN,  
Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,  
Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;  
Where Nature's voice against the bondman's  
wrong

First found an earnest and indignant tongue;  
Where LAY's bold message to the proud was borne,  
And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's manly  
scorn—

Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first  
From her fair feet shook off the Old World's dust,  
Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,  
And her free tresses to our sunshine cast,  
One Hall should rise redeemed from Slavery's  
ban—

One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted come,  
Visiting angels, to their olden home;  
If the dead fathers of the land look forth  
From their far dwellings, to the things of earth—  
Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,  
They gaze now on us from the bowers above?  
LAY's ardent soul—and BENEZET the mild,  
Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child—  
Meek-hearted WOOLMAN,—and that brother-band,  
The sorrowing exiles from their "FATHERLAND,"  
Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers of  
vine,  
And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,  
To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood  
Freedom from man and holy peace with God;  
Who first of all their testimonial gave  
Against the oppressor,—for the outcast slave,—  
Is it a dream that such as these look down,  
And with their blessing our rejoicings crown?

Let us rejoice, that, while the pulpit's door  
Is barred against the pleaders for the poor;  
While the church, wrangling upon points of faith,  
Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death;  
While crafty traffic and the lust of gain  
Unite to forge oppression's triple chain,  
One door is open, and one Temple free—  
As a resting place for hunted Liberty!  
Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,  
High words of truth, for Freedom and for God.

And when that truth its perfect work hath done,  
And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone;



When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,  
From broad Potomac to the far Sabine;  
When unto angel-lips at last is given  
The silver trump of Jubilee to Heaven;  
And from Virginia's plains—Kentucky's shades,  
And through the dim Floridian everglades,  
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,  
The voice of millions from their chains unbound—  
Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,  
Its strong walls blending with the common clay,  
Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand  
The best and noblest of a ransomed land—  
Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine  
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine!—  
A prouder glory shall that ruin own  
Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.

Here shall the child of after years be taught  
The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought—  
Told of the trials of the present hour,  
Our weary strife with prejudice and power,—  
How the high errand quickened woman's soul,  
And touched her lip as with a living coal—  
How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith,  
True and unwavering, unto bonds and death.—  
The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined Hall,  
The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,  
And History's pen for after times record  
Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S GOD!

1838.

## THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptized her infant brow in blood  
And, through the storm which round her swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,  
The roar of baleful battle rose,  
And brethren of a common tongue  
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,  
And every gift on Freedom's shrine  
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;  
Their strife is past—their triumph won;  
But sterner trials wait the race  
Which rises in their honored place—  
A moral warfare with the crime  
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might  
We gird us for the coming fight,  
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours  
In conflict with unholy powers,  
We grasp the weapons He has given,—  
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

1836.

## THE RESPONSE.

[“ To agitate the question (Slavery) anew, is not only impolitic, but it is a virtual breach of good faith to our brethren of the South; an unwarrantable interference with their domestic relations and institutions.” “I can never, in the official station which I occupy, consent to *countenance* a course which may jeopard the peace and harmony of the Union.”—*Governor Porter's Inaugural Message, 1838.*]

No “countenance” of his, forsooth!

Who asked it at his vassal hands?

Who looked for homage done to Truth,

By party's vile and hateful bands?

Who dreamed that one by them possessed,

Would lay for her his spear in rest?

His “countenance”! well, let it light

The human robber to his spoil!—

Let those who track the bondsman's flight,

Like bloodhounds o'er our once free soil,

Bask in its sunshine while they may,

And howl its praises on their way;

We ask no boon; our rights we claim—

Free press and thought—free tongue and pen—

The right to speak in Freedom's name,

As Pennsylvanians and as men;

To do, by Lynch law unforbid,

What our own Rush and Franklin did.

Ay, there we stand, with planted feet,

Steadfast, where those old worthies stood;—

Upon us let the tempest beat,

Around us swell and surge the flood:  
We fail or triumph on that spot;  
God helping us, we falter not.

"A breach of plighted faith?" For shame!—

Who voted for that "breach"? Who gave  
In the state councils, vote and name

For freedom for the District slave?  
Consistent patriot! go, forswear,  
Blot out, "expunge" the record there!

Go, eat thy words. Shall H—— C——

Turn round—a moral harlequin?

And arch V—— B—— wipe away

The stains of his Missouri sin?  
And shall that one unlucky vote  
Stick, burr-like, in *thy* honest throat?

No—do thy part in "*putting down*"

The friends of Freedom:—summon out  
The parson in his saintly gown.

To curse the outlawed roundabout,  
In concert with the Belial brood—  
The Balaam of "the brotherhood"!

Quench every free discussion light—

Clap on the legislative snuffers,  
And caulk with "resolutions" tight  
The ghastly rents the Union suffers!  
Let church and state brand Abolition  
As heresy and rank sedition.

Choke down, at once, each breathing thing,

That whispers of the Rights of Man:—  
Gag the free girl who dares to sing

Of freedom o'er her dairy pan:—  
Dog the old farmer's steps about,  
And hunt his cherished treason out.

Go, hunt sedition.—Search for that  
In every peddler's cart of rags;  
Pry into every Quaker's hat,  
And DOCTOR FUSSELL's saddle bags!  
Lest treason wrap, with all its ills,  
Around his powders and his pills.

Where Chester's oak and walnut shades  
With slavery-laden breezes stir,  
And on the hills, and in the glades  
Of Bucks and honest Lancaster,  
Are heads which think and hearts which feel—  
Flints to the Abolition steel!

Ho! send ye down a corporal's guard  
With flow of flag and beat of drum—  
Storm LINDLEY COATES's poultry yard,  
Beleaguer THOMAS WHITSON's home!  
Beat up the Quaker quarters—show  
Your valor to an unarmed foe!

Do more. Fill up your loathsome jails  
With faithful men and women—set  
The scaffold up in these green vales,  
And let their verdant turf be wet  
With blood of unresisting men—  
Ay, do all this, and more,—WHAT THEN?

Think ye, one heart of man and child  
Will falter from his lofty faith,  
At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild—

The prison cell—the shameful death ?  
 No!—nursed in storm and trial long,  
 The weakest of our band is strong!

Oh! while before us visions come  
 Of slave ships on Virginia's coast—  
 Of mothers in their childless home,  
 Like Rachel, sorrowing o'er the lost—  
 The slave-gang scourged upon its way—  
 The bloodhound and his human prey—

We cannot falter! Did we so,  
 The stones beneath would murmur out,  
 And all the winds that round us blow  
 Would whisper of our shame about.  
 No! let the tempest rock the land,  
 Our faith shall live—our truth shall stand.

True as the Vaudois hemmed around  
 With Papal fire and Roman steel—  
 Firm as the Christian heroine bound  
 Upon Domitian's torturing wheel,  
 We 'bate no breath—we curb no thought—  
 Come what may come, WE FALTER NOT!

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## THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD IN LONDON IN  
 1840.

YES, let them gather!—Summon forth  
 The pledged philanthropy of Earth,

From every land, whose hills have heard  
The bugle blast of Freedom waking;  
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird  
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking;  
Where Justice hath one worshipper,  
Or truth one altar built to her;  
Where'er a human eye is weeping  
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know—  
Where'er a single heart is keeping  
Its prayerful watch with human woe:  
Thence let them come, and greet each other,  
And know in each, a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale  
Where England's old baronial halls  
Still bear upon their storied walls  
The grim crusader's rusted mail,  
Battered by Paynim spear and brand  
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!  
And mouldering pennon-staves once set  
Within the soil of Palestine,  
By Jordan and Gennesaret;  
Or, borne with England's battle line,  
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,  
Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,  
With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,  
A holier summons now is given

Than that gray hermit's voice of old,  
Which unto all the winds of heaven  
The banners of the Cross unrolled!  
Not for the long deserted shrine,—  
Not for the dull unconscious sod,  
Which tells not by one lingering sigh

That there the hope of Israel trod;—  
But for that TRUTH, for which alone

In pilgrim eyes are sanctified  
The garden moss, the mountain stone,  
Whereon His holy sandals pressed—  
The fountain which His lip hath blessed—  
What'er hath touched His garment's hem  
At Bethany or Bethlehem,

Or Jordan's river side.

For FREEDOM, in the name of Him

Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,  
To break the chain from every limb—

The bolt from every prison door!  
For these, o'er all the Earth hath passed  
An ever-deepening trumpet blast,  
As if an angel's breath had lent  
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,  
Shall startle at that thrilling call,

As if she heard her bards again;  
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"

Give out its ancient strain,  
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal—

The melody which Erin loves,  
When o'er that harp, mid bursts of gladness  
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,

The hand of her O'Connell moves:

Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,  
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,

Shall catch and echo back the note,  
As if she heard upon her air  
Once more her Cameronian's prayer



And song of Freedom float.  
And cheering echoes shall reply  
From each remote dependency,  
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,  
In tropic sea or frozen zone;  
Where'er her sunset flag is furling.  
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling;  
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm  
And rosy fields and gales of balm,  
Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled  
Through regal Ava's gates of gold;  
And from the lakes and ancient woods  
And dim Canadian solitudes,  
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,  
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down;  
And from those bright and ransomed Isles  
Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,  
And the dark laborer still retains  
The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel  
The gateways of the land of Tell,  
Where morning's keen and earliest glance  
On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,  
And from the olive bowers of France  
And vine groves garlanding the Rhone,—  
"Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried  
As those who stood by Oge's side—  
Brissot and eloquent Grégoire—  
When with free lip and heart of fire  
The Haytien told his country's wrong,  
Shall gather at that summons strong—  
Broglie, Passy, and him, whose song

Breathed over Syria's holy sod,  
And in the paths which Jesus trod,  
And murmured midst the hills which hem  
Crownless and sad Jerusalem,  
Hath echoes whereso'er the tone  
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come—from Quito's walls,  
And from the Orinoco's tide,  
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,  
From Santa Fe and Yucatan,—  
Men who by swart Guerrero's side  
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF MAN,  
Broke every bond and fetter off,  
And hailed in every sable serf  
A free and brother Mexican!  
Chiefs who across the Andes' chain  
Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon,  
And seen on Junin's fearful plain,  
Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain,  
The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!  
And Hayti, from her mountain land,  
Shall send the sons of those who hurled  
Defiance from her blazing strand—  
The war-gage from her Pétion's hand,  
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,  
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!  
Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame  
All tyrants of a Christian name—  
When in the shade of Gezeh's pile,  
Or, where from Abyssinian hills  
El Gereh's upper fountain fills,

Or where from mountains of the Moon  
El Abiad bears his watery boon,  
Where'er thy lotos blossoms swim  
    Within their ancient hallowed waters—  
Where'er is heard thy prophet's hymn,  
    Or song of Nubia's sable daughters,—  
The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,  
Thy bequest from remotest time,  
At thy dark Mehemet's decree  
For evermore shall pass from thee;  
    And chains forsake each captive's limb  
Of all those tribes, whose hills around  
Have echoed back the cymbal sound  
    And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime  
To earth's remotest bound and clime,  
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,  
The echoes of a world have borne,  
My country! glorious at thy birth,  
A day-star flashing brightly forth—  
    The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn!  
Oh! who could dream that saw thee then,  
    And watched thy rising from afar,  
That vapors from oppression's fen  
    Would cloud the upward-tending star?  
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,  
    Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning,  
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,  
To mock thee with their welcoming,  
Like Hades when her thrones were stirred  
    To greet the down-cast Star of Morning!  
"Aha! and art thou fallen thus?  
Art THOU become as one of us?"

Land of my fathers!—there will stand,  
Amidst that world-assembled band,  
Those owning thy maternal claim  
Unweakened by thy crime and shame,—  
The sad reprovers of thy wrong—  
The children thou hast spurned so long.  
Still with affection's fondest yearning  
To their unnatural mother turning.  
No traitors they!—but tried and leal,  
Whose own is but thy general weal,  
Still blending with the patriot's zeal  
The Christian's love for human kind,  
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering!—peaceful all—  
No threat of war—no savage call  
For vengeance on an erring brother;  
But in their stead the God-like plan  
To teach the brotherhood of man  
To love and reverence one another,  
As sharers of a common blood—  
The children of a common God!—  
Yet, even at its lightest word,  
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred:  
Spain watching from her Moro's keep  
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,  
And Rio, in her strength and pride,  
Lifting, along her mountain side,  
Her snowy battlements and towers—

Her lemon groves and tropic bowers,  
With bitter hate and sullen fear  
Its freedom-giving voice shall hear;  
And where my country's flag is flowing,

On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing  
Above the Nation's council-halls,  
Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,  
While, close beneath the outward walls,  
The driver plies his reeking thong—

The hammer of the man-thief falls,  
O'er hypocritic cheek and brow  
The crimson flush of shame shall glow:  
And all who for their native land  
Are pledging life and heart and hand—  
Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,  
Who for her tarnished honor feel—  
Through cottage-door and council hall  
Shall thunder an awakening call.  
The pen along its page shall burn  
With all intolerable scorn—

And eloquent rebuke shall go  
On all the winds that Southward blow;  
From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,  
Warning and dread appeal shall come,  
Like those which Israel heard from him,  
The Prophet of the Cherubim—  
Or those which sad Esaias hurled  
Against a sin-accursed world!

Its wizard-leaves the Press shall fling  
Unceasing from its iron wing,  
With characters inscribed thereon,

As fearful in the despot's hall  
As to the pomp of Babylon

The fire-sign on the palace wall!

And, from her dark iniquities,  
Methinks I see my country rise:  
Not challenging the nations round

To note her tardy justice done—  
Her captives from their chains unbound,

Her prisons opening to the sun;—  
But tearfully her arms extending  
Over the poor and unoffending;

Her regal emblem now no longer  
A bird of prey, with talons reeking,  
Above the dying captive shrieking,  
But, spreading out her ample wing—  
A broad, impartial covering—

The weaker sheltered by the stronger!  
Oh! then to Faith's anointed eyes

The promised token shall be given;  
And on a nation's sacrifice,

Atoning for the sin of years,  
And wet with penitential tears—  
The fire shall fall from Heaven!

1839.

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#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.—1845.

God bless New Hampshire!—from her granite  
peaks

Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.  
The long bound vassal of the exulting South

For very shame her self-forged chain has broken—

Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,

And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!

Oh, all undreamed of, all un hoped-for changes!—

The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;

To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,

New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!  
Who is it now despairs? Oh, faint of heart,  
Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,  
Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,  
And gather strength to bear a manlier part!  
All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing  
Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;  
Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,  
Unlooked for allies, striking for the right!  
Courage, then, Northern hearts!—Be firm, be true:  
What one brave State hath done, can ye not also  
do?

1845.

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### THE NEW YEAR:

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA  
FREEMAN!

THE wave is breaking on the shore—  
The echo fading from the chime—  
Again the shadow moveth o'er  
The dial-plate of time!

Oh, seer-seen Angel! waiting now  
With weary feet on sea and shore,  
Impatient for the last dread vow  
That time shall be no more!

Once more across thy sleepless eye  
The semblance of a smile has passed;  
The year departing leaves more nigh  
Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh! in that dying year hath been  
The sum of all since time began—  
The birth and death, the joy and pain,  
Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,  
And streams released from winter's chain,  
And bursting bud, and opening flower,  
And greenly-growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,  
And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,  
And voices in her rising storm—  
God speaking from his cloud!—

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,  
And soft, warm days of golden light,  
The glory of her forest leaves,  
And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,  
And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,  
The brilliance of her heaven above  
And of her earth below:—

And man—in whom an angel's mind  
With earth's low instincts finds abode—  
The highest of the links which bind  
Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light,  
His childhood's merriest laughter rung,  
And active sports to manlier might  
The nerves of boyhood strung!



And quiet love, and passion's fires,  
Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,  
And lofty aims and low desires  
By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born  
Has mingled with the funeral knell;  
And o'er the dying's ear has gone  
The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,  
While Want, in many a humble shed,  
Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,  
The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all—the human slave—  
The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn!  
Plucked off the crown his Maker gave—  
His regal manhood gone!

Oh! still my country! o'er thy plains,  
Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,  
That human chattel drags his chains—  
An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,  
My country, is thy flag unrolled,  
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees  
A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down!  
It gathers scorn from every eye,  
And despots smile, and good men frown,  
Whene'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendors glow  
Above the slaver's loathsome jail—  
Its folds are ruffling even now  
His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall  
The trade in human flesh is driven,  
And at each careless hammer-fall  
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men,  
Vested with power to shield the right,  
And throw each vile and robber den  
Wide open to the light.

Yet shame upon them!—there they sit,  
Men of the North, subdued and still;  
Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit  
To work a master's will.

Sold—bargained off for Southern votes—  
A passive herd of Northern mules,  
Just braying through their purchased throats  
Whate'er their owner rules.

And he\*—the basest of the base—  
The vilest of the vile—whose name,  
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,  
Is deathless in its shame!—

A tool—to bolt the people's door  
Against the people clamoring there,—  
An ass—to trample on their floor  
A people's right of prayer!

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\* The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,  
Self-pilloried to the public view—  
A mark for every passing blast  
Of scorn to whistle through;

There let him hang, and hear the boast  
Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool—  
A St. Stylites on his post,  
"Sacred to ridicule!"

Look we at home!—our noble hall,  
To Freedom's holy purpose given,  
Now rears its black and ruined wall,  
Beneath the wintry heaven—

Telling the story of its doom—  
The fiendish mob—the prostrate law—  
The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,  
Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State—the poor man's right  
Torn from him:—and the sons of those  
Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight  
Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,  
That Slavery's guilty fears might cease.  
And those whom God created men,  
Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm,  
A bow of promise bends on high,  
And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,  
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,  
Of freemen rising for the right:  
Each valley hath its rallying word—  
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,  
The strengthening light of freedom shines,  
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay—  
And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades  
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,  
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,  
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell  
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,  
And through the blackness of that hell,  
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake,  
Before that light poured full and strong,  
So shall the Southern heart awake  
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land  
The song of grateful millions rise,  
Like that of Israel's ransomed band  
Beneath Arabia's skies:

And all who now are bound beneath  
Our banner's shade—our eagle's wing,  
From Slavery's night of moral death  
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain—and gone  
 The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,  
 And unto both alike shall dawn,  
 A New and Happy Year.  
 1839.

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### MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its  
 Southern way,  
 Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts  
 Bay:—  
 No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's  
 peal,  
 Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of  
 horsemen's steel.  
 No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our high-  
 ways go—  
 Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;  
 And to the land breeze of our ports, upon their  
 errands far,  
 A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are  
 spread for war.  
 We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words  
 and high,  
 Swell harshly on the Southern words which melt  
 along our sky;

Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest  
labor here—

No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe  
in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St.  
George's bank—

Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white  
and dank;

Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout  
are the hearts which man

The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats  
of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their  
icy forms,

Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling  
with the storms;

Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the  
waves they roam,

They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against  
their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot  
the day

When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's  
steel array?

How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massa-  
chusetts men

Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout  
Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the  
call

Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from  
Faneuil Hall?

When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing  
on each breath

Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIB-  
ERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons  
have proved

False to their fathers' memory—false to the faith  
they loved;

If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter  
spurn,

Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty  
turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's  
hateful hell—

Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood  
hound's yell—

We gather, at your summons, above our fathers'  
graves,

From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your  
wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts  
bow;

The spirit of her early time is with her even now;  
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow,  
and calm, and cool,

She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's  
slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free*  
State may,

Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early  
day;

But that one dark loathsome burden ye must  
    stagger with alone,  
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves  
    have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and  
    burden God's free air  
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and man-  
    hood's wild despair;  
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes  
    upon your plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of  
    chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of  
    old,  
By watching round the shambles where human  
    flesh is sold—  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his  
    market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce  
    the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian  
    name;  
Plant, if ye will, your father's graves with rankest  
    weeds of shame;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—  
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame,  
    and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's  
    shrine hath been,  
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's  
    mountain men:



The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still

In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey

Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,

How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;

How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—

A hundred thousand voices send back their loud reply;

Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,

And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex—of thousands as of one—

The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington—  
From Norfolk's ancient villages; from Plymouth's rocky bound

To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose

Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,

To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain  
larches stir,  
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God  
save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt  
sea spray—

And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narra-  
gansett Bay!

Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt  
the thrill,

And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept  
down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and  
daughters—

Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many  
waters!

Against the burden of that voice what tyrant  
power shall stand?

*No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her  
land!*

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have  
borne,

In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and  
your scorn;

You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've  
hunted for our lives—

And shaken round our hearths and homes your  
manacles and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no  
torch within

The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your  
soil of sin;

We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while  
ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like  
soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we  
have given  
For freedom and humanity, is registered in  
Heaven;  
*No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our  
strand!*  
*No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our  
land!*

1843.

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### THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of Human Liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,  
From one whose fiery heart of youth  
With mine has beaten, side by side,  
For Liberty and Truth;  
With honest pride the gift I take,  
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells  
Of generous hand and heart sincere;  
Around that gift of friendship dwells  
A memory doubly dear —

Earth's noblest aim—man's holiest thought,  
With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold,  
And precious memories round it cling,  
Even as the Prophet's rod of old  
In beauty blossoming :  
And buds of feeling pure and good  
Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine!—a brand  
Plucked from its burning!—let it be  
Dear as a jewel from the hand  
Of a lost friend to me!—  
Flower of a perished garland left,  
Of life and beauty unbereft!

Oh! if the young enthusiast bears,  
O'er weary waste and sea, the stone  
Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,  
Or round the Parthenon;  
Or olive bough from some wild tree  
Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,  
Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—  
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom  
On fields renowned in story,—  
Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,  
Or the gray rock by druids blessed;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing  
Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,  
Or Scotia's "rough burr thistle" blowing  
On Bruce's Bannockburn—

Or Runnymede's wild English rose,  
Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows!—

If it be true that things like these  
To heart and eye bright visions bring,  
Shall not far holier memories  
To this memorial cling?  
Which needs no mellowing mist of time  
To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned—  
Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod,  
Lifting on high, with hands unstained,  
Thanksgiving unto God;  
Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading  
For human hearts in bondage bleeding!—

Where midst the sound of rushing feet  
And curses on the night air flung,  
That pleading voice rose calm and sweet  
From woman's earnest tongue;  
And Riot turned his scowling glance,  
Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies!—  
The fire-stain on its shattered wall,  
And open to the changing skies  
Its black and roofless hall,  
It stands before a nation's sight,  
A grave-stone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,  
The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,  
And from their ashes white and cold  
Its timbers are replying!

A voice which slavery cannot kill  
Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,  
Oh, holy Freedom!—hath to me  
A potent power, a voice and sign  
To testify of thee;  
And, grasping it, methinks I feel  
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,  
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,  
Which opened, in the strength of God,  
A pathway for the slave,  
It yet may point the bondman's way,  
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

1839

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#### STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.—1844.

[Written on reading the sentence of JOHN L. BROWN, of South Carolina, to be executed on the 25th of 4th month, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage. The sentence was afterwards commuted.]

Ho! thou who seekest late and long  
A license from the Holy Book  
For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,  
Man of the pulpit, look!—  
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,  
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;  
And tell us how to Heaven will rise  
The incense of this sacrifice—  
This blossom of the Gallows Tree!—

Search out for SLAVERY's hour of need  
Some fitting text of sacred writ;  
Give Heaven the credit of a deed  
Which shames the nether pit.  
Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him  
Whose truth is on thy lips a lie,  
Ask that His bright-winged cherubim  
May bend around that scaffold grim  
To guard and bless and sanctify!—

Ho! champion of the people's cause—  
Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke  
Of foreign wrong and Old World laws,  
Man of the Senate, look!—  
Was this the promise of the free,—  
The great hope of our early time,—  
That Slavery's poison vine should be  
Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree,  
O'erclustered with such fruits of crime?—

Send out the summons, East and West,  
And South and North, let all be there,  
Where he who pitied the oppressed  
Swings out in sun and air.  
Let not a democratic hand  
The grisly hangman's task refuse;  
There let each loyal patriot stand  
Awaiting Slavery's command  
To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony—unmeet  
Its cold rebuke for deeds which start  
In fiery and indignant beat  
The pulses of the heart.

Leave studied wit, and guarded phrase;  
And all that kindled heart can feel  
Speak out in earnest words which raise,  
Where'er they fall, an answering blaze,  
Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing priesthood ply  
Their garbled text and gloss of sin,  
And make the lettered scroll deny  
Its living soul within;  
Still let the place-fed titled knave  
Plead Robbery's right with purchased lips,  
And tell us that our fathers gave  
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,  
For frieze and moulding, chains and whips!—

But ye who own that higher law  
Whose tables in the heart are set,  
Speak out in words of power and awe  
That God is living yet!  
Breathe forth once more those tones sublime  
Which thrilled the burdened prophet's lyre,  
And in a dark and evil time  
Smote down on Israel's fast of crime  
And gift of blood, a rain of fire!

Oh, not for us the graceful lay,  
To whose soft measures lightly move  
The Dryad and the woodland Fay,  
O'erlooked by Mirth and Love.  
But such a stern and startling strain  
As Britain's hunted bards flung down  
From Snowden, to the conquered plain,  
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain  
On trampled field and smoking town.



By Liberty's dishonored name,  
By man's lost hope, and failing trust,  
By words and deeds, which bow with shame  
Our foreheads to the dust,—  
By the exulting tyrant's sneer,  
Borne to us from the Old World's thrones,  
And by their grief, who pining hear,  
In sunless mines and dungeons drear,  
How Freedom's land her faith disowns;—

Speak out in *acts*; the time for words  
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice;  
In the loud clang of meeting swords  
The softer music dies!  
Act—act, in God's name, while ye may,  
Smite from the church her leprous limb,  
Throw open to the light of day  
The bondman's cell, and break away  
The chains the state has bound on him.

Ho! every true and living soul,  
To Freedom's perilled altar bear  
The freeman's and the Christian's whole,  
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer!  
One last great battle for the Right,—  
One short, sharp struggle to be free!—  
To do is to succeed—our fight  
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—  
The smile of God is Victory!

1844.

## THE BRANDED HAND.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy  
thoughtful brow and gray,  
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better  
day—

With that front of calm endurance, on whose  
steady nerve, in vain  
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery  
shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal  
cravens aim  
To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest  
work thy shame?  
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the  
iron was withdrawn,  
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to  
scorn!

*They* change to wrong, the duty which God hath  
written out  
On the great heart of humanity too legible for  
doubt!

*They*, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from  
footsole up to crown,  
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor  
and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor!—than its traces  
never yet  
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder  
blazon set;

And thy unborn generations, as they tread our  
rocky strand,  
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's  
BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcomed, bearing back  
from Syrian wars  
The scars of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimitars.  
The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson  
span,  
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of  
God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's  
grave,  
Thou for His living presence in the bound and  
bleeding slave;  
He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,  
Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of  
God!

For, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip  
o'er him swung,  
From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of  
slavery wrung,  
And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-  
deserted shrine,  
Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the  
bondman's blood for wine—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off  
Saviour knelt,  
And spurned, the while, the temple where a  
present Saviour dwelt;

Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison  
    shadows dim,  
And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto  
    Him!

In the lone and long night watches, sky above and  
    wave below,  
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the bab-  
    bling school-men know;  
God's stars and silence taught thee, as His angels  
    only can,  
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope  
    of heaven is Man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law  
    and creed,  
In the depth of God's great goodness may find  
    mercy in his need;  
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain  
    and rod,  
And herds with lower natures the awful form of  
    God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman  
    of the wave!  
Its branded palm shall prophesy, "SALVATION TO  
    THE SLAVE!"  
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso  
    reads may feel  
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews  
    change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our  
    Northern air—  
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God  
    look there!

Take it henceforth for your standard—like the  
Bruce's heart of yore,  
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand  
be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at  
that sign,  
When it points its finger Southward along the  
Puritan line:  
Woe to the State-gorged leeches, and the Church's  
locust band,  
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the  
coming of that hand!

1846.

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TEXAS.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

UP the hill-side, down the glen,  
Rouse the sleeping citizen;  
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion growling low—  
Like a night-storm rising slow—  
Like the tread of unseen foe—

It is coming—it is nigh!  
Stand your homes and altars by;  
On your own free thresholds die!

Clang the bells in all your spires;  
On the gray hills of your sires  
Fling to heaven your signal fires!

From Wachuset, lone and bleak,  
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,  
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak!

O! for God and duty stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand,  
Round the old graves of the land!

Whoso shrinks or falters now,  
Whoso to the yoke would bow,  
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race—  
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party—perish clan;  
Strike together while ye can,  
Like the arm of one strong man!

Like that angel's voice sublime,  
Heard above a world of crime.  
Crying of the end of time—

With one heart and with one mouth,  
Let the North unto the South  
Speak the word befitting both:

“What though Issachar be strong!  
Ye may load his back with wrong  
Overmuch and overlong:

“Patience with her cup o'errun,  
With her weary thread outspun,  
Murmurs that her work is done.

- "Make our Union-bond a chain,  
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain  
Link by link shall snap in twain.
- "Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope  
Bind the starry cluster up,  
Shattered over heaven's blue cope!
- "Give us bright though broken rays,  
Rather than eternal haze,  
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze!
- "Take your land of sun and bloom,  
Only leave to Freedom room  
For her plough, and forge, and loom;
- "Take your slavery-blackened vales;  
Leave us but our own free gales,  
Blowing on our thousand sails!
- "Boldly, or with treacherous art,  
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart;  
Break the Union's mighty heart;
- "Work the ruin, if ye will;  
Pluck upon your heads an ill  
Which shall grow and deepen still!
- "With your bondman's right arm bare,  
With his heart of black despair,  
Stand alone, if stand ye dare!
- "Onward with your fell design;  
Dig the gulf and draw the line:  
Fire beneath your feet the mine:

“ Deeply, when the wide abyss  
Yawns between your land and this,  
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

“ By the hearth, and in the bed,  
Shaken by a look or tread,  
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

“ And the curse of unpaid toil,  
Downward through your generous soil  
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

“ Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,  
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,  
Plenty in our valleys flow;—

“ And when vengeance clouds your skies,  
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,  
As the lost on Paradise!

“ We but ask our rocky strand,  
Freedom’s true and brother band,  
Freedom’s strong and honest hand,—

“ Valleys by the slave untrod,  
And the Pilgrim’s mountain sod,  
Blessed of our fathers’ God! ”



## TO FANEUIL HALL.

[Written in 1844, on reading a call by "a Massachusetts Freeman" for a meeting in Faneuil Hall of the citizens of Massachusetts, without distinction of party, opposed to the annexation of Texas, and the aggressions of South Carolina, and in favor of decisive action against Slavery.]

MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,  
If the Northern pulse can thrill,  
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,  
Freely, strongly still:—  
Let the sounds of traffic die:  
Shut the mill-gate—leave the stall—  
Fling the axe and hammer by—  
Throng to Faneuil Hall!

Wrongs which freemen never brooked—  
Dangers grim and fierce as they,  
Which, like couching lions, looked  
On your fathers' way;—  
These your instant zeal demand,  
Shaking with their earthquake-call  
Every rood of Pilgrim land—  
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!

From your capes and sandy bars—  
From your mountain-ridges cold,  
Through whose pines the westering stars  
Stoop their crowns of gold—  
Come, and with your footsteps wake  
Echoes from that holy wall:  
Once again, for Freedom's sake,  
Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet  
Every cord by party spun;  
Let your hearts together beat  
As the heart of one.  
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,  
Let them rise or let them fall:  
Freedom asks your common aid—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks  
Ring from thence to Southern plains,  
Sharply as the blow which breaks  
Prison-bolts and chains!  
Speak as well becomes the free—  
Dreaded more than steel or ball,  
Shall your calmest utterance be,  
Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then  
Render back nor threats nor prayers;  
Have they chained our free-born men?  
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!  
Up! your banner leads the van,  
Blazoned "Liberty for all!"  
Finish what your sires began—  
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

1844.

## TO MASSACHUSETTS

WRITTEN DURING THE PENDING OF THE TEXAS  
QUESTION.

WHAT though around thee blazes  
No fiery rallying sign?  
From all thy own high places,  
Give heaven the light of thine!  
What though unthrilled, unmoving,  
The statesman stands apart,  
And comes no warm approving  
From Mammon's crowded mart?

Still let the land be shaken  
By a summons of thine own!  
By all save truth forsaken,  
Why, stand with that alone!  
Shrink not from strife unequal!  
With the best is always hope;  
And ever in the sequel  
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,  
Come voices long and loud,  
And far-off hills are writing  
Thy fire-words on the cloud:  
When from Penobscot's fountains  
A deep response is heard,  
And across the Western mountains  
Rolls back thy rallying word;

Shall thy line of battle falter,  
With its allies just in view?  
Oh, by hearth and holy altar,  
My Fatherland, be true!  
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!  
Speed them onward far and fast!  
Over hill and valley speed them,  
Like the Sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking  
The shackles from her hand;  
With the rugged North is waking  
The level sunset land!  
Or they come—the free battalions!  
East and West and North they come,  
And the heart-beat of the millions  
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“To the tyrant's plot no favor!  
No heed to place-fed knaves!  
Bar and bolt the door forever  
Against the land of Slaves!”  
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,  
The Heavens above us spread!  
The land is roused—its spirit  
Was sleeping, but not dead!

## THE PINE TREE.

Written on hearing that the Anti-Slavery Resolves of STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS had been rejected by the Whig Convention in Faneuil Hall, in 1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's  
rusted shield,  
Give to Northern winds the Pine Tree on our banner's  
tattered field,  
Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles  
round the board,  
Answering England's royal missive with a firm,  
"THUS SAITH THE LORD!"  
Rise again for home and freedom!—set the battle  
in array!—  
What the fathers did of old time we their sons  
must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs—cease your paltry  
pedler cries—  
Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling  
stocks may rise?  
Would ye barter man for cotton?—That your gains  
may be the same,  
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children  
through the flame?  
Is the dollar only real?—God and truth and right  
a dream?  
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our man-  
hood kick the beam?

Oh, my God!—for that free spirit, which of old  
in Boston town  
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the  
crest of Andros down!—  
For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's  
streets to cry:  
“Up for God and Massachusetts!—Set your feet  
on Mammon's lie!  
Perish banks and perish traffic—spin your cotton's  
latest pound—  
But in Heaven's name keep your honor—keep the  
heart o' the Bay State sound!”

Where's the MAN for Massachusetts?—where's the  
voice to speak her free?—  
Where's the hand to light up bonfires from her  
mountains to the sea?  
Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer?—Sits she dumb  
in her despair?—  
Has she none to break the silence?—Has she none  
to do and dare?  
Oh my God! for one right worthy to lift up her  
rusted shield,  
And to plant again the Pine Tree in her banner's  
tattered field!

1846.

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY OF WASHINGTON IN  
THE 12TH MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,  
On its roofs and steeples shed,  
Shadows weaving with the sun-light  
From the gray sky overhead,  
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies the half-built  
town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless ever,  
Ebbs and flows a human tide,  
Wave on wave a living river;  
Wealth and fashion side by side;  
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the same quick  
current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose coping  
Springs above them, vast and tall,  
Grave men in the dust are groping  
For the largess, base and small,  
Which the hand of Power is scattering, crumbs  
which from its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter  
Honor's wealth for party's place:  
Step by step on Freedom's charter  
Leaving footprints of disgrace;  
For to-day's poor pittance turning from the great  
hope of their race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing  
Glory round the dancer's hair,  
Gold-tressed, like an angel's flowing  
Backward on the sunset air;  
And the low quick pulse of music beats its  
measures sweet and rare:

There to-night shall woman's glances,  
Star-like, welcome give to them,  
Fawning fools with shy advances  
Seek to touch their garments' hem,  
With the tongue of flattery glozing deeds which  
God and Truth condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision  
Takes a broader, sadder range,  
Full before me have arisen  
Other pictures dark and strange;  
From the parlor to the prison must the scene and  
witness change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging  
On its hinges, harsh and slow;  
One pale prison lamp is flinging  
On a fearful group below  
Such a light as leaves to terror whatso'er it does  
not show.

Pitying God!—Is that a WOMAN  
On whose wrist the shackles clash?  
Is that shriek she utters human,  
Underneath the stinging lash?  
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness from that  
sad procession flash?



Still the dance goes gayly onward!  
What is it to Wealth and Pride,  
That without the stars are looking  
On a scene which earth should hide?  
That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting rocking on  
Potomac's tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition  
Which, upon a rival's fall,  
Winds above its old condition,  
With a reptile's slimy crawl,  
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow, shall the slave  
in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,  
Giving to ideal woe  
Graceful luxury of compassion,  
Shall the stricken mourner go;  
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow, beautiful the  
hollow show!

Nay, my words are all too sweeping:  
In this crowded human mart  
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;  
Man's strong will and woman's heart,  
In the coming strife for Freedom, yet shall bear  
their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,  
Southward in the distance lost,  
Freedom yet shall summon allies  
Worthier than the North can boast,  
With the Evil by their hearth-stones grappling at  
severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing:  
Faint the heart and weak the knee;  
And as yet no lip is thrilling  
With the mighty words "BE FREE!"  
Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel, but his  
advent is to be!

Meanwhile, turning from the revel  
To the prison-cell my sight,  
For intenser hate of evil,  
For a keener sense of right,  
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee, City of the  
Slaves, to-night!

"To thy duty now and ever!  
Dream no more of rest or stay;  
Give to Freedom's great endeavor  
All thou art and hast to-day:"—  
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice or  
seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted  
To discern and love the right,  
Whose worn faces have been lifted  
To the slowly-growing light,  
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted slowly back  
the murk of night!—

Ye who through long years of trial  
Still have held your purpose fast,  
While a lengthening shade the dial  
From the westering sunshine cast,  
And of hope each hour's denial seemed an echo of  
the last!—

Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!  
Would to God that ye were near,  
Gazing with me down the vistas  
Of a sorrow strange and drear;  
Would to God that ye were listening to the Voice  
I seem to hear!

With the storm above us driving,  
With the false earth mined below—  
Who shall marvel if thus striving  
We have counted friend as foe;  
Unto one another giving in the darkness blow for  
blow?

Well it may be that our natures  
Have grown sterner and more hard,  
And the freshness of their features  
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,  
And their harmonies of feeling overtaken and  
rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us  
From a purpose true and brave;  
Dearer Freedom's rugged service  
Than the pastime of the slave;  
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the  
grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury  
All our idle feuds in dust,  
And to future conflicts carry  
Mutual faith and common trust;  
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is  
most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding  
All our sun and starlight here,  
Voices of our lost ones sounding  
Bid us be of heart and cheer,  
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on  
the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking  
Downward with a sad surprise,  
All our strife of words rebuking  
With their mild and loving eyes ?  
Shall we grieve the holy angels ? Shall we cloud  
their blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us  
Which have fallen in our way ;  
Let us do the work before us,  
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,  
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it  
is not day!

1845.

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LINES

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot tire—  
A faith which doubt can never dim—  
A heart of love, a lip of fire—  
Oh! Freedom's God! be Thou to him!  
Speak through him words of power and fear,  
As through Thy prophet bards of old,  
And let a scornful people hear  
Once more Thy Sinai-thunders rolled.

For lying lips Thy blessing seek,  
And hands of blood are raised to Thee,  
And on Thy children, crushed and weak,  
The oppressor plants his kneeling knee.

Let then, oh, God! Thy servant dare  
Thy truth in all its power to tell,  
Unmask the priestly thieves, and tear  
The Bible from the grasp of hell!

From hollow rite and narrow span  
Of law and sect by Thee released,  
Oh! teach him that the Christian man  
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, gray and old,  
Of the dead ages, from his way,  
And let his hopeful eyes behold  
The dawn of Thy millennial day;—

That day when fettered limb and mind  
Shall know the truth which maketh free,  
And he alone who loves his kind  
Shall, child-like, claim the love of Thee!

## YORKTOWN.

[DR. THACHER, surgeon in SCAMMEL's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by DR. BARNES, in his late work on Slavery! "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown, than when PATRICK HENRY first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."]

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,  
Two lines stretched far o'er vale and hill:  
Who curbs his steed at head of one?  
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!  
Who bends his keen, approving glance  
Where down the gorgeous lines of France  
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?  
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array  
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,  
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,  
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;  
October's clear and noonday sun  
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun.  
And down night's double blackness fell,  
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines  
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;

While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,  
The conquered hosts of England go:  
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,  
Gay Tarlton's troop ride bannerless:  
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,  
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice  
Let all thy sister States rejoice;  
Let Freedom, in whatever clime  
She waits with sleepless eye her time,  
Shouting from cave and mountain wood,  
Make glad her desert solitude,  
While they who hunt her quail with fear:  
The New World's chain lies broken here!

But who are they, who, cowering, wait  
Within the shattered fortress gate?  
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,  
Classed with the battle's common spoil,  
With household stuffs, and fowl, and swine,  
With Indian weed and planters' wine,  
With stolen beeves, and foraged corn—  
Are they not men, Virginian born?

Oh! veil your faces, young and brave!  
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!  
Sons of the North-land, ye who set  
Stout hearts against the bayonet,  
And pressed with steady footfall near  
The moated battery's blazing tier,  
Turn your scarred faces from the sight,  
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed; and where  
The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,

With Northern drum-roll, and the clear,  
Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,  
While Britain grounded on that plain  
The arms she might not lift again,  
As abject as in that old day  
The slave still toils his life away.

Oh! fields still green and fresh in story,  
Old days of pride, old names of glory,  
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,  
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts of men,  
Ye spared the wrong; and over all  
Behold the avenging shadow fall!  
Your world-wide honor stained with shame—  
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old war?  
Where flows its stripe? Where burns its star?  
Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,  
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,  
Where Mexic Freedom, young and weak,  
Fleashes the Northern eagle's beak:  
Symbol of terror and despair,  
Of chains and slaves, go seek it there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!  
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's banks!  
Brave sport to see the fledgling born  
Of Freedom by its parent torn!  
Safe now in Spielberg's dungeon cell,  
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:  
With Slavery's flag o'er both unrolled,  
What of the New World fears the Old?

1847.



EGO.

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace  
The cold and heartless common-place—  
A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines are penned,  
Still with the thought of thee will blend  
That of some loved and common friend—

Who in life's desert track has made  
His pilgrim tent with mine, or strayed  
Beneath the same remembered shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves  
In freedom which the heart approves—  
The negligence which friendship loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less  
For simple air and rustic dress,  
And sign of haste and carelessness?—

Oh! more than specious counterfeit  
Of sentiment, or studied wit,  
A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be  
Unto thy book, if not to thee,  
Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from Fashion's sphere,  
A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,  
Forbid, disowned,—what do they here?—

Upon my ear not all in vain  
Came the sad captive's clanking chain—  
The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe  
Which only wounded spirits know  
When Pride's strong footsteps o'er them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,  
But from the "temples of the Lord"  
Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,  
In words which Prudence smothered long,  
My soul spoke out against the wrong;

Not mine alone the task to speak  
Of comfort to the poor and weak,  
And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,  
To pour the fiery breath of storm  
Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,  
From ermined robe and saintly gown,  
While wrestling revered Error down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,  
Cool shadows on the green sward lay,  
Flowers swung upon the bending spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,  
Stretched the green slopes of Fairy land  
With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned;

Whence voices called me like the flow,  
Which on the listener's ear will grow,  
Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain  
Their picture on the heart and brain,  
Smiled, beckoning from that path of pain.

In vain!—nor dream, nor rest, nor pause  
Remain for him who round him draws  
The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes—from each green spot  
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,  
Where storm and tumult enter not—

From each fair altar, where belong  
The offerings Love requires of Song  
In homage to her bright-eyed throng—

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,  
I turned to Freedom's struggling band—  
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn  
Her notes of praise to those of scorn—  
Her gifts reclaimed—her smiles withdrawn?

What matters it!—a few years more,  
Life's surge so restless heretofore  
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear  
The shadows which we follow here—  
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,  
Of human will or strength expand  
The pearl gates of the Better Land;

Alone in that great love which gave  
Life to the sleeper of the grave,  
Resteth the power to "seek and save."

Yet, if the spirit gazing through  
The vista of the past can view  
One deed to Heaven and virtue true—

If through the wreck of wasted powers,  
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,  
Of idle aims and misspent hours—

The eye can note one sacred spot  
By Pride and Self profaned not—  
A green place in the waste of thought—

Where deed or word hath rendered less  
"The sum of human wretchedness,"  
And Gratitude looks forth to bless—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling  
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,  
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be  
That green and blessed spot to me—  
A palm-shade in Eternity!—

Something of Time which may invite  
The purified and spiritual sight  
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep  
With their light wings my place of sleep,  
And mosses round my head-stone creep—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,  
Upon the young heart's altars shine  
The very fires they caught from mine—

If words my lips once uttered still,  
In the calm faith and steadfast will  
Of other hearts, their work fulfil—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn  
These tokens, and its eye discern  
The fires which on those altars burn—

A marvellous joy that even then,  
The spirit hath its life again,  
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,  
No gay and graceful offering—  
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,  
With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,  
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind  
A sense of suffering human kind—  
The outcast and the spirit-blind:

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,  
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,  
Life's common courtesies denied;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,  
Children by want and misery nursed,  
Tasting life's bitter cup at first;

If to their strong appeals which come  
From fireless hearth, and crowded room,  
And the close ally's noisome gloom—

Though dark the hands upraised to thee  
In mute beseeching agony,  
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,  
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friendship twine  
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

1843

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;  
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat  
down,  
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was  
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;  
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and  
strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the  
slain.

There down from his mountain stern Zebulon  
came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which  
rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,  
With the mountains around, and the valleys be-  
tween;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at His feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring  
trod;  
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God—



Where His blessing was heard and His lessons  
were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the healing was  
wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—  
These hills He toiled over in grief, are the same—  
The founts where He drank by the wayside still  
flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on  
His brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her  
feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath  
gone,  
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and  
dim,  
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,  
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves  
of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He  
stood,  
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,

Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed him to  
bear,

Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of  
prayer?

Yet loved of the Father. Thy Spirit is near  
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;  
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone!—but in glory and  
power,

The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;  
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

1837.

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### EZEKIEL.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

THEY hear thee not, O God! nor see:  
Beneath Thy rod they mock at Thee;  
The princes of our ancient line  
Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;  
The priests around Thy altar speak  
The false words which their hearers seek;  
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton maids  
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades,  
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,  
With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,  
The heathen heel is crushing yet;

The towers upon our holy hill  
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.  
Our wasted shrines—who weeps for them?  
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?  
Who turneth from his gains away?  
Whose knee with mine is bowed to pray?  
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,  
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went  
With Israel's early banishment;  
And where the sullen Chebar crept,  
The ritual of my fathers kept,  
The water for the trench I drew,  
The firstling of the flock I slew,  
And, standing at the altar's side,  
I shared the Levites' lingering pride  
That still amidst her mocking foes,  
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,  
The Spirit of the Highest came!  
Before mine eyes a vision passed,  
A glory terrible and vast;  
With dreadful eyes of living things,  
And sounding sweep of angel wings,  
With circling light and sapphire throne,  
And flame-like form of One thereon,  
And voice of that dread Likeness sent  
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power  
Fell on me in that fearful hour;

From off unutterable woes  
The curtain of the future rose;  
I saw far down the coming time  
The fiery chastisement of crime;  
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
I saw the nations rise and fall,  
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain  
Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain;  
I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre  
Swept over by the spoiler's fire;  
And heard the low, expiring moan  
Of Edom on his rocky throne;  
And, woe is me! the wild lament  
From Zion's desolation sent;  
And felt within my heart each blow  
Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,  
Before the pictured tile I lay;  
And there, as in a mirror, saw  
The coming of Assyria's war—  
Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass  
Like locusts through Bethhoron's grass;  
I saw them draw their stormy hem  
Of battle round Jerusalem;  
And, listening, heard the Hebrew wail  
Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word?  
Who owned the prophet of the Lord?

How mocked the rude—how scoffed the vile—  
How stung the Levites' scornful smile,  
As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,  
The shadow crept of Israel's woe,  
As if the angel's mournful roll  
Had left its record on my soul,  
And traced in lines of darkness there  
The picture of its great despair!

Yet ever at the hour I feel  
My lips in prophecy unseal.  
Prince, priest, and Levite, gather near,  
And Salem's daughters haste to hear,  
On Chebar's waste and alien shore,  
The harp of Judah swept once more.  
They listen, as in Babel's throng  
The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,  
Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,  
As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, oh Prophet-bard of old,  
Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told!  
The same which earth's unwelcome seers  
Have felt in all succeeding years.  
Sport of the changeful multitude,  
Nor calmly heard nor understood,  
Their song has seemed a trick of art,  
Their warnings but the actor's part.  
With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,  
The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One  
The garments of the flesh put on!

Men followed where the Highest led  
For common gifts of daily bread,  
And gross of ear, of vision dim,  
Owned not the God-like power of Him.  
Vain as a dreamer's words to them  
His wail above Jerusalem,  
And meaningless the watch He kept  
Through which His weak disciples slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,  
For God's great purpose set apart,  
Before whose far discerning eyes,  
The Future as the Present lies!  
Beyond a narrow-bounded age  
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,  
Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,  
Through arches round the throne of God!  
Thy audience, worlds!—all Time to be  
The witness of the Truth in thee!

1844.

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### THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall  
The city towers rise black and tall,  
Where Zorah on its rocky height  
Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain  
Falls like a cloud the night amain,  
And up the hill-sides climbing slow  
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest! how our fair child's head  
The sunset light hath hallowed,  
Where at this olive's foot he lies,  
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

Oh! while beneath the fervent heat  
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat.  
I've watched with mingled joy and dread,  
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone  
Whose morning hope like mine had flown,  
When to her bosom, over blessed,  
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,  
Which shapes our dear one to its will;  
For ever in his large calm eyes,  
I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same foreboding awe I felt  
When at the altar's side we knelt,  
And he, who as a pilgrim came,  
Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame!

I slept not, though the wild bees made  
A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,  
And on me the warm-fingered hours  
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose  
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—  
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,  
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,  
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,  
I saw their hands His ark assail,  
Their feet profane His holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,  
No thunder from the still sky broke,  
But in their midst, in power and awe,  
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD I saw!

A child no more!—harsh-browed and strong,  
He towered a giant in the throng,  
And down his shoulders, broad and bare,  
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm—he smote amain,  
As round the reaper falls the grain,  
So the dark host around him fell,  
So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone  
The towers and domes of Askelon.  
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd  
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not; stark, gaunt, and blind,  
His arm the massive pillars twined,—  
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,  
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked—the trumpets pealed—  
He stooped—the giant columns reeled—  
Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and wall,  
And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!



Above the shriek, the crash, the groan  
Of the fallen pride of Askelon,  
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,  
A voice as of an angel cry.—

The voice of him, who at our side  
Sat through the golden eventide,  
Of him, who on thy altar's blaze  
Rose fire-winged, with his song of praise!

“Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,  
Gray mother of the mighty slain!  
Rejoice!” it cried, “He vanquisheth!  
The strong in life is strong in death!

“To him shall Zorah's daughters raise  
Through coming years their hymns of praise,  
And gray old men, at evening tell  
Of all he wrought for Israel!

“And they who sing and they who hear  
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,  
And pour their blessings on thy head,  
Oh, mother of the mighty dead!”

It ceased: and though a sound I heard  
As if great wings the still air stirred,  
I only saw the barley sheaves,  
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,  
On the dear child who slumbered near,  
“With me, as with my only son,  
Oh God!” I said, “THY WILL BE DONE!”

## THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

“GET ye up from the wrath of God’s terrible day!  
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and away!  
’T is the vintage of blood—’t is the fulness of  
time,  
And vengeance shall gather the harvest of crime!”

The warning was spoken—the righteous had gone,  
And the proud ones of Sodom were feasting alone;  
All gay was the banquet—the revel was long,  
With the pouring of wine and the breathing of  
song.

’T was an evening of beauty; the air was perfume,  
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all  
bloom;  
And softly the delicate viol was heard,  
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,  
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;  
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell  
free,  
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were lighted on  
high,  
And wantonness tempered the lust of the eye;  
Midst rites of obscenity, strange, loathsome,  
abhorred,  
The blasphemer scoffed at the name of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder—the quaking of  
earth!

Woe—woe to the worship, and woe to the mirth!  
The black sky has opened—there's flame in the  
air—

The red arm of vengeance is lifted and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose wild where the  
song

And the low tone of love had been whispered along;  
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er palace and  
bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to blast and  
devour!

Down—down, on the fallen, the red ruin rained,  
And the reveller sank with his wine-cup un-  
drained;

The foot of the dancer, the music's loved thrill,  
And the shout and the laughter grew suddenly  
still.

The last throb of anguish was fearfully given;  
The last eye glared forth in its madness on Heaven!  
The last groan of horror rose widely and vain,  
And death brooded over the pride of the Plain!

1821.

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### THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUN-LIGHT upon Judea's hills!  
And on the waves of Galilee—  
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills  
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!

Most freshly from the greenwood springs  
The light breeze on its scented wings;  
And gayly quiver in the sun  
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours—a change hath come!  
The sky is dark without a cloud!  
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb.  
And proud knees unto earth are bowed.  
A change is on the hill of Death,  
The helmed watchers pant for breath,  
And turn with wild and maniac eyes  
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice!—the death of Him—  
The High and ever Holy One!  
Well may the conscious Heaven grow dim,  
And blacken the beholding Sun!  
The wonted light hath fled away,  
Night settles on the middle day,  
And earthquake from his caverned bed  
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!  
Their prison door is rent away!  
And, ghastly with the seal of death,  
They wander in the eye of day!  
The temple of the Cherubim,  
The House of God is cold and dim;  
A curse is on its trembling walls,  
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth  
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;

Well may the sheeted dead come forth  
To gaze upon a suffering God!  
Well may the temple-shrine grow dim,  
And shadows veil the Cherubim,  
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,  
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,  
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,  
When Nature trembles on her throne,  
And Death resigns his iron power?  
Oh, shall the heart—whose sinfulness  
Gave keenness to His sore distress,  
And added to His tears of blood—  
Refuse its trembling gratitude!

1834.

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## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his hours  
By changeful bud and blossom keeps,  
And like a young bride crowned with flowers,  
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,  
The Spring her gift of flowers imparts,  
Less sweet than those his thoughts have sown  
In the warm soil of Persian hearts:

There sat the stranger, where the shade  
Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,  
While in the hot clear heaven delayed  
The long, and still, and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,  
Strange odors filled the sultry air,  
Strange birds upon the branches swung,  
Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,  
Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,  
As if the Gheber's soul had found  
A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,  
Awakened feelings new and sad,—  
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,  
Nor church with Sabbath bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,  
And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,  
And gray-beard Mollahs in low tones  
Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand  
Like tempting fiends, were such as they  
Which once, o'er all that Eastern land,  
As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal  
The servant of his Conqueror knew,  
From skies which knew no cloudy veil,  
The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

"Ah me!" the lonely stranger said,  
"The hope which led my footsteps on,  
And light from Heaven around them shed,  
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

"Where are the harvest fields all white,  
For Truth to thrust her sickle in ?  
Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,  
From the dark hiding place of sin ?

"A silent horror broods o'er all—  
The burden of a hateful spell—  
The very flowers around recall  
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

"And what am I, o'er such a land  
The banner of the Cross to bear ?  
Dear Lord uphold me with thy hand,  
Thy strength with human weakness share!"

He ceased: for at his very feet  
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled—  
How thrilled his sinking heart to greet  
The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew  
Its life from alien air and earth,  
And told to Paynim sun and dew  
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,  
The Persian plants its beauty screened;  
And on its pagan sisterhood,  
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt  
The darkness of his long despair  
Before that hallowed symbol melt,  
Which God's dear love had nurtured there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower  
The lines of sin and sadness swept;  
And Magian pile and Paynim bower  
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,  
Looked holy through the sunset air;  
And angel-like, the Muezzin told  
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn  
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;  
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born  
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

1830.

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### HYMNS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE,

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love,  
Sweeping its strings of fire!

Oh! who the speed of bird and wind  
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,  
That, soaring upward, I may find  
My resting place and home in Thee?  
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,  
Adoreth with a fervent flame—  
Mysterious spirit! unto whom  
Pertain nor sign nor name!



Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,  
Up from the cold and joyless earth,  
Back to the God who bade them flow,  
Whose moving spirit sent them forth.  
But as for me, O God! for me,  
The lowly creature of Thy will,  
Lingering and sad, I sigh to Thee,  
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine  
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing;  
To breathe with them the light divine,  
From God's own holy altar flowing?  
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul  
In dreams hath thirsted for so long—  
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole  
Of loveliness and song?

Oh! watchers of the stars at night,  
Who breathe their fire, as we the air—  
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,  
Oh! say, is He, the Eternal, there?  
Bend then around His awful throne  
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?  
Or are thy inmost depths his own,  
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!  
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
To the far aim of your desire!  
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love  
Come back again no more to me?—  
Returning like the Patriarch's dove  
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,  
To bear within my longing arms  
The promise-bough of kindlier skies,  
Plucked from the green, immortal palms  
Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit!—freely forth  
At Thy command the strong wind goes;  
Its errand to the passive earth,  
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,  
Until it folds its weary wing  
Once more within the hand divine;  
So, weary from its wandering,  
My spirit turns to Thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,  
From its dark caverns, hurries on,  
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,  
By evening's star and noontide's sun,  
Until at last it sinks to rest,  
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,  
And moans upon its mother's breast—  
So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who didst the torrent flow,  
Who lendest wings unto the wind—  
Mover of all things! where art Thou?  
Oh, whither shall I go to find  
The secret of Thy resting place?  
Is there no holy wing for me,  
That, soaring, I may search the space  
Of highest Heaven for Thee?

Oh, would I were as free to rise  
As leaves on Autumn's whirlwind borne—  
The arrowy light of sunset skies,  
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn  
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,  
Or aught which soars unchecked and free  
Through Earth and Heaven; that I might lose  
Myself in finding Thee!

When the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,  
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,  
And as the touch of viewless fingers,  
Softly on my soul it lingers,  
Open to a breath the lightest,  
Conscious of a touch the slightest—  
As some calm still lake, whereon  
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,

And the glistening water-rings  
Circle round her moving wings:  
When my upward gaze is turning  
Where the stars of heaven are burning  
Through the deep and dark abyss—  
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,  
Blowing with the evening's breath  
Sweetly in their Maker's path:

When the breaking day is flushing  
All the East, and light is gushing  
Upward through the horizon's haze,  
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays  
Spreading, until all above  
Overflows with joy and love,  
And below, on earth's green bosom,  
All is changed to light and blossom:

When my waking fancies over  
Forms of brightness flit and hover,  
Holy as the seraphs are,  
Who by Zion's fountains wear  
On their foreheads, white and broad,  
"HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!"  
When, inspired with rapture high,  
It would seem a single sigh  
Could a world of love create—  
That my life could know no date,  
And my eager thoughts could fill  
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still!  
Then, O Father!—Thou alone,  
From the shadow of thy throne,  
To the sighing of my breast  
And its rapture answerest.  
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,  
Bathe where Thy own light is springing—  
All my yearnings to be free  
Are as echoes answering Thee!  
Seldom upon lips of mine,  
Father! rests that name of Thine—  
Deep within my inmost breast,  
In the secret place of mind,  
Like an awful presence shrined,  
Doth the dread idea rest!  
Hushed and holy dwells it there—  
Prompter of the silent prayer,  
Lifting up my spirit's eye  
And its faint, but earnest cry,  
From its dark and cold abode,  
Unto Thee, my Guide and God!

## THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[MARY G——, aged eighteen, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian Cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead!" the midnight street  
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;  
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet—  
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet—  
Her coffin and her pall.  
"What—only one!" The brutal hackman said,  
As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,  
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,  
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!  
The dying turned him to the wall,  
To hear it and to die!  
Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,  
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho!—bring out your  
dead."

[It paused beside the burial-place;  
"Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—  
With quick hand and averted face,  
Hastily to the grave's embrace  
They cast them, one by one—  
Stranger and friend—the evil and the just,  
Together trodden in the church-yard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there—  
No white-robed sisters round thee trod—

Nor holy hymn nor funeral prayer  
Rose through the damp and noisome air,  
Giving thee to thy God;  
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave  
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer!—there shall be,  
In every heart of kindly feeling,  
A rite as holy paid to thee  
As if beneath the convent-tree  
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,  
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping  
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light  
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well,  
Enduring with a martyr's might,  
Through weary day and wakeful night,  
Far more than words may tell:  
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown—  
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—where  
The thoughtful street grew foul with death.  
O high-souled martyr!—thou wast there,  
Inhaling from the loathsome air,  
Poison with every breath.  
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread  
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed  
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,  
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread—  
A new Electra by the bed  
Of suffering human-kind!

Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,  
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high

And holy mysteries of Heaven!  
How turned to thee each glazing eye,  
In mute and awful sympathy,

As thy low prayers were given;  
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore, the while,  
An angel's features—a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task!—and worthy one

Who, turning from the world, as thou,  
Before life's pathway had begun  
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,  
Had sealed her early vow;  
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,  
Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here

Could be for thee a meet reward;  
Thine is a treasure far more dear—  
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear  
Of living mortal heard,—  
The joys prepared—the promised bliss above—  
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not

A nobler name than thine shall be.  
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,  
The lofty energies of thought,  
The fire of poesy—  
These have but frail and fading honors;—thine  
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,  
And human pride and grandeur fall,—  
The herald's line of long renown—  
The mitre and the kingly crown—  
Perishing glories all!  
The pure devotion of thy generous heart  
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part!  
1833.

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### THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!  
You may trace his footsteps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the  
brown hill's withered brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees  
where their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,  
have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—  
from the frozen Labrador—  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which  
the white bear wanders o'er—  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the  
luckless forms below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into  
marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—  
on the rushing Northern blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his  
fearful breath went past.



With an unscorched wing he has hurried on,  
where the fires of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient  
ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—  
and the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring  
to the skater's heel;  
And the stream which danced on the broken rocks,  
or sang to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in  
mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—  
let us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil  
power away;  
And gather closer the circle round, when the fire-  
light dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as  
his sounding wing goes by!

1830.

## THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

["The manner in which the WALDENSES and heretics disseminated their principles among the CATHOLIC gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these— inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a bible or testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*R. Saccho.*]

"OH, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful  
and rare—

The richest web of the Indian loom, which  
beauty's queen might wear;

And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with  
whose radiant light they vie;

I have brought them with me a weary way,—will  
my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through  
the dark and clustering curls,

Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his  
silks and glittering pearls;

And she placed their price in the old man's hand,  
and lightly turned away,

But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—  
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer  
lustre flings,

Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on  
the lofty brow of kings—

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue  
shall not decay,  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing  
on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her  
form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks  
waved their clasping pearls between;—  
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou  
traveller gray and old—  
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my  
page shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a  
small and meagre book,  
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding  
robe he took!  
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove  
as such to thee!  
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, for the word  
of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he  
left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-  
born maiden's mind,  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the  
lowliness of truth!  
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful  
hour of youth!  
And she hath left the gray old halls, where an  
evil faith had power,  
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the  
maidens of her bower;

And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly  
feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the  
perfect love of God!

1830.

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### THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Nor always as the whirlwind's rush  
On Horeb's mount of fear,  
Nor always as the burning bush  
To Midian's shepherd seer,  
Nor as the awful voice which came  
To Israel's prophet bards,  
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,  
Nor gift of fearful words—  
Not always thus, with outward sign  
Of fire or voice from Heaven,  
The message of a truth divine,  
The call of God is given!  
Awaking in the human heart  
Love for the true and right—  
Zeal for the Christian's "better part,"  
Strength for the Christian's fight.  
Nor unto manhood's heart alone  
The holy influence steals:  
Warm with a rapture not its own,  
The heart of woman feels!  
As she who by Samaria's wall  
The Saviour's errand sought—  
As those who with the fervent Paul  
And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom  
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw:  
 Or those who in their Alpine home  
 Braved the Crusader's war,  
 When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,  
 Through all its vales of death,  
 The martyr's song of triumph poured  
 From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things  
 Which o'er our spirits pass,  
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,  
 Or vapors o'er a glass,  
 Leaving their token strange and new  
 Of music or of shade,  
 The summons to the right and true  
 And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light  
 Flash o'er thy waiting mind,  
 Unfolding to thy mental sight  
 The wants of human kind;  
 If brooding over human grief,  
 The earnest wish is known  
 To soothe and gladden with relief  
 An anguish not thine own:

Though heralded with naught of fear,  
 Or outward sign, or show:  
 Though only to the inward ear  
 It whispers soft and low;  
 Though dropping, as the manna fell,  
 Unseen, yet from above,  
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well—  
 Thy Father's call of love!

## MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
I would question thee,  
Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?  
Was it mirth or ease,  
Or heaping up dust from year to year?  
"Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
Whose eye looks still  
And steadily on thee through the night:  
"To do His will!"

What hast thou done, oh soul of mine  
That thou tremblest so?—  
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line  
He bade thee go?

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?  
Art fearful now?  
When God seemed far and men were near  
How brave wert thou?

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see  
Thou'rt craven grown.  
It is so hard with God and me  
To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,  
    Oh, wretched sprite!  
Let me hear thy voice through this deep and black  
    Abyssal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,  
    For God and Man,  
From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth  
    To life's mid span?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
    But weak and low,  
Like far sad murmurs on my ear  
    They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the Wrong,  
    And borne the Right  
From beneath the footfall of the throng  
    To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,  
    God speed, quoth I;  
To Error amidst her shouting train  
    I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!  
    Thy deeds are well:  
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or for thine?  
    My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath wrought  
    Beneath the sky,  
Save a place in kindly human thought,  
    No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self  
Thy deeds were done:  
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,  
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of mine?  
Canst see the end?  
And whither this troubled life of thine  
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes thee so?  
My sad soul say.  
“I see a cloud like a curtain low  
Hang o’er my way.

“Whither I go I cannot tell:  
That cloud hangs black,  
High as the heaven and deep as hell,  
Across my track.

“I see its shadow coldly enwrap  
The souls before.  
Sadly they enter it, step by step,  
To return no more.

“They shrink, they shudder, dear God! they kneel  
To thee in prayer.  
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but feel  
That it still is there.

“In vain they turn from the dread Before  
To the Known and Gone;  
For while gazing behind them evermore  
Their feet glide on.



“ Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale faces  
A light begin  
To tremble, as if from holy places  
And shrines within.

“ And at times methinks their cold lips move  
With hymn and prayer,  
As if somewhat of awe, but more of love  
And hope were there.

“ I call on the souls who have left the light  
To reveal their lot;  
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,  
And they answer not.

“ But I hear around me sighs of pain  
And the cry of fear,  
And a sound like the slow sad dropping of rain,  
Each drop a tear!

“ Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day,  
I am moving thither:  
I must pass beneath it on my way—  
God pity me!—WHITHER?”

Ah soul of mine! so brave and wise  
In the life-storm loud,  
Fronting so calmly all human eyas  
In the sun-lit crowd!

Now standing apart with God and me  
Thou art weakness all,  
Gazing vainly after the things to be  
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this  
Was thy being lent;  
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,  
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain:  
One closing her eyes,  
The other peopling the dark inane  
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls  
Whate'er thou fearest;  
Round Him in calmest music rolls  
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,  
And the end He knoweth,  
And not on a blind and aimless way  
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future—a phantom show  
Is alone before him;  
Past Time is dead, and the grasses grow,  
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind:  
The steps of Faith  
Fall on the seeming void, and find  
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast  
For thy sure possessing;  
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast  
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ? why shrink from Death,  
That phantom wan ?  
There is nothing in Heaven or earth beneath  
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from Him  
And from one another;  
All is spectral and vague and dim  
Save God and our brother!

Like warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,  
Linked in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run.

Oh, restless spirit! wherefore strain  
Beyond thy sphere ?—  
Heaven and hell, with their joy and pain  
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well  
All thou hast given;  
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,  
His bliss thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light  
All are in God's care;  
Sound the black abyss, pierce the deep of night,  
And He is there!

All which is real now remaineth,  
And fadeth never:  
The hand which upholds it now, sustaineth  
The soul forever.

Leaning on Him, make with reverent meekness  
His own thy will,  
And with strength from Him shall thy utter weakness  
Life's task fulfil;

And that cloud itself, which now before thee  
Lies dark in view,  
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory  
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through Autumn's dawn  
Uprolling thin,  
Its thickest folds when about these drawn  
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is done  
Why quariest thou?—  
The past and the time to be are one,  
And both are NOW!

1847.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.

How smiled the land of France  
Under thy blue eye's glance,  
    Light-hearted rover!  
Old walls of châteaux gray,  
Towers of an early day,  
Which the Three Colors play  
    Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train  
Thronging the banks of Seine:  
    Now midst the splendor  
Of the wild Alpine range,  
Waking with change on change  
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,  
    Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,  
Like those in the vision  
    Of Mirza, when, dreaming,  
He saw the long hollow dell,  
Touched by the prophet's spell,  
Into an ocean swell  
    With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,  
Splintering with icy spears  
    Autumn's blue heaven:  
Loose rock and frozen slide,  
Hung on the mountain side,

Waiting their hour to glide  
Downward, storm-driven!

Rhine stream, by castle old,  
Baron's and robber's hold,  
Peacefully flowing;  
Sweeping through vineyards green,  
Or where the cliffs are seen  
O'er the broad wave between  
Grim shadows throwing.

Or where St. Peter's dome  
Swells o'er eternal Rome,  
Vast, dim, and solemn,—  
Hymns ever chanting low—  
Censers swung to and fro—  
Sable stoles sweeping slow  
Cornice and column !

Oh, as from each and all  
Will there not voices call  
Evermore back again ?  
In the mind's gallery  
Wilt thou not always see  
Dim phantoms beckon thee  
O'er that old track again !

New forms thy presence haunt—  
New voices softly chant—  
New faces greet thee!—  
Pilgrims from many a shrine  
Hallowed by poet's line,  
At memory's magic sign,  
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come  
Unto thy olden home,  
    Will they not waken  
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand  
Led thee o'er sea and land  
Back to the household band  
    Whence thou wast taken ?

While, at the sunset time,  
Swells the cathedral's chime,  
    Yet, in thy dreaming,  
While to thy spirit's eye  
Yet the vast mountains lie  
Piled in the Switzer's sky,  
    Icy and gleaming :

Prompter of silent prayer,  
Be the wild picture there  
    In the mind's chamber,  
And, through each coming day  
Him, who, as staff and stay,  
Watched o'er thy wandering way,  
    Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be  
Soon or late unto thee,  
    As to all given,  
Still may that picture live,  
All its fair forms survive,  
And to thy spirit give  
    Gladness in Heaven!

## THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes:  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again;  
And yet in tenderest love, our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance!  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will!

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers "Be resigned:  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"



## FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE "FUTURE STATE."

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist eye  
I look up from this page of thine,  
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,  
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,  
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,  
When dew-like, on the earth below  
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,  
The gentle lips which knew no guile,  
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care  
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene  
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,  
Will cast its shade of doubt between  
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmèd page,  
Where through the twilight air of earth,  
Alike enthusiast and sage,  
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth;

Lifting the future's solemn veil;  
The reaching of a mortal hand  
To put aside the cold and pale  
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

In thoughts which answer to my own,  
In words which reach my inward ear,  
Like whispers from the void Unknown,  
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,  
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,  
Unwasted, through each change, attest  
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive  
The mind whose kingly will they wrought?  
Their gross unconsciousness survive  
Thy Godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burden of Life's cross of pain,  
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh! while Life's solemn mystery glooms  
Around us like a dungeon's wall—  
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,  
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide  
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,  
To the cold shadows which divide  
The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,  
And on the lip which moves in vain,  
The seals of that stern mystery  
Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,  
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,  
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,  
Smile dimly on us through their tears;

'Tis something to a heart like mine  
To think of thee as living yet;  
To feel that such a light as thine  
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way  
Since thou hast left thy footprints there,  
And beams of mournful beauty play  
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky  
Is glorious with its evening light,  
And fair broad fields of summer lie  
Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain  
The sunset's golden walls are seen,  
With clover bloom and yellow grain  
And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this  
Are hidden from an angel's eyes;  
If earth's familiar loveliness  
Haunts not thy heaven's serenest skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew  
The lesson which that beauty gave,  
The ideal of the Pure and True  
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends  
The soul an upward impulse here,  
With a diviner beauty blends,  
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine;  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,  
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—  
Where even seraph eyes have failed  
Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,  
And that the same returnless tide  
Which bore thee from us still glides on,  
And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,  
And to our gaze ere long shall turn  
That page of God's mysterious book  
We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power  
Thy spirit bent its trembling knee,—  
Who, in the silent greeting flower,  
And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,  
Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,  
While with thy childlike faith we lean  
On Him whose dearest name is Love!

1842.

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight  
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail;  
For better is your sense of right  
Than kingcraft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban  
More mighty is your simplest word;  
The free heart of an honest man  
Than crosier or the sword.

Go—let your bloated Church rehearse  
The lesson it has learned so well;  
It moves not with its prayer or curse  
The gates of Heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again—  
Did Freedom die when Russell died?  
Forget ye how the blood of Vane  
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time  
Are beating with you, full and strong;  
All holy memories and sublime  
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede  
Are with ye still in times like these;  
The shades of England's mighty dead,  
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and every tide;  
The voice of Nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found  
Are those which Heaven itself hath wrought,  
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle ground  
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks  
The simple beauty of your plan,  
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes  
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts  
And bounds beneath your words of power;  
The beating of her million hearts  
Is with you at this hour!

Oh, ye who, with undoubting eyes,  
Through present cloud and gathering storm,  
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,  
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain  
Your generous trust in human kind;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won  
Of common rights and equal laws,  
The glorious dream of Harrington,  
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,  
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;  
And, plucking not the highest down,  
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share  
The toil or glory of your fight,  
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the right!

1843.

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### THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time!—  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,  
He walked the dark earth through!  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all,  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law;  
The presence of the wrong or right  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That whoso gives the motive, makes  
His brother's sin his own.

And, pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

Oh! Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer!

1838.

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### THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the godless shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in:  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.



"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;  
That grand, old, time-worn, turret spare;"  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold:  
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,  
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled—  
The Waster seemed the Builder too;  
Upspringing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad—  
The wasting of the wrong and ill;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,  
And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That, where the share is deepest driven,  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

As idly as, in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,  
So, in his time, thy child, grown gray,  
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou  
The eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—  
A charmed life old goodness hath;  
The tares may perish—but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night:  
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray  
With morning light!

## THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him!—through his dungeon grate  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,  
As if it loathed the sight.  
Reclining on his strawy bed,  
His hand upholds his drooping head—  
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,  
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow  
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glowe,  
And yet the winter's breath is chill;  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent ague thrill!  
Silent, save ever and anon,  
A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
Forces apart the painful grip  
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;  
O sad and crushing is the fate  
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?  
A murderer shares his prison bed,  
Whose eye-balls, through his horrid hair,  
Gleam on him, fierce and red;  
And the rude oath and heartless jeer  
Fall ever on his loathing ear,  
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep

Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?

Has murder stained his hands with gore?  
Not so; his crime's a fouler one;

GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!  
For this he shares a felon's cell—  
The fittest earthly type of hell!  
For this, the boon for which he poured  
His young blood on the invader's sword,  
And counted light the fearful cost—  
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,  
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain  
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,

And Saratoga's plain?  
Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;  
It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Yon monument upreared to thee—  
Piled granite and a prison cell—  
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out;  
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones

Give back their cradle-shout:  
Let boastful eloquence declaim  
Of honor, liberty, and fame;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With glory for each second word,  
And everything with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and stars  
Rise on the wind and fall—  
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,  
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!  
Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human kind!  
Open the prison's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code,  
To the free sun and air of God;  
No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

1847.

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LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING SEVERAL PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED  
BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST THE ABOLITION OF THE  
GALLOWS.

## I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone  
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made  
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,  
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head;

And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,  
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,  
And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,  
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,  
Hath now His temples upon every shore,  
Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim  
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,  
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,  
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore!

## II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"  
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,  
And even the poor companions of His lot  
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,  
How ill are His high teachings understood!  
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest  
At His own altar binds the chain anew;  
Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,  
The starving many wait upon the few;  
Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been  
The loudest war-cry of contending men;  
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed  
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,  
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,  
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;  
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,  
And daily taught His lesson—to forgive!—  
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;  
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,  
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,  
And the grim horror of the straining wheel;

Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's  
limb,  
Who saw before his searing eye-balls swim  
The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,  
Through the black torment-smoke, held mock-  
ingly to him!

## III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,  
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew  
The vines and olives of the Holy Land—  
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew—  
The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er  
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear—  
Goa's dark dungeons—Malta's sea-washed cell,  
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung  
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,  
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of  
hell!  
The midnight of Bartholomew—the stake  
Of Smithfield and that thrice-accursed flame  
Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake—  
New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer  
Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,  
When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—  
Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!  
That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy  
name been done!

## IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time  
When the great truth begins at last to find



An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!  
That man is holier than a creed,—that all

Restraint upon him must consult his good,  
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,  
And Love look in upon his solitude.

The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught  
Through long, dark centuries its way hath wrought  
Into the common mind and popular thought;  
And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore  
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,  
Have found an echo in the general heart,  
And of the public faith become a living part.

v.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—Bring back  
The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?  
Harden the softening human heart again  
To cold indifference to a brother's pain?  
Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned away  
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,

Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,  
What mean ye, that with ghoul-like zest ye brood  
O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,

Permitted in another age and clime?  
Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew  
Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he knew  
No evil in the Just One?—Wherefore turn  
To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not learn  
From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free  
Is the great Gospel of Humanity?  
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more  
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,

No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke  
Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;  
And ye of milder faith, with your high claim  
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,  
Will ye become the Druids of *our* time?

Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,  
And, consecrators of Law's darkest clime,  
Urge to its loathsome work the hangman's  
hand?

Beware—lest human nature, roused at last,  
From its peeled shoulder your encumbrance cast,

And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,  
Rank ye with those who led their victims round  
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,  
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven—a pagan brotherhood!

1842.

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## THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

### I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,  
By grassy lane and sunny stream,  
Blown clover field and strawberry dell,  
And green and meadow freshness, fell  
The footsteps of his dream.  
Again from careless feet the dew  
Of summer's misty morn he shook;  
Again with merry heart he threw  
His light line in the rippling brook.

Back crowded all his school-day joys—  
He urged the ball and quoit again,  
And heard the shout of laughing boys  
Come ringing down the walnut glen.  
Again he felt the western breeze,  
With scent of flowers and crisping hay;  
And down again through wind-stirred trees  
He saw the quivering sunlight play.  
An angel in home's vine-hung door,  
He saw his sister smile once more;  
Once more the truant's brown-locked head  
Upon his mother's knee was laid,  
And sweetly lulled to slumber there,  
With evening's holy hymn and prayer.

## II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain  
The present Terror rushed again—  
Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain!  
He woke, to hear the church-tower tell  
Time's-foot-fall on the conscious bell,  
And, shuddering, feel that clanging din  
His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in;  
To see within his prison yard,  
Through the small window, iron-barred,  
The gallows shadow rising dim  
Between the sunrise heaven and him,—  
A horror in God's blessed air—  
A blackness in His morning light—  
Like some foul devil-altar there  
Built up by demon hands at night.  
And, maddened by that evil sight,

Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,  
A chaos of wild, weltering change,  
All power of check and guidance gone,  
Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.  
In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,  
In vain he turned the Holy Book,  
He only heard the gallows-stair  
Creak as the wind its timbers shook.  
No dream for him of sin forgiven,  
While still that baleful spectre stood,  
With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood!*"<sup>22</sup>  
Between him and the pitying Heaven!

## III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,  
And smote his breast, and on his chain,  
Whose iron clasp he always felt,  
His hot tears fell like rain;  
And near him, with the cold, calm look  
And tone of one whose formal part,  
Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,  
Is measured out by rule and book,  
With placid lip and tranquil blood,  
The hangman's ghostly ally stood,  
Blessing with solemn text and word  
The gallows-drop and strangling cord;  
Lending the sacred Gospel's awe  
And sanction to the crime of Law.

## IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow—  
The sweat of anguish starting there—  
The record of a nameless woe  
In the dim eye's imploring stare,

Seen hideous through the long, damp hair—  
Fingers of ghastly skin and bone  
Working and writhing on the stone!—  
And heard, by mortal terror wrung  
From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,  
The choking sob and low hoarse prayer;  
As o'er his half-crazed fancy came  
A vision of the eternal flame—  
Its smoking cloud of agonies—  
Its demon-worm that never dies—  
The everlasting rise and fall  
Of fire-waves round the infernal wall;  
While high above that dark red flood,  
Black, giant-like, the gallows stood:  
Two busy fiends attending there;  
One with cold mocking rite and prayer,  
The other, with impatient grasp,  
Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp!

## V.

The unfelt rite at length was done—  
The prayer unheard at length was said—  
An hour had passed:—the noon-day sun  
Smote on the features of the dead!  
And he who stood the doomed beside,  
Calm gauger of the swelling tide  
Of mortal agony and fear,  
Heeding with curious eye and ear  
Whate'er revealed the keen excess  
Of man's extremest wretchedness:  
And who in that dark anguish saw  
An earnest of the victim's fate,

The vengeful terrors of God's law,  
The kindlings of Eternal hate—  
The first drops of that fiery rain  
Which beats the dark red realm of pain,—  
Did he uplift his earnest cries

Against the crime of Law, which gave  
His brother to that fearful grave,  
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,

And Faith's white blossoms never wave  
To the soft breath of Memory's sighs;—  
Which sent a spirit marred and stained,  
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,  
In madness and in blindness stark,  
Into the silent, unknown dark ?

No—from the wild and shrinking dread  
With which he saw the victim led

Beneath the dark veil which divides  
Ever the living from the dead,

And Nature's solemn secret hides,  
The man of prayer can only draw  
New reasons for his bloody law;  
New faith in staying Murder's hand  
By murder at that Law's command;  
New reverence for the gallows-rope,  
As human nature's latest hope;  
Last relic of the good old time,  
When Power found license for its crime,  
And held a writhing world in check  
By that fell cord about its neck;  
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,  
Choked the young breath of Freedom out,  
And timely checked the words which sprung  
From Heresy's forbidden tongue;

While in its noose of terror bound,  
The Church its cherished union found,  
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,  
The motley-colored mind of man,  
Not by the Koran and the Sword,  
But by the Bible and the Cord!

## VI.

Oh, Thou! at whose rebuke the grave  
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,  
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance  
The cold and changed countenance  
Broke the still horror of its trance,  
And waking, saw with joy above,  
A brother's face of tenderest love;  
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,  
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,  
And from thy very garment's hem  
Drew life and healing unto them,  
The burden of Thy holy faith  
Was love and life, not hate and death,  
Man's demon ministers of pain,

    The fiends of his revenge, were sent  
    From Thy pure Gospel's element  
To their dark home again.

Thy name is Love! What, then, is he,

    Who in that name the gallows rears,  
An awful altar built to Thee,

    With sacrifice of blood and tears?

Oh, once again Thy healing lay

    On the blind eyes which know Thee not;

And let the light of Thy pure day

    Melt in upon his darkened thought.

Soften his hard, cold heart, and show  
The power which in forbearance lies,  
**And** let him feel that mercy now  
Is better than old sacrifice!

## VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,  
The Parsee sees his holy hill  
With dunnest smoke-clouds curtained o'er,  
Yet knows beneath them, evermore,  
The low, pale fire is quivering still;  
So underneath its clouds of sin,  
The heart of man retaineth yet  
Gleams of its holy origin;  
And half-quenched stars that never set,  
Dim colors of its faded bow,  
And early beauty, linger there,  
And o'er its wasted desert blow  
Faint breathings of its morning air.  
Oh! never yet upon the scroll  
Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul,  
Hath Heaven inscribed "DESPAIR!"  
Cast not the clouded gem away,  
Quench not the dim but living ray—  
My brother man, Beware!  
With that deep voice which from the skies  
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
God's angel cries, **FORBEAR!**

1843.



RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

OH, Mother Earth! upon thy lap  
 Thy weary ones receiving,  
 And o'er them, silent as a dream,  
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,  
 Fold softly in thy long embrace  
 That heart so worn and broken,  
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath  
 Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word  
 And serpent hiss of scorning;  
 Nor let the storms of yesterday  
 Disturb his quiet morning.  
 Breathe over him forgetfulness  
 Of all save deeds of kindness,  
 And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,  
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye  
 He heard Potomac's flowing,  
 And, through his tall ancestral trees,  
 Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,  
 He sleeps—still looking to the West,  
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,  
 As if he still would see the sun  
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune!—in himself  
 All moods of mind contrasting—  
 The tenderest wail of human woe,  
 The scorn like lightning blasting;

The pathos which from rival eyes  
Unwilling tears could summon,  
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst  
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,  
From lips of life-long sadness;  
Clear picturings of majestic thought  
Upon a ground of madness;  
And over all Romance and Song  
A classic beauty throwing,  
And laurelled Clio at his side  
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn  
Beheld its schemes disjointed.  
As right or left his fatal glance  
And spectral finger pointed.  
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down  
With trenchant wit unsparing,  
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand  
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign  
A love he never cherished,  
Beyond Virginia's border line  
His patriotism perished.  
While others hailed in distant skies  
Our eagle's dusky pinion,  
He only saw the mountain bird  
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune **strange**,  
Racked nerve, and brain all burning,

His loving faith in Mother-land  
 Knew never shade of turning;  
 By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,  
 Whatever sky was o'er him,  
 He heard her rivers' rushing sound,  
 Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal  
 No false and vain pretences,  
 Nor paid a lying priest to seek  
 For scriptural defences.  
 His harshest words of proud rebuke,  
 His bitterest taunt and scorning,  
 Fell fire-like on the Northern brow  
 That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while  
 His reverence for the Human;  
 In the dark vassals of his will  
 He saw but Man and Woman!  
 No hunter of God's outraged poor  
 His Roanoke valley entered;  
 No trader in the souls of men  
 Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man  
 Laid down for his last sleeping,  
 And at his side, a slave no more,  
 His brother man stood weeping,  
 His latest thought, his latest breath,  
 To Freedom's duty giving,  
 With failing tongue and trembling hand  
 The dying blest the living.

Oh! never bore his ancient State  
A truer son or braver!  
None trampling with a calmer scorn  
On foreign hate or favor.  
He knew her faults, yet never stooped  
His proud and manly feeling  
To poor excuses of the wrong  
Or meanness of concealing.  
But none beheld with clearer eye  
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,  
None heard more sure the steps of Doom  
Along her future treading.  
For her as for himself he spake,  
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,  
He traced with dying hand "REMORSE!"  
And perished in the tracing.  
As from the grave where Henry sleeps,  
From Vernon's weeping willow,  
And from the grassy pall which hides  
The Sage of Monticello,  
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone  
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,  
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves  
A warning voice is swelling!  
And hark! from thy deserted fields  
Are sadder warnings spoken,  
From quenched hearths, where thy exiled sons  
Their household gods have broken.  
The curse is on thee—wolves for men,  
And briars for corn-sheaves giving!  
Oh! more than all thy dead renown  
Were now one hero living!

## DEMOCRACY.

[All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.]—*Matthew* vii. 12.]

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,  
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,  
The foe of all which pains the light,  
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,  
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;  
And fires unkindled of the skies  
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed  
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;  
And garlands, plucked from thee, are wreathed  
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time!  
The faith in which my father stood,  
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime  
Had stained thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,  
For through the mists which darken there,  
I see the flame of Freedom burn—  
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,  
Which owns the rights of *all* divine—  
The pitying heart—the helping arm—  
The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,  
How fade the lines of caste and birth!  
How equal in their suffering lie  
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;  
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed  
By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN  
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—  
Pale priest or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,  
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,  
Through poverty and squalid shame,  
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,  
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,  
The crown upon his forehead set—  
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;  
For that frail form which mortals wear  
The Spirit of the Holiest took,  
And veiled His perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount  
Of vain philosophy thou art;  
He who of old on Syria's mount  
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,  
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,  
Proclaimed thy message from on high—  
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!  
From the blue lake of Galilee,  
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,  
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land  
I hear in every breeze that stirs,  
And round a thousand altars stand  
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,  
At party's call, my gift I bring;  
But on thy olden shrine I lay  
A freeman's dearest offering:—

The voiceless utterance of his will—  
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,  
That manhood's heart remembers still  
The homage of his generous youth.

*Election Day, 1843.*

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TO RONGE.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man! Down to the  
root  
Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.  
Thy work is to hew down. In God's name then  
Put nerve into thy task. Let other men

Plant, as they may, that better tree, whose fruit  
The wounded bosom of the Church shall heal.  
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows  
Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,  
On crown or crosier, which shall interpose  
Between thee and the weal of Father-land.  
Leave creeds to closet idlers. First of all,  
Shake thou all German dream-land with the fall  
Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk  
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart monk.  
Fight not with ghosts and shadows. Let us hear  
The snap of chain-links. Let our gladdened ear  
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as the light  
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell of night.  
Be faithful to both worlds; nor think to feed  
Earth's starving millions with the husks of creed.  
Servant of Him whose mission high and holy  
Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and the lowly,  
Thrust not His Eden promise from our sphere,  
Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's span;  
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and here,—  
The New Jerusalem comes down to man!  
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor like him,  
When the roused Teuton dashes from his limb  
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind  
His hands, for whom thou claim'st the freedom of  
the mind!



## CHALKLEY HALL.\*

How bland and sweet the greeting of this breeze  
To him who flies  
From crowded street and red wall's weary gleam,  
Till far behind him like a hideous dream  
The close dark city lies!—

Here, while the market murmurs, while men throng  
The marble floor  
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush and din  
Of the world's madness let me gather in  
My better thoughts once more.

Oh! once again revive, while on my ear  
The cry of Gain  
And low hoarse hum of Traffic dies away,  
Ye blessed memories of my early day  
Like sere grass wet with rain!—

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\* Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the "Friends" denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his *Journal*, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

Once more let God's green earth and sunset air  
Old feelings waken;  
Through weary years of toil and strife and ill,  
Oh, let me feel that my good angel still  
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my mood:  
Beneath the arms  
Of this embracing wood, a good man made  
His home, like Abraham resting in the shade  
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years,  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain  
And summer sunshine throve the fruits and grain  
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy seas,  
Weary and worn,  
He came to meet his children, and to bless  
The Giver of all good in thankfulness  
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet  
Their friend again.  
Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,  
Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,  
And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,  
Sown in an hour  
Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,  
From the parched bosom of a barren soil,  
Raised up in life and power:

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,  
    A tendering love  
Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,  
And words of fitness to his lips were given,  
    And strength as from above:

How the sad captive listened to the Word,  
    Until his chain  
Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt  
The healing balm of consolation melt  
    Upon its life-long pain:

How the armed warrior sate him down to hear  
    Of Peace and Truth,  
And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,  
Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,  
    And fair and bright-eyed youth.

Oh, far away beneath New England's sky,  
    Even when a boy,  
Following my plough by Merrimac's green shore,  
His simple record I have pondered o'er  
    With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm—  
    Its woods around,  
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,  
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade—  
    To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps  
    His vigils still;  
Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,  
Or Vaocluse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,  
    Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,  
To Juliet's urn,  
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange grove,  
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love  
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm  
To all is given;  
And blessed memories of the faithful dead  
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed  
The holy hues of Heaven!  
1843.

---

TO JOHN PIERPONT.

Not as a poor requital of the joy  
With which my childhood heard that lay of  
thine,  
Which, like an echo of the song divine  
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,  
Bore to my ear the airs of Palestine,—  
Not to the poet, but the man I bring  
In friendship's fearless trust my offering:  
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,  
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me  
Life all too earnest, and its time too short  
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport;  
And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,  
Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought  
The broken walls of Zion, even thy song  
Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought!  
1843.

THE CYPRESS TREE OF CEYLON.

[Ibn Batuta, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a Cypress tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable JOGEES, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness  
The sacred cypress tree about,  
And, from beneath old wrinkled brows  
Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there  
Through weary night and lingering day—  
Grim as the idols at their side  
And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above  
The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet;  
Unseen of them the island flowers  
Bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,  
The thunder crashed on rock and hill;  
The cloud-fire on their eye-balls blazed,  
Yet there they waited still!

What was the world without to them?  
The Moslem's sunset-call—the dance  
Of Ceylon's maids—the passing gleam  
Of battle-flag and lance?

They waited for that falling leaf,  
Of which the wandering Jogees sing:  
Which lends once more to wintry age  
The greenness of its spring.

Oh!—if these poor and blinded ones  
In trustful patience wait to feel  
O'er torpid pulse and failing limb  
A youthful freshness steal;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree,  
Whose healing leaves of life are shed  
In answer to the breath of prayer  
Upon the waiting head:

Not to restore our failing forms,  
And build the spirit's broken shrine,  
But, on the fainting SOUL to shed  
A light and life divine:

Shall we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay?  
Impatient of our Father's time  
And His appointed way?

Or, shall the stir of outward things  
Allure and claim the Christian's eye,  
When on the heathen watcher's ear  
Their powerless murmurs die?

Alas! a deeper test of faith,  
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,  
The self-abasing watchfulness  
Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke  
Our erring brother in the wrong:  
And in the ear of Pride and Power  
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword,  
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer:  
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord  
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,  
From waters which alone can save:  
And murmur for Abana's banks  
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

Oh, Thou, who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
Who slumbered at that fearful hour  
Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee!

1841.

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### A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June  
The southwest breezes play;  
And, through its haze, the winter noon  
Seems warm as summer's day.

The snow-plumed Angel of the North  
Has dropped his icy spear;  
Again the mossy earth looks forth,  
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,  
The muskrat leaves his nook,  
The bluebird in the meadow brakes  
Is singing with the brook.  
“Bear up, oh mother Nature!” cry  
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;  
“Our winter voices prophesy  
Of summer days to thee!”

So, in those winters of the soul,  
By bitter blasts and drear  
O’erswept from Memory’s frozen pole,  
Will sunny days appear.  
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show  
The soul its living powers,  
And how beneath the winter’s snow  
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the star-light lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His Hope with all!

*4th 1st month, 1847.*



## TO —,

WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.\*

MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses  
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,  
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead  
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,  
Joy with them should still abide—  
Instinct take the place of Duty—  
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,  
Kindly beckoning back the Old,  
Turning, with a power like Midas,  
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness  
Wearing even a welcome guise,  
As when some bright lake lies open  
To the sunny skies;

Every wing of bird above it,  
Every light cloud floating on,  
Glitters like that flashing mirror  
In the self-same sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead  
Something like a shadow lies;  
And a serious soul is looking  
From thy earnest eyes.

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\* "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart."—*Essays of Elia*.

With an early introversion,  
Through the forms of outward things,  
Seeking for the subtle essence,  
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface  
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,  
Farther than the narrow present  
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises  
Heard the solemn steps of Time,  
And the low mysterious voices  
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being  
Hath upon thy spirit pressed—  
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,  
Find no place of rest:

That which mystic Plato pondered,  
That which Zeno heard with awe,  
And the star-rapt Zoroaster  
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness springing  
Of the dim, uncertain Past,  
Moving to the dark still shadows  
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question  
Thrilled within thy heart of youth  
With a deep and strong beseeching:  
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,  
Whence the ancient life hath fled,  
Idle faith unknown to action,  
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings  
Only wake a quiet scorn,—  
Not from these thy seeking spirit  
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,  
On thy mother Nature's breast,  
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking  
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features  
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,  
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,  
Beautiful and frail!

O'er the rough chart of Existence,  
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,  
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves tremble,  
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh  
From the earth and from the sky,  
And to thee the hills and waters  
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer  
Hath no outward origin;  
More than Nature's many voices  
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine  
    Questioned earth and sea and sky,\*  
And the dusty tomes of learning  
    And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed  
    More than outward Nature taught—  
More than blest the poet's vision  
    Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence  
    Of a calm and waiting frame  
Light and wisdom as from Heaven  
    To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet  
    Doth that inward answer tend,  
But to works of love and duty  
    As our being's end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,  
    Length of face, and solemn tone,  
But to Faith, in daily striving  
    And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor  
    Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
    And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,  
    Steady heart, and weapon strong,  
In the power of truth assailing  
    Every form of wrong.

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\*August. Silliloq. cap. *xxxi.*, "Interrogavi Terram," etc.

Guided thus, how passing lovely  
Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet!  
And his brief and simple record  
How serenely sweet!

O'er life's humblest duties throwing  
Light the earthling never knew,  
Freshening all its dark waste places  
As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages—  
All which sainted Guion sought,  
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel  
Half-unconscious taught:—

Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,  
Such as Shelly dreamed of, shed  
Living warmth and starry brightness  
Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,  
Not a poet's dream alone,  
But a presence warm and real,  
Seen and felt and known.

When the red right hand of slaughter  
Moulders with the steel it swung,  
When the name of seer and poet  
Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall gather  
Round that meek and suffering one—  
Glorious, like the seer-seen angel  
Standing in the sun!

Take the good man's book and ponder  
What its pages say to thee—  
Blessed as the hand of healing  
May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen  
Yearnings for a higher good,  
For the fount of living waters  
And diviner food;

If the pride of human reason  
Feels its meek and still rebuke,  
Quailing like the eye of Peter  
From the Just One's look!—

If with readier ear thou heedest  
What the Inward Teacher saith,  
Listening with a willing spirit  
And a child-like faith,—

Thou mayest live to bless the giver,  
Who himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek;

And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

"Ye build the tombs of the prophets."—HOLY WRIT.

YES—pile the marble o'er him! It is well  
That ye who mocked him in his long stern strife,  
And planted in the pathway of his life  
The ploughshares of your hatred hot from hell,  
Who clamored down the bold reformer when  
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,  
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought  
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind  
In party chains the free and honest thought,  
The angel utterance of an upright mind,—  
Well is it now that o'er his grave ye raise  
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,  
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame  
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders'  
shame!

1841.

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THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking north-  
ward far away,  
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican  
array,  
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or  
come they near?  
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the  
storm we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of  
battle rolls;  
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy  
on their souls!”  
Who is losing? who is winning?—“Over hill and  
over plain,  
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the  
mountain rain.”

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena,  
look once more:  
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly  
as before,  
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe-  
man, foot and horse,  
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping  
down its mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena! “Ah! the smoke  
has rolled away;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the  
ranks of gray.  
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the  
troop of Minon wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-  
non at their heels.

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and  
now advance!  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s  
charging lance!  
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and  
foot together fall;  
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them  
plow the Northern ball.”



Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast  
and frightful on:

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost,  
and who has won?

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together  
fall,

O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters,  
for them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed  
Mother, save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from  
heaps of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they  
fall, and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die  
before our eyes!"

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy  
poor head on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst  
thou here me? canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal,  
look once more

On the blessed cross before thee! mercy! mercy!  
all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one  
down to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross  
upon his breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral  
masses said;

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask  
thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,  
a soldier lay,  
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding  
slow his life away;  
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena  
knelt,  
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol  
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned  
away her head;  
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back  
upon her dead;  
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his  
struggling breath of pain,  
And she raised the cooling water to his parching  
lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her  
hand and faintly smiled:  
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch  
beside her child?  
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's  
heart supplied;  
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led  
thee forth,  
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping,  
lonely, in the North!"  
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him  
with her dead,  
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the  
wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud  
before the wind

Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving  
blood and death behind;

Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the  
wounded strive;

Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of  
God, forgive!"

Sink, oh Night, among thy Mountains! let the  
cool, gray shadows fall;

Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain  
over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide  
apart the battle rolled,

In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's  
lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task  
pursued,

Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn  
and faint and lacking food;

Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender  
care they hung,

And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange  
and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of  
ours;

Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring  
afresh the Eden flowers;

From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity  
send their prayer,

And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in  
our air!

## FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;  
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among  
The green mounds of the village burial place;  
Where, pondering how all human love and hate,  
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,  
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened  
face,  
And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,  
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,  
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!  
1846.

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## BARCLAY OF URY.

[Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of FRIENDS, in Scotland, was BARCLAY, of URY, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said BARCLAY, "as well as

honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor." ]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,  
By the kirk and college green,  
Rode the Laird of Ury;  
Close behind him, close beside,  
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
Jeered at him the serving girl,  
Prompt to please her master;  
And the begging carlin, late  
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,  
Up the streets of Aberdeen  
Came he slowly riding;  
And, to all he saw and heard  
Answering not with bitter word,  
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
Loose and free and forward;  
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down!  
Push him! prick him! through the town  
Drive the Quaker coward! "

But from out the thickening crowd  
Cried a sudden voice and loud:

“Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!”

And the old man at his side,  
Saw a comrade, battle tried,  
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,  
Fronting to the troopers there,  
Cried aloud: “God save us!  
Call ye coward him who stood  
Ankle deep in Lutzen’s blood,  
With the brave Gustavus?”

“Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
Comrade mine,” said Ury’s lord;

“Put it up I pray thee:  
Passive to His holy will,  
Trust I in my Master still,  
Even though He slay me.”

“Pledges of thy love and faith,  
Proved on many a field of death,  
Not by me are needed.”  
Marvelled much that henchman bold,  
That his laird, so stout of old,  
Now so meekly pleaded.

“Woe’s the day,” he sadly said,  
With a slowly shaking head,  
And a look of pity;  
“Ury’s honest lord reviled,  
Mock of knave and sport of child,  
In his own good city!

“Speak the word, and, master mine,  
As we charged on Tilly’s line,  
And his Walloon lancers,  
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach  
Civil look and decent speech  
To these boyish prancers!”

“Marvel not, mine ancient friend,  
Like beginning, like the end:”  
Quoth the Laird of Ury,  
“Is the sinful servant more  
Than his gracious Lord who bore  
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?”

“Give me joy that in His name  
I can bear, with patient frame,  
All these vain ones offer;  
While for them He suffereth long,  
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
Scoffing with the scoffer?”

“Happier I, with loss of all,  
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
With few friends to greet me,  
Than when reeve and squire were seen,  
Riding out from Aberdeen,  
With bared heads, to meet me.

“When each good wife, o’er and o’er,  
Blessed me as I passed her door;  
And the snooded daughter,  
Through her casement glancing down,  
Smiled on him who bore renown  
From red fields of slaughter.

“ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,  
Hard the old friend’s falling off,  
    Hard to learn forgiving:  
But the Lord His own rewards,  
And His love with theirs accords,  
    Warm and fresh and living.

“ Through this dark and stormy night  
Faith beholds a feeble light  
    Up the blackness streaking;  
Knowing God’s own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
    For the full day-breaking!”

So the Laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse’s head  
    Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron grates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
    Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
    Of thy day of trial;  
Every age on him, who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways,  
    Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
    O’er the rabble’s laughter;  
And, while Hatred’s fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
    Of the good hereafter.



Knowing this, that never yet  
Share of Truth was vainly set  
    In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
    Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
    From the Future borrow;  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
    Paint the golden morrow!

1847.

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### WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and evil,  
    "Lord!" I cried in sudden ire,  
"From thy right hand, clothed with thunder,  
    Shake the bolted fire!

"Love is lost, and Faith is dying;  
    With the brute the man is sold;  
And the dropping blood of labor  
    Hardens into gold.

"Here the dying wail of Famine,  
    There the battle's groan of pain;  
And, in silence, smooth-faced Mammon  
    Reaping men like grain.

“Where is God, that we should fear Him?”

Thus the earth-born Titans say;

‘God! if thou art living, hear us!’

Thus the weak ones pray.

“Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,”

Spake a solemn Voice within;

“Weary of our Lord’s forbearance,

Art thou free from sin?

“Fearless brow to Him uplifting,

Canst thou for His thunders call,

Knowing that to guilt’s attraction

Evermore they fall?

“Know’st thou not all germs of evil

In thy heart await their time?

Not thyself, but God’s restraining,

Stays their growth of crime.

“Could’st thou boast, oh child of weakness!

O’er the sons of wrong and strife,

Were their strong temptations planted

In thy path of life?

“Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing

From one fountain, clear and free,

But by widely varying channels

Searching for the sea.

“Glideth one through greenest valleys,

Kissing them with lips still sweet;

One, mad roaring down the mountains,

Stagnates at their feet.

"Is it choice whereby the Parsee  
Kneels before his mother's fire?  
In his black tent did the Tartar  
Choose his wandering sire?

"He alone, whose hand is bounding  
Human power and human will,  
Looking through each soul's surrounding,  
Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow  
Make to thee their strong appeal,  
Coward wert thou not to utter  
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken  
When the warm heart bleeds or burns  
With its scorn of wrong, or pity  
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty  
To thy lips her trumpet set,  
But with harsher blasts shall mingle  
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,  
Teacher sent of God, be near,  
Whispering through the day's cool silence,  
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil doers  
Waken scorn or hatred move,  
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling  
Temper all with love.

1847.

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### TO DELAWARE.

Written during the Discussion, in the Legislature of that State in the Winter of 1846-47, of a Bill for the Abolition of Slavery.

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the East,  
To the strong tillers of a rugged home,  
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,  
And hardy feet o'er-swept by ocean's foam;  
And to the young nymphs of the golden West,  
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie  
bloom,  
Trail in the sunset,—oh, redeemed and blest,  
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!  
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-white bay  
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,  
And the great lakes, where echoes free alway  
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of  
chains,  
Shall weave new sun-bows in their tossing spray,  
And all their waves keep grateful holiday.  
And, smiling on thee through her mountain rains,  
Vermont shall bless thee; and the Granite peaks,  
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods, shall wear  
Their snow-crowns brighter in the cold keen air;  
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks

O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,  
 When, at thy bidding, the electric wire  
 Shall tremble northward with its words of fire:  
 Glory and praise to God! another State is free!  
 1847.

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WORSHIP.

[“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father  
 is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction,  
 and to keep himself unspotted from the world.”—*James*  
*i. 27.*]

THE Pagan's myths through marble lips are  
 spoken,

And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit and moan  
 Round fane and altar overthrown and broken,  
 O'er tree-grown barrow and gray ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old high places,  
 The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's wood,  
 With mothers' offering, to the Fiend's embraces,  
 Bone of their bone, and blood of their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night of error,  
 Smoked with warm blood beneath the cruel eye  
 Of lawless Power and sanguinary Terror,  
 Throned on the circle of a pitiless sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, overcasting  
 All heaven above, and blighting earth below,  
 The scourge grew red, the lip grew pale with  
 fasting,  
 And man's oblation was his fear and woe!

Then through great temples swelled the dismal  
moaning

Of dirge-like music and sepulchral prayer;  
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols droding,  
Swung their white censers in the burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the savor  
Of gums and spices, could the Unseen One  
please;

As if His ear could bend, with childish favor,  
To the poor flattery of the organ keys!

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles  
holy,

With trembling reverence; and the oppressor  
there,

Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,  
Crushed human hearts beneath his knee of  
prayer.

Not such the service the benignant Father  
Requireth at his earthly children's hands:  
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but rather  
The simple duty man from man demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of Heaven  
Knoweth no change of waning or increase;  
The great heart of the Infinite beats even,  
Untroubled flows the river of His peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high surrounding  
The priestly altar and the saintly grave,  
No dolorous chant nor organ music sounding,  
Nor incense clouding up the twilight nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken :  
The holier worship which he deigns to bless  
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless!

Types of our human weakness and our sorrow!  
Who lives unhaunted by his loved ones dead?  
Who, with vain longing, seeketh not to borrow  
From stranger eyes the home lights which have  
fled?

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good";  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangor  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace!  
1848.

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### THE ALBUM.

THE dark-eyed daughters of the Sun,  
At morn and evening hours,  
O'er-hung their graceful shrines alone  
With wreaths of dewy flowers.

Not vainly did those fair ones cull  
Their gifts by stream and wood;  
The Good is always beautiful,  
The Beautiful is good!

We live not in their simple day,  
Our Northern blood is cold,  
And few the offerings which we lay  
On other shrines than Gold.

With Scripture texts to chill and ban  
The heart's fresh morning hours,  
The heavy-footed Puritan  
Goes trampling down the flowers;

Nor thinks of Him who sat of old  
Where Syrian lilies grew,  
And from their mingling shade and gold  
A holy lesson drew.

Yet lady, shall this book of thine,  
Where Love his gifts has brought,  
Become to thee a Persian shrine,  
O'er-hung with flowers of thought.

---

### THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,  
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,  
And beats the maid with her unused broom,  
And the lazy lout with his idle flail,  
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,  
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.



The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,  
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,  
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,  
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,  
And the devil of Martin Luther sat  
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him  
Who seven times crossed the deep,  
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,  
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.  
And he drank of the wine, and Sinbad cast  
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day  
To my quiet room and fire-side nook,  
Where the casement light falls dim and gray  
On faded painting and ancient book,  
Is a sorrier one than any whose names  
Are chronicled well by good king James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,  
No runner of errands like Ariel,  
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,  
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell:  
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,  
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat  
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,  
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,  
Looking through glasses with iron hows.  
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,  
Guard well your doors from that old man!

He comes with a careless "how d'ye do,"  
And seats himself in my elbow chair;  
And my morning paper and pamphlet new  
Fall forthwith under his special care,  
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,  
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,  
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,  
With the stolid sameness of posture and look  
Of one who reads to himself alone;  
And hour after hour on my senses come  
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,  
The poet's song and the lover's glee,  
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,  
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,  
All reached my ear in the self-same tone,—  
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on!

Oh! sweet as the lapse of water at noon  
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,  
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,  
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlit sea,  
Or the low soft music, perchance which seems  
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams.

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone  
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,  
As I sit at eve by her side alone,  
And we read by turns from the self-same book—  
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,  
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—

Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,  
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low

Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;  
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,  
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,

Her voice is glad as an April bird's,  
And when the tale is of war and wrong,

A trumpet's summons is in her words,  
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,  
And see the tossing of plume and spear!—

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,

The stout fiend darkens my parlor door;  
And reads me perchance the self-same lay

Which melted in music the night before,  
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,  
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet!

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,

I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,  
I flourish my cane above his head,

And stir up the fire to roast him out;  
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,  
And press my hands on my ears, in vain!

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,

And wizard black-letter tomes which treat  
Of demons of every name and size,

Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,  
But never a hint and never a line  
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,  
And laid the Primer above them all,  
I've nailed a horse-shoe over the grate,  
And hung a wig to my parlor wall  
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,  
At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

*"Conjuro te, sceleratissime,  
Abire ad tuum locum!"*—still  
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me—  
The exorcism has lost its skill;  
And I hear again in my haunted room  
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum!

Ah!—commend me to Mary Magdalen  
With her seven-fold plagues—to the wandering  
Jew,  
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when  
The furies his midnight curtains drew,  
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,  
That reading demon, that fat old man!

1835.

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### THE PUMPKIN.

OH! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all  
old

Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,  
While he waited to know that his warning was true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in  
vain

For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.  
On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish  
maiden

Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres  
of gold;

Yet with dearer delight from his home in the  
North,

On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit  
shines,

And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and  
from West,

From North and from South come the pilgrim  
and guest,

When the gray-haired New Englander sees round  
his board

The old broken links of affection restored,

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once  
more,

And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled  
before,

What moistens the lip and what brightens the  
eye?

What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin  
pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts  
were falling!  
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts  
all in tune,  
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her  
team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or  
better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than  
thine!  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be  
less;  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine  
grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

1844.

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND  
LEGEND."

How has New England's romance fled,  
Even as vision of the morning!  
Its rites fordone—its guardians dead—  
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,  
Waking the veriest urchin's scorning!—  
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell  
And fire-dance round the magic rock,  
Forgotten like the Druid's spell  
At moonrise by his holy oak!  
No more along the shadowy glen,  
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;  
No more the unquiet church-yard dead  
Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,  
Startling the traveller, late and lone;  
As, on some night of starless weather,  
They silently commune together,  
Each sitting on his own head-stone!  
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,  
Its living tenants all departed,  
No longer rings with midnight revel  
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;  
No pale, blue flame sends out its flashes  
Through creviced roof and shattered sashes!—  
The witch-grass round the hazel spring  
May sharply to the night-air sing,  
But there no more shall withered hags  
Refresh at ease their broom-stick nags,  
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters  
As beverage meet for Satan's daughters;

No more their mimic tones be heard - -  
The mew of cat—the chirp of bird,  
Shrill blending with the hoarser laughter  
Of the fell demon following after!

The cautious good-man nails no more  
A horse-shoe on his outer door,  
Lest some unseemly hag should fit  
To his own mouth her bridle-bit—  
The good-wife's churn no more refuses  
Its wonted culinary uses  
Until, with heated needle burned,  
The witch has to her place returned!  
*Our* witches are no longer old  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their features—  
Their sorcery—the light which dances  
Where the raised lid unveils its glances;  
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,  
The music of Love's twilight hours,  
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan  
Above her nightly closing flowers,  
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore  
Along the charmed Ausonian shore!  
Even she, our own weird heroine,  
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,  
Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;  
And the wide realm of sorcery,  
Left by its latest mistress free,  
Hath found no gray and skilled invader:  
So perished Albion's "glammarye,"  
With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,



His charmed torch beside his knee,  
That even the dead himself might see  
The magic scroll within his keeping.  
And now our modern Yankee sees  
Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;  
And naught above, below, around,  
Of life or death, of sight or sound,  
Whate'er its nature, form, or look,  
Excites his terror or surprise—  
All seeming to his knowing eyes  
Familiar as his "catechise,"  
Or "Webster's Spelling Book."

1833.

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### HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
Where, miles away,  
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
A luminous belt, a misty light,  
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy  
gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!  
Against its ground  
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
Still as a picture, clear and free,  
With varying outline mark the coast for miles  
around.

On—on—we tread with lose-flung rein  
Our seaward way,

Through dark-green fields and blossoming  
grain,  
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
And bends above our heads the flowering locust  
spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow  
Comes this fresh breeze,  
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
While through my being seems to flow  
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
His feet hath set  
In the great waters, which have bound  
His granite ankles greenly round  
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with cool  
spray wet.

Good-by to Pain and Care! I take  
Mine ease to-day;  
Here where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts  
away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem  
Like all I see—  
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
And far-off sails which flit before the South wind  
free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness  
grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
No new revealing;  
Familiar as our childhood's stream  
Or pleasant memory of a dream,  
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life  
stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light  
May have its dawning;  
And, as in Summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new  
morning.

I sit alone: in foam and spray  
Wave after wave  
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
Beneath like fallen Titans lay,  
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy  
cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts  
down'

In listless quietude of mind,  
I yield to all

The change of cloud and wave and wind,  
And passive on the flood reclined,  
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and  
fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore  
In shadow lie;  
The night-wind warns me back once more  
To where my native hill-tops o'er  
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky!

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!  
I bear with me  
No token stone nor glittering shell,  
But long and oft shall Memory tell  
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the  
Sea.

1843.

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LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF SILAS  
WRIGHT, OF NEW YORK.

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,  
While turning shoreward, where a beacon shone,  
Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,  
So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,  
In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light  
Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of  
noon,  
While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,

And, day by day, within thy spirit grew  
A holier hope than young Ambition knew,  
As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,  
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,

Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!  
Portents at which the bravest stand aghast—  
The bird-throes of a Future, strange and vast,  
Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise and strong,  
Suddenly summoned to the burial bed,

Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever long,  
Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.  
Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering host?  
Who wear the mantle of the leader lost?  
Who stay the march of slavery? He, whose voice  
Hath called thee from thy task-field, shall not  
lack

Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely back  
The wrong which, through His poor ones, reaches  
Him:

Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torch-lights trim,  
And wave them high across the abysmal black,  
Till bound, dumb millions there shall see them and  
rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

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LINES,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

'T is said that in the Holy Land  
The angels of the place have blessed  
The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,  
Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies  
Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight sings  
The song whose holy symphonies  
Are beat by unseen wings;

Still starting from his sandy bed,  
The way-worn wanderer looks to see  
The halo of an angel's head  
Shine through the tamarisk tree.

So through the shadows of my way  
Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,  
So at the weary close of day  
Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal  
May pause not for the vision's sake,  
Yet all fair things within his soul  
The thought of it shall wake;

The graceful palm tree by the well,  
Seen on the far horizon's rim;  
The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,  
Bent timidly on him;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair  
Streams sunlike through the convent's gloom;  
Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,  
And loving Mary's tomb;

And thus each tint or shade which falls  
From sunset cloud or waving tree,  
Along my pilgrim path recalls  
The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one, in sun and shade the same,  
In weal and woe my steady friend,  
Whatever by that holy name  
The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou  
Hast never failed the good to see,  
Nor judged by one unseemly bough  
The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay—  
Poor common thoughts on common things,  
Which time is shaking, day by day,  
Like feathers from his wings—

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree,  
To nurturing care but little known,  
Their good was partly learned of thee,  
Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,  
Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,  
And weaving its pale green with gold,  
Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,  
And there at times the spring bird sings,  
And mossy trunk and fading spray  
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,  
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and fade;  
The wanderer on its lonely plain  
Ere long shall miss its shade.

Oh, friend beloved, whose curious skill  
Keeps bright the last year's leaves and flowers,  
With warm, glad summer thoughts to fill  
The cold, dark, winter hours!

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I bring  
May well defy the wintry cold,  
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,  
Life's fairer ones unfold.

1847.

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### THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time ?  
And, through the shade  
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
From his loved dead ?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force ?  
Who shuns thy sting, oh terrible Remorse ?—  
Who does not cast  
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,  
At times, a sad and half reluctant look,  
Regretful of the Past ?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would shun  
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone:  
Our strength to-day  
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all  
Are we alway.



Yet, who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,

    If he hath been  
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
    His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—

    If he hath lent  
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,  
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed  
    Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives  
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,

    With thankful heart;  
He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
Knowing that from his works he never more  
    Can henceforth part.

1848.

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RAPHAEL.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight:  
The glow of Autumn's westering day,  
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
The fair face of a musing boy;  
Yet while I gazed a sense of awe  
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print:—the graceful flow  
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
I saw the inward spirit shine;  
It was as if before me rose  
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
The hidden life, the man within,  
Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
The waving of that pictured hand?  
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space  
Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil wrought,  
Those miracles of power whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
Oh Mother, beautiful and mild!  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and Thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;  
The awful glory of that day,  
When all the Father's brightness shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet forms, and wild  
Dark visions of the days of old,  
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
Through locks of brown and gold!

There Fornarina's fair young face  
Once more upon her lover shone,  
Whose model of an angel's grace  
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
But not the lesson which it taught;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side ?

Oh no!—We live our life again:  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim  
The pictures of the Past remain,—  
Man's works shall follow him!

1842.

## MEMORIALS.

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### LUCY HOOPER.\*

**THEY** tell me, Lucy, thou art dead—  
That all of thee we loved and cherished,  
Has with the summer roses perished:  
And left, as its young beauty fled,  
An ashen memory in its stead—  
The twilight of a parted day  
Whose fading light is cold and vain:  
The heart's faint echo of a strain  
Of low, sweet music passed away.  
That true and loving heart—that gift  
Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,  
Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,  
Its sunny light on all around,  
Affinities which only could  
Cleave to the pure, the true, and good;  
And sympathies which found no rest,  
Save with the loveliest and best.  
Of them—of thee remains there naught  
But sorrow in the mourner's breast?—

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\* Died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841,  
aged twenty-four years.

A shadow in the land of thought?  
No!—Even *my* weak and trembling faith  
Can lift for thee the veil which doubt  
And human fear have drawn about  
The all-awaiting scene of death.  
Even as thou wast I see thee still;  
And, save the absence of all ill,  
And pain and weariness, which here  
Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,  
The same as when, two summers back,  
Beside our childhood's Merrimack,  
I saw thy dark eye wander o'er  
Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,  
And heard thy low, soft voice alone  
Midst lapse of waters, and the tone  
Of pine leaves by the west-wind blown,  
There's not a charm of soul or brow—  
Of all we knew and loved in thee—  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality!  
Not mine the sad and freezing dream  
Of souls that, with their earthly mould,  
Cast off the loves and joys of old—  
Unbodied—like a pale moonbeam,  
As pure, as passionless, and cold;  
Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,  
Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,  
Life's myriads blending into one—  
In blank annihilation blest;  
Dust-atoms of the infinite—  
Sparks scattered from the central light,  
And winning back through mortal pain  
Their old unconsciousness again.

No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit Land—  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
    Not *others*, but *themselves* are they.  
And still I think of them the same  
As when the Master's summons came;  
Their change—the holy morn-light breaking  
Upon the dream-worn sleeper, waking—  
    A change from twilight into day.

They 've laid thee midst the household graves,  
    Where father, brother, sister lie;  
Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,  
    Above thee bends the summer sky.  
Thy own loved church in sadness read  
Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,  
And blessed and hallowed with her prayer  
The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.  
That church, whose rites and liturgy,  
Sublime and old, were truth to thee,  
Undoubted to thy bosom taken,  
As symbols of a faith unshaken.  
Even I, of simpler views, could feel  
The beauty of thy trust and zeal;  
And, owning not thy creed, could see  
How deep a truth it seemed to thee,  
And how thy fervent heart had thrown  
O'er all, a coloring of its own,  
And kindled up, intense and warm,  
A life in every rite and form,  
As, when on Chebar's banks of old,  
The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,  
A spirit filled the vast machine—  
A life "within the wheels" was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we  
Who knew thee well, and loved thee here,  
One after one shall follow thee  
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,  
Which opens on eternity.  
Yet shall we cherish not the less  
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;  
The memory of thy loveliness  
Shall round our weary pathway smile,  
Like moonlight when the sun has set—  
A sweet and tender radiance yet.  
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,  
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong,—  
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty  
Which blended in thy song.  
All lovely things by thee beloved,  
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;  
These green hills, where thy childhood roved—  
Yon river winding to the sea—  
The sunset light of autumn eves  
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,  
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling leaves  
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—  
These, in our view, shall henceforth take  
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;  
And all thou loved'st of earth and sky,  
Seem sacred to thy memory.

1841.



## CHANNING.\*

Nor vainly did old poets tell,  
Nor vainly did old genius paint  
God's great and crowning miracle—  
The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day  
Can we our sainted ones discern;  
And feel, while with them on the way,  
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen  
Which, world-wide, echo CHANNING's fame,  
As one of Heaven's anointed men,  
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,  
And shut from him her saintly prize,  
Whom, in the world's great calendar,  
All men shall canonize.

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\* The last time I saw DR. CHANNING was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, JOSEPH STURGE, so well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him at his summer residence on Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man, whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

By Narragansett's sunny bay,  
    Beneath his green embowering wood,  
To me it seems but yesterday  
    Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer rains,  
    The western wind blew fresh and free,  
And glimmered down the orchard lanes  
    The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,  
    Life's highest purpose understood,  
And like his blessed Master knew  
    The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,  
    Yet on the lips of England's poor  
And toiling millions dwelt his name,  
    With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where  
    The sun looks o'er the Carib sea,  
It blended with the freeman's prayer  
    And song of jubilee.

He told of England's sin and wrong—  
    The ills her suffering children know—  
The squalor of the city's throng—  
    The green field's want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness  
    Of sympathetic sorrow stole  
Like a still shadow, passionless,  
    The sorrow of the soul.

But, when the generous Briton told  
How hearts were answering to his own,  
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled  
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise  
Thrill through that frail and pain-worn frame,  
And kindling in those deep, calm eyes  
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move  
The human heart—the Faith-sown seeds  
Which ripen in the soil of love  
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt—  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased—  
And at one common altar knelt,  
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength renewed,  
And zeal refreshed, and hope less dim,  
For that brief meeting, each pursued  
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill  
And vale with Channing's dying word!  
How are the hearts of freemen still  
By that great warning stirred!

The stranger treads his native soil,  
And pleads with zeal unfelt before  
The honest right of British toil,  
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,  
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,  
And, stretching o'er the sea's blue wall,  
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,  
The Sheffield grinder, worn and grim,  
The delver in the Cornwall mines,  
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,  
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,  
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,  
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour  
Of converse on Rhode Island's strand,  
Lives in the calm, resistless power  
Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds,  
And Truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?  
What dust upon the spirit lies?  
God keeps the sacred life He gave—  
The prophet never dies!

1844.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE COLLEGE.

[“He fell a martyr to the interests of his colored brethren. For many months did that mighty man of God apply his discriminating and gigantic mind to the subject of Slavery and its remedy; and, when his soul could no longer contain his holy indignation against the upholders and apologists of this unrighteous system, he gave vent to his aching heart, and poured forth his clear thoughts and holy feelings in such deep and soul-entrancing eloquence, that other men, whom he would fain in his humble modesty acknowledge his superiors, sat at his feet and looked up as children to a parent.”—*Correspondent of the “Liberator.”* 16th of 11th mo., 1833.]

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,  
Thou martyr of the Lord!  
With thy last breath crying—“Onward!”  
And thy hand upon the sword.  
The haughty heart derideth,  
And the sinful lip reviles,  
But the blessing of the perishing  
Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling  
The added drop is given,  
And the long suspended thunder  
Falls terribly from Heaven,—

When a new and fearful freedom  
Is proffered of the Lord  
To the slow consuming Famine—  
The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood  
Shall be swept away in wrath,  
And the temple shall be shaken,  
With its idol, to the earth,—  
Shall not thy words of warning  
Be all remembered then ?  
And thy now unheeded message  
Burn in the hearts of men ?

Oppression's hand may scatter  
Its nettles on thy tomb,  
And even Christian bosoms  
Deny thy memory room;  
For lying lips shall torture  
Thy mercy into crime,  
And the slanderer shall flourish  
As the bay-tree for a time.

But, where the south wind lingers  
On Carolina's pines,  
Or, falls the careless sunbeam  
Down Georgia's golden mines,—  
Where now beneath his burden  
The toiling slave is driven,—  
Where now a tyrant's mockery  
Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars  
Wet o'er with human blood,

And pride and lust debases  
The workmanship of God—  
There shall thy praise be spoken,  
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,  
When the fetters shall be broken.  
And the *slave* shall be a *man* !

Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
A thousand hearts are warm—  
A thousand kindred bosoms  
Are baring to the storm.  
What though red-handed Violence  
With secret Fraud combine,  
The wall of fire is round us—  
Our Present Help was thine!

Lo—the waking up of nations,  
From Slavery's fatal sleep—  
The murmur of a Universe—  
Deep calling unto Deep!  
Joy to thy spirit, brother!  
On every wind of heaven  
The onward cheer and summons  
Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God for ever!  
Beyond the despot's will  
The soul of Freedom liveth  
Imperishable still.  
The words which thou hast uttered  
Are of that soul a part,  
And the good seed thou hast scattered  
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,  
And the trials yet to come—  
In the shadow of the prison,  
Or the cruel martyrdom—  
We will think of thee, O brother!  
And thy sainted name shall be  
In the blessing of the captive,  
And the anthem of the free.

1834.

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LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. OLIVER TORREY, SECRETARY OF  
THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

GONE before us, O our brother,  
To the spirit-land!  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Who shall offer youth and beauty  
On the wasting shrine  
Of a stern and lofty duty,  
With a faith like thine?

Oh! thy gentle smile of greeting  
Who again shall see?  
Who amidst the solemn meeting  
Gaze again on thee?—  
Who, when peril gathers o'er us,  
Wear so calm a brow?  
Who, with evil men before us,  
So serene as thou?



Early hath the spoiler found thee,  
Brother of our love!  
Autumn's faded earth around thee,  
And its storms above!  
Evermore that turf lie lightly,  
And, with future showers,  
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly  
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,  
Not a silvery streak;  
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing  
On thy fair young cheek;  
Eyes of light and lips of roses,  
Such as Hylas wore—  
Over all that curtain closes,  
Which shall rise no more!

Will the vigil Love is keeping  
Round that grave of thine,  
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping  
Over Sibmah's vine\*—  
Will the pleasant memories, swelling  
Gentle hearts, of thee,  
In the spirit's distant dwelling  
All unheeded be?

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings, back;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track;

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\* "O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!"—*Jeremiah* xlviii. 32.

Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And, in hours of sadness, greet us  
As a spirit may ?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,  
In the spirit-land !  
Vainly look we for another  
In thy place to stand.  
Unto Truth and Freedom giving  
All thy early powers,  
Be thy virtues with the living,  
And thy spirit ours !

1837.

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### A LAMENT.

“ The parted spirit,  
Knoweth it not our sorrow ? Answereth not  
Its blessing to our tears ? ”

THE circle is broken—one seat is forsaken,—  
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken—  
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill  
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly, are slumbering now  
The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,  
Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain  
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim  
From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
The hope of that World whose existence is bliss  
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit can throw  
On the scene of its troubled probation below,  
Than the pride of the marble—the pomp of the  
dead—

To that glance will be dearer the tears which we  
shed.

Oh, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the  
while—

The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like,  
and clear,

In the glow of its gladness—the shade of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while over the  
whole

Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of  
soul,—

And the tones of her voice, like the music which  
seems

Murmured low in our ears by the Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold  
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than  
gold—

The love and the kindness and pity which gave  
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the  
grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's claim,  
Unmoved from its purpose by censure and blame,  
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear  
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jesting and  
jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beautiful sleeper!  
With smiles for the joyful, with tears for the  
weeper!—

Yet, evermore prompt, whether mournful or gay,  
With warnings in love to the passing astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could sorrow for  
them

Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure gem;  
And a sigh or a tear could the erring reprove,  
And the sting of reproof was still tempered by  
love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost when the day-light is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber, which wakens in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.  
1834.

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### DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York, in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

OH, dearly loved!  
And worthy of our love!—No more  
Thy aged form shall rise before  
The hushed and waiting worshipper,  
In meek obedience utterance giving  
To words of truth, so fresh and living,

That, even to the inward sense,  
They bore unquestioned evidence  
Of an anointed Messenger!  
Or, bowing down thy silver hair  
In reverent awfulness of prayer—

The world, its time and sense, shut out—  
The brightness of Faith's holy trance  
Gathered upon thy countenance,  
As if each lingering cloud of doubt—  
The cold, dark shadows resting here  
In Time's unluminous atmosphere—

Were lifted by an angel's hand,  
And through them on thy spiritual eye  
Shone down the blessedness on high,  
The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!  
While, meet for no good work, the vine  
May yet its worthless branches twine.  
Who knoweth not that with thee fell  
A great man in our Israel?  
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,  
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,  
And in thy hand retaining yet  
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!  
Unharm'd and safe, where, wild and free,  
Across the Neva's cold morass  
The breezes from the Frozen Sea  
With winter's arrowy keenness pass;  
Or, where the unwarning tropic gale  
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,  
Or, where the noon-hour's fervid heat  
Against Tahiti's mountains beat;

The same mysterious hand which gave  
Deliverance upon land and wave,  
Tempered for thee the blasts which blew  
Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,  
And blessed for thee the baleful dew  
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,  
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,  
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers  
Hath given thee a grave!

His will be done,  
Who seeth not as man, whose way  
Is not as ours!—'T is well with thee!  
Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay  
Disquieted thy closing day,  
But, evermore, thy soul could say,  
"My Father careth still for me!"  
Called from thy hearth and home—from her,  
The last bud on thy household tree,  
The last dear one to minister  
In duty and in love to thee,  
From all which nature holdeth dear,  
Feeble with years and worn with pain,  
To seek our distant land again,  
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing  
The things which should befall thee here,  
Whether for labor or for death,  
In child-like trust serenely going  
To that last trial of thy faith!

Oh, far away,  
Where never shines our Northern star  
On that dark waste which Balboa saw  
From Darien's mountains stretching far,

So strange, heaven-broad, and lone, that there  
With forehead to its damp wind bare

He bent his mailed knee in awe;  
In many an isle whose coral feet  
The surges of that ocean beat,  
In thy palm shadows, Oahu,

And Honolulu's silver bay,  
Amidst Owhyhee's hills of blue,  
And Taro-plains of Tooboonaï,  
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be  
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—

Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,  
Whose souls in weariness and need  
Were strengthened and refreshed by thine,  
For, blessed by our Father's hand,

Was thy deep love and tender care,  
Thy ministry and fervent prayer—  
Grateful as Eschol's clustered vine  
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew  
By thousands round thee, in the hour  
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,  
That He who bade the islands keep  
Silence before Him, might renew  
Their strength with His unslumbering power,  
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,  
That never more thy aged lip  
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,  
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard  
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word—  
Seals of thy true apostleship.  
And, if the brightest diadem,

Whose gems of glory purely burn  
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,  
Be evermore reserved for them  
Who here, through toil and sorrow, turn  
Many to righteousness,—  
May we not think of thee, as wearing  
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,  
Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,  
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand;  
And joining with a seraph's tongue  
In that new song the elders sung,  
Ascribing to its blessed Giver  
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell!

And though the ways of Zion mourn  
When her strong ones are called away,  
Who like thyself have calmly borne  
The heat and burden of the day,  
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth  
His ancient watch around us keepeth;  
Still sent from His creating hand,  
New witnesses for truth shall stand—  
New instruments to sound abroad  
The Gospel of a risen Lord;  
To gather to the fold once more,  
The desolate and gone astray,  
The scattered of a cloudy day,  
And Zion's broken walls restore!  
And, through the travail and the toil  
Of true obedience, minister  
Beauty for ashes, and the oil  
Of joy for mourning, unto her!



So shall her holy bounds increase  
With walls of praise and gates of peace:  
So shall the Vine, which martyr tears  
And blood sustained in other years,  
    With fresher life be clothed upon;  
And to the world in beauty show  
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,  
    And glorious as Lebanon!

1847.

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DANIEL NEALL.

## I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;  
    Lover of peace, yet ever foremost, when  
    The need of battling Freedom called for men  
To plant the banner on the outer wall;  
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress  
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,  
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post  
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,  
Like some gray rock from which the waves are  
    tossed!  
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not  
    The faith of one whose walk and word were  
    right—  
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,  
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught  
    A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:  
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own  
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

## II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old  
 plan,  
 A true and brave and downright honest man!—  
 He blew no trumpet in the market-place,  
 Nor in the church with hypocritic face  
 Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;  
 Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will  
 What others talked of while their hands were still:  
 And, while “Lord, Lord!” the pious tyrants cried,  
 Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,  
*His* daily prayer, far better understood  
 In acts than words, was simply *DOING GOOD*.  
 So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
 That, by his loss alone we know its worth,  
 And feel how true a man has walked with us on  
 earth.

*6th month 6th, 1846.*

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TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF  
 HIS SISTER.\*

THINE is a grief, the depth of which another  
 May never know;  
 Yet, o’er the waters, O, my stricken brother!  
 To thee I go.

---

\* SOPHIA STURGE, sister of JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th mo., 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever ready helpmate of her brother

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly folding  
Thy hand in mine;  
With even the weakness of my soul upholding  
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;  
I stood not by  
When, in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted  
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak condoling  
Must vainly fall:  
The funeral bell which in thy heart is tolling,  
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor world's common  
And heartless phrase,  
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman  
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what my own heart approveth:  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.

---

in all his vast designs of beneficence. The *Birmingham Pilot* says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended, than in this excellent woman."

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought:  
Her funeral anthem is a glad evangel—  
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly  
What He hath given;  
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly  
As in His heaven.

And she is with thee; in thy path of trial  
She walketh yet;  
Still with the baptism of thy self-denial  
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields of harvest  
Lie white in view!  
She lives and loves thee, and the God thou servest  
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle!—England's toil-worn peas-  
ants  
Thy call abide;  
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence,  
Shall glean beside!

1845.

---

### GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with Angel-steps  
The path which reaches Heaven.

Our young and gentle friend whose smile  
Made brighter summer hours,  
Amid the frosts of autumn time  
Has left us, with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom  
Forewarned us of decay;  
No shadow from the Silent Land  
Fell around our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,  
As sinks behind the hill  
The glory of a setting star—  
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed—  
Eternal as the sky;  
And like the brook's low song, her voice—  
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to Heaven a Shining One,  
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life  
Fell on us like the dew;  
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,  
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
Were in her very look;  
We read her face, as one who reads  
A true and holy book:

The measure of a blessed hymn,  
To which our hearts could move;  
The breathing of an inward psalm;  
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,  
And by the hearth-fire's light;  
We pause beside her door to hear  
Once more her sweet "Good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,  
Her smile no longer cheers;  
A dimness on the stars of night,  
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will  
One thought hath reconciled;  
That He whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home His child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here  
Distrusted all her powers,  
May welcome to her holier home  
The well beloved of ours.

# SONGS OF LABOR

AND OTHER POEMS.

---

## DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
Might grace from thy favor take,  
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,  
On softened lines and coloring, wear  
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain:  
But what I have I give to thee,—  
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,  
And paler flowers, the latter rain  
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal  
lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,  
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,  
The dry and wasting roots between,  
A sober after-growth is seen,  
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaved  
maple wood!

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play  
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree;  
And through the bleak and wintry day  
It keeps its steady green away,—  
So even my after-thoughts may have a charm for  
thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,  
And beauty is its own excuse; \*  
But for the dull and flowerless weed  
Some healing virtue still must plead,  
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays  
Of homely toil, may serve to show  
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize  
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
The unsung beauty hid life's common things  
below!

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
Above his forge or plough, may gain  
A manlier spirit of content,  
And feel that life is wisest spent  
Where the strong working hand makes strong the  
working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair  
Without the walls of Eden came,

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\* For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in  
his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora:—

“If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.”



Transforming siuless case to care  
And rugged toil, no more shall bear  
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame.

A blessing now—a curse no more;  
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,  
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—  
A poor man toiling with the poor,  
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.  
1850.

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## THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the East,  
The earth is gray below,  
And, spectral in the river-mist,  
The ship's white timbers show.  
Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
And grating saw begin;  
The broad-axe to the gnarléd oak,  
The mallet to the pin!  
Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
The sooty smithy jars,  
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
Are fading with the stars.  
All day for us the smith shall stand  
Beside that flashing forge;  
All day for us his heavy hand  
The groaning anvil scourge.  
From far-off hills, the panting team  
For us is toiling near;  
For us the raftsmen down the stream  
Their island barges steer.

Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
 In forests old and still,—  
 For us the century-circled oak  
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up—up!—in nobler toil than ours  
 No craftsmen bear a part:  
 We make of Nature's giant powers  
 The slaves of human Art.  
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
 And drive the treenails free;  
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
 Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
 The sea's rough field shall plough—  
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
 With salt-spray caught below—  
 That ship must heed her master's beck,  
 Her helm obey his hand,  
 And seamen tread her reeling deck  
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
 Of Northern ice may peel;  
 The sunken rock and coral peak  
 May grate along her keel;  
 And know we well the painted shell  
 We give to wind and wave,  
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
 Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,  
 And set the good ship free!  
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
 The young bride of the sea?

Look! how she moves adown the grooves,  
In graceful beauty now!  
How lowly on the breast she loves  
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! whereso'er the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan,  
Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
Or sultry Hindostan!  
Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain  
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear  
No merchandise of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair  
Her roomy hold within.  
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
Nor poison-draught for ours;  
But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land!  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea!

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled  
 The Gentle Craft of Leather!  
 Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
 Stand forth once more together!  
 Call out again your long array,  
 In the olden merry manner!  
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
 Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone  
 How falls the polished hammer!  
 Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown  
 A quick and merry clamor.  
 Now shape the sole! now deftly curl  
 The glossy vamp around it,  
 And bless the while the bright-eyed girl  
 Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main  
 A hundred keels are ploughing;  
 For you, the Indian on the plain  
 His lasso-coil is throwing;  
 For you, deep glens with hemlock dark  
 The woodman's fire is lighting;  
 For you, upon the oak's gray bark  
 The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine  
 The rosin-gum is stealing;  
 For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
 Her silken skein is reeling:

For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges;  
For you, round all her shepherd homes,  
Bloom England's thorny hedges.  
The foremost still, by day or night,  
On moated mound or heather,  
Where'er the need of trampled right  
Brought toiling men together;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,  
No craftsmen rallied faster.  
Let foplings sneer, let fools deride—  
Ye heed no idle scorner;  
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
And duty done, your honor.  
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,  
The jury Time empanels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.  
Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German;  
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
And patriot fame of Sherman;  
Still from his book a mystic seer,  
The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear  
Of Fox's leathern breeches.  
The foot is yours; where'er it falls,  
It treads your well-wrought leather,  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet, or on heather.

Still there the sweetest charm is found  
 Of matron grace or vestal's,  
 As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
 Among the old celestials!

Rap! rap!—your stout and bluff brogan,  
 With footsteps slow and weary,  
 May wander where the sky's blue span  
 Shuts down upon the prairie.  
 On Beauty's foot, your slippers glance,  
 By Saratoga's fountains,  
 Or twinkle down the summer dance  
 Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
 The brown earth to the tiller's,  
 The shoe in yours shall wealth command,  
 Like fairy Cinderella's!  
 As they who shunned the household maid  
 Beheld the crown upon her,  
 So all shall see your toil repaid  
 With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,  
 In water cool and brimming—  
 "All honor to the good old Craft,  
 Its merry men and women!"  
 Call out again your long array,  
 In the old time's pleasant manner;  
 Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
 Fling out his blazoned banner!

## THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun  
Still onward cheerly driving!  
There's life alone in duty done,  
And rest alone in striving.  
But see! the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us;  
The white fog of the way-side pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,  
And through you elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
The landlord beckons from his door,  
His beechen fire is glowing;  
These ample barns, with feed in store,  
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
By brows of rugged mountains;  
From hill-sides where, through spongy moss,  
Gush out the river fountains;  
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
And bright with blooming clover;  
From vales of corn the wandering crow  
No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been,  
O'er many a hill and hollow;  
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
Our stately drove we follow.

Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun,  
 As smoke of battle o'er us,  
 Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
 Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,  
 As slow behind it sinking;  
 Or, thronging close, from road-side rill,  
 Or sunny lakelet, drinking.  
 Now crowding in the narrow road,  
 In thick and struggling masses,  
 They glare upon the teamster's load,  
 Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
 And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
 They leap some farmer's broken pale,  
 O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
 Forth comes the startled good-man; forth  
 Wife, children, house-dog, sally,  
 Till once more on their dusty path  
 The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,  
 Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,  
 Like those who grind their noses down  
 On pastures bare and stony—  
 Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,  
 And cows too lean for shadows,  
 Disputing feebly with the frogs  
 The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,  
 No bones of leanness rattle;



No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.  
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining;  
The fatness of a goodly land  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,  
The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing;  
Wherever hill-sides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses,  
Or, tracking green the lowlands drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the way-side pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping;  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
To-morrow, eastward with our charge  
We'll go to meet the dawning,  
Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge  
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
 Instead of birds, are flitting;  
 When children throng the glowing hearth,  
 And quiet wives are knitting;  
 While in the fire-light strong and clear  
 Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
 To tales of all we see and hear  
 The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,  
 From many a mountain pasture,  
 Shall Fancy play the Drover still,  
 And speed the long night faster.  
 Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
 And heat and cold, be driving;  
 There's life alone in duty done,  
 And rest alone in striving.

1847.

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### THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH! the seaward breezes  
 Sweep down the bay amain;  
 Heave up, my lads, the anchor!  
 Run up the sail again!  
 Leave to the lubber landsmen  
 The rail-car and the steed;  
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
 The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
 And the light-house from the sand;  
 And the scattered pines are waving  
 Their farewell from the land.

One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave one sigh,  
Ere we take the change and chances  
Of the ocean and the sky,

Now brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore!  
Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
Of Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow;  
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,  
With the white cross on its crown!  
Hurrah! for Meccatina,  
And its mountains bare and brown!  
Where the Caribou's tall antlers  
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
And the footstep of the Mickmack  
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old Ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.

The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters  
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwelling  
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels;  
Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is his hand!  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west wind  
Comes freshening down the bay,  
The rising sails are filling—  
Give way, my lads, give way!

Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth, like a weed—  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed!

1845.

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## THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal  
rain

Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with  
grass again;

The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the  
woodlands gay

With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the  
meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun  
rose broad and red,

At first a rayless disc of fire, he brightened as he  
sped;

Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and  
subdued,

On the corn-fields and the orchards, and softly-  
pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the  
night,

He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow  
light;

Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified  
the hill;

And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,  
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught  
glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,  
they knew not why;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the  
meadow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of  
sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient  
weather-cocks;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless  
as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's  
dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low  
rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-  
fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the  
pale-green waves of rye;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed  
with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn  
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through  
husks that, dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out  
the yellow ear;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a ver-  
dant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's  
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a  
    creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk  
    and grain;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank  
    down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in  
    brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,  
    stream and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire  
    beyond,  
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory  
    shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled  
    into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed  
    away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil  
    shadows lay;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet  
    without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the  
    merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks  
    in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant  
    scene below;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears  
    before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown  
    cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and  
heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat  
apart;  
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling  
in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy  
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden  
young and fair,  
Lifted to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of  
soft brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and  
smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-  
ballad sung.

1847.

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### THE CORN SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow.



Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June,  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift  
Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And kneed its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,  
Around their costly board;  
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
 Whose folly laughs to scorn  
 The blessing of our hardy grain,  
 Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
 Let mildew blight the rye,  
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
 The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn  
 The hills our fathers trod;  
 Still let us, for his golden corn,  
 Send up our thanks to God!

1847.

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### THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,  
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;  
 Thickly down these swelling waters  
 Float his fallen leaves.  
 Through the tall and naked timber,  
 Column-like and old,  
 Gleam the sunsets of November,  
 From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,  
 Screams the gray wild-goose;  
 On the night-frost sounds the treading  
 Of the brindled moose.  
 Noiseless creeping, while we're sleeping,  
 Frost his task-work plies;  
 Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
 Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder,  
On some night of rain,  
Lake and river break asunder  
Winter's weakened chain,  
Down the wild March flood shall bear them  
To the saw-mill's wheel,  
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them  
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,  
In these vales below,  
When the earliest beams of sunlight  
Streak the mountain's snow,  
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,  
To our hurrying feet,  
And the forest echoes clearly  
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijeis  
Stretches broad and clear,  
And Millnocket's pine-black ridges  
Hide the browsing deer:  
Where, through lakes and wide morasses,  
Or through rocky walls,  
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes  
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's sides,—  
Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Torn and ploughed by slides!  
Far below, the Indian trapping,  
In the sunshine warm;  
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping  
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better  
 Than the Persian weaves,  
 And than Eastern perfumes sweeter  
 Seem the fading leaves;  
 And a music wild and solemn,  
 From the pine-tree's height,  
 Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
 On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;  
 And, through sleet and snow,  
 Pichy knot and beechen splinter  
 On our hearth shall glow.  
 Here, with mirth to lighten duty,  
 We shall lack alone  
 Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
 Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning  
 For our toil to-day;  
 And the welcome of returning  
 Shall our loss repay,  
 When, like seamen from the waters,  
 From the woods we come,  
 Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,  
 Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing  
 From the village spire,  
 Not for us the Sabbath singing  
 Of the sweet-voiced choir:  
 Ours the old, majestic temple,  
 Where God's brightness shines  
 Down the dome so grand and ample,  
 Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,  
Speaks He in the breeze,  
As of old beneath the twilight  
Of lost Eden's trees!  
For his ear, the inward feeling  
Needs no outward tongue;  
He can see the spirit kneeling  
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning  
From the false and dim,  
Lamp of toil or altar burning  
Are alike to Him.  
Strike, then, comrades!—Trade is waiting  
On our rugged toil;  
Far ships waiting for the freighting  
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands,  
Bleak and cold, of ours,  
With the citron-planted islands  
Of a clime of flowers;  
To our frosts the tribute bringing  
Of eternal heats;  
In our lap of winter flinging  
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,  
Let the sunbeams dance,  
Better than the flash of sabre  
Or the gleam of lance!  
Strike!—With every blow is given  
Freer sun and sky,  
And the long-hid earth to heaven  
Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
 Of the age to come;  
 Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,  
 Bearing harvest-home!  
 Here her virgin lap with treasures  
 Shall the green earth fill;  
 Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
 Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
 Take the smooth-shorn plain,—  
 Give to us the cedar valleys,  
 Rocks and hills of Maine!  
 In our North-land, wild and woody,  
 Let us still have part;  
 Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,  
 Hold us to thy heart!

O! our free hearts beat the warmer  
 For thy breath of snow;  
 And our tread is all the firmer  
 For thy rocks below.  
 Freedom, hand in hand with labor,  
 Walketh strong and brave;  
 On the forehead of his neighbor  
 No man writheth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's  
 Pine-trees show its fires,  
 While from these dim forest gardens  
 Rise their blackened spires.  
 Up, my comrades! up and doing!  
 Manhood's rugged play  
 Still renewing, bravely hewing  
 Through the world our way!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea  
Are deepening into night;  
Slow, up the slopes of Ossipee,  
They chase the lessening light.  
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,  
I rest my languid eye,  
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and sweet,  
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,  
O'er isle and reach and bay,  
Green-belted with eternal pines,  
The mountains stretch away.  
Below, the maple masses sleep  
Where shore with water blends,  
While midway on the tranquil deep  
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,  
Of old, the Indian trod,  
And, through the sunset air, looked down  
Upon the Smile of God.\*

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\* Winnipiseogee. "Smile of the Great Spirit."

To him of light and shade the laws  
No forest sceptic taught;  
Their living and eternal Cause  
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light  
Which now across them shines;  
This lake, in summer sunset bright,  
Walled round with sombering pines.  
God near him seemed; from earth and skies  
His loving voice he heard,  
As, face to face, in Paradise,  
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, oh, our Father! that, like him,  
Thy tender love I see,  
In radiant hill and woodland dim,  
And tinted sunset sea.  
For not in mockery dost Thou fill  
Our earth with light and grace;  
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will  
Behind Thy smiling face!

1849.

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### THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,  
We slowly climbed the hill,  
Whose summit, in the hot noontide,  
Seemed rising, rising still.  
At last, our short noon-shadows hid  
The top-stone, bare and brown,  
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,  
The rough mass slanted down.



I felt the cool breath of the North;  
Between me and the sun,  
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,  
I saw the cloud-shades run.  
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,  
Lay mountain-girdled Squam;  
Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles  
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,  
Far as the eye could roam,  
Dark billows of an earthquake storm  
Beflecked with clouds like foam,  
Their vales in misty shadow deep,  
Their rugged peaks in shine,  
I saw the mountain ranges sweep  
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,  
Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest  
And pine-dark gorge between.  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great Notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone!

"A good look-off!" the driver spake:  
"About this time, last year,  
I drove a party to the Lake,  
And stopped, at evening, here.  
'T was duskish down below; but all  
These hills stood in the sun,  
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,  
He left them, one by one.

“A lady, who, from Thornton hill,  
Had held her place outside,  
And, as a pleasant woman will,  
Had cheered the long, dull ride,  
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,  
That—though I hate delays—  
I could not choose but rest awhile—  
(These women have such ways!)

“On yonder mossy ledge she sat,  
Her sketch upon her knees,  
A stray brown lock beneath her hat  
Unrolling in the breeze;  
Her sweet face, in the sunset light  
Upraised and glorified,—  
I never saw a prettier sight  
In all my mountain ride.

“As good as fair; it seemed her joy  
To comfort and to give;  
My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,  
Will bless her while they live!”  
The tremor in the driver's tone  
His manhood did not shame:  
“I dare say, sir, you may have known—”  
He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,  
The blue lake fled away;  
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,  
A lighted hearth for day!  
From lonely years and weary miles  
The shadows fell apart;  
Kind voices cheered, sweet human smiles  
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky  
Had power to charm no more; .  
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye  
The dream of memory o'er.  
Ah! human kindness, human love—  
To few who seek denied—  
Too late we learn to prize above  
The whole round world beside!

1850.

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ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL  
FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold  
Upon my heart have lain,  
Like shadows on the winter sky,  
Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,  
And, on thy Eagle's plume,  
Rides forth, like Sinbad on his bird,  
Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,  
Before me spreads the lake,  
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves  
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh  
The grain he has not sown;  
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,  
The prairie harvest mown!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;  
I see the Yankee's trail—  
His foot on every mountain-pass,  
On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake and water-fall,  
I see his pedler show;  
The mighty mingling with the mean,  
The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,  
Upon his loaded wain;  
He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks,  
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,  
The axe-stroke in the dell,  
The clamor from the Indian lodge,  
The Jesuit chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come  
From Mississippi's springs;  
And war-chiefs with their painted brows,  
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe,  
The steamer smokes and raves;  
And city lots are staked for sale  
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be:  
The first low wash of waves, where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here  
Are plastic yet and warm;  
The chaos of a mighty world  
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon  
Its fitting place shall find—  
The raw material of a State,  
Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads  
The New World in its train  
Has tipped with fire the icy spears  
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon  
Are kindling on its way;  
And California's golden sands  
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then, blessings on thy eagle quill,  
As, wandering far and wide,  
I thank thee for this twilight dream  
And Fancy's airy ride!

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,  
Which Western trappers find,  
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance-sown,  
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,  
Whose glistening quill I hold;  
Thy home the ample air of hope,  
And memory's sunset gold!

In thee, let joy with duty join,  
And strength unite with love,  
The eagle's pinions folding round  
The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale  
Where still the blind bird clings,  
The sunshine of the upper sky  
Shall glitter on thy wings!

1849.

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### MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,  
With step as light as summer air,  
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,  
Shadowed by many a careless curl  
Of unconfined and flowing hair;  
A seeming child in every thing,  
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,  
As Nature wears the smile of Spring  
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light  
Which melted through its graceful bower,  
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,  
And stainless in its holy white,  
Unfolding like a morning flower:  
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,  
With every breath of feeling woke,  
And, even when the tongue was mute,  
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain  
Of memory, at the thought of thee!  
Old hopes which long in dust have lain  
Old dreams, come thronging back again,  
And boyhood lives again in me;  
I feel its glow upon my cheek,  
Its fullness of the heart is mine,  
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,  
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,  
I feel thy arm within my own,  
And timidly again arise  
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,  
With soft brown tresses overblown.  
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,  
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,  
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,  
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled  
My picture of thy youth to see,  
When, half a woman, half a child,  
Thy very artlessness beguiled,  
And folly's self seemed wise in thee;  
I too can smile, when o'er that hour  
The lights of memory backward stream,  
Yet feel the while that manhood's power  
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their trace  
Of graver care and deeper thought;  
And unto me the calm, cold face  
Of manhood, and to thee the grace

Of woman's pensive beauty brought.  
More wide, perchance, for blame than praise  
The school-boy's humble name has flown;  
Thine, in the green and quiet ways  
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed  
Diverge our pathways, one in youth;  
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,  
While answers to my spirit's need  
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.  
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,  
And holy day, and solemn psalm;  
For me, the silent reverence where  
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me  
An impress Time has worn not out,  
And something of myself in thee,  
A shadow from the past, I see,  
Lingering, even yet, thy way about;  
Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
That lesson of its better hours,  
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes  
The shadows melt, and fall apart,  
And, smiling through them, round us lies  
The warm light of our morning skies—  
The Indian Summer of the heart!—  
In secret sympathies of mind,  
In founts of feeling which retain  
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find  
Our early dreams not wholly vain!



## THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.\*

THE day is closing dark and cold,  
 With roaring blast and sleety showers;  
 And through the dusk the lilacs wear  
 The bloom of snow, instead of flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,  
 To ponder o'er a tale of old,  
 A legend of the age of Faith,  
 By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives  
 That fancy of a loving heart,  
 In graceful lines and shapes of power,  
 And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)  
 There lived a lord, to whom, as slave,  
 A peasant boy of tender years  
 The chance of trade or conquest gave.

---

\* This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the life-like vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depths and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jamieson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. i. p. 121.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,  
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,  
The straining eye could scarce discern  
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare  
The service of the youth repaid,  
By stealth, before that holy shrine,  
For grace to bear his wrong, he prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,  
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill;  
Why stayed the Baron from the chase,  
With looks so stern, and words so ill?

“Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,  
By scathe of fire and strain of cord,  
How ill they speed who give dead saints  
The homage due their living lord!”

They bound him on the fearful rack,  
When, through the dungeon’s vaulted dark,  
He saw the light of shining robes,  
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,  
The cords released their cruel clasp,  
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,  
Fell broken from the torturer’s grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,  
Barred door and wall of stone gave way;  
And up from bondage and the night  
They passed to freedom and the day!

O, dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—  
O, painter! true thy pencil's art;  
In tones of hope and prophecy,  
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal  
Moans up to God's inclining ear;  
Unheeded by his tender eye,  
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!  
The pomp and power of tyrant man  
Are scattered at his lightest breath,  
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift  
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain;  
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,  
Comes shining down to break his chain!

O, weary ones! ye may not see  
Your helpers in their downward flight;  
Nor hear the sound of silver wings  
Slow beating through the hush of night!

But not the less gray Dothan shone,  
With sunbright watchers bending low,  
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone  
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,  
Can see the helpers God has sent,  
And how life's rugged mountain-side  
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord  
Sends down his pathway to prepare;  
And light, from others hidden, shines  
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,  
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,  
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer:  
"Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see!"

1849.

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### THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.\*

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree  
A little isle reposes;  
A shadow woven of the oak  
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,  
Set round with stony warders;  
A fountain, gushing through the turf,  
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,  
With care or madness burning,  
Feels once again his healthful thought  
And sense of peace returning.

---

\* Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

O! restless heart and fevered brain,  
Unquiet and unstable,  
That holy well of Loch Maree  
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,  
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,  
And blest is he who on his way  
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will  
And contrite heart are o'er it:  
Go read its legend—"TRUST IN GOD"—  
On Faith's white stones before it.

1850.

---

TO MY SISTER:

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM IN NEW  
ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage  
Turn coldly from my playful page,  
And count it strange that ripened age  
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;  
I know that thou wilt judge aright  
Of all which makes the heart more light,  
Or lends one star-gleam to the night  
Of cloudy Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!—  
Swing wide the moon-lit gate of dreams!  
Leave free once more the land which teems  
With wonders and romances!

Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,  
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies  
Beneath the quaintly masking guise  
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set  
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,  
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret  
The roots of spectral beeches;  
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er  
Home's white-washed wall and painted floor,  
And young eyes widening to the lore  
Of faëry-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain  
Which lights that holy hearth again,  
And, calling back from care and pain,  
And death's funereal sadness,  
Draws round its old familiar blaze  
The clustering groups of happier days,  
And lends to sober manhood's gaze  
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been  
A weary work of tongue and pen,  
A long, harsh strife, with strong-willed men,  
Thou wilt not chide my turning,  
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,  
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,  
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,  
For the sweet bells of Morning!

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,  
And gone the summer's pomp and show,  
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,  
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,  
"An emblem of myself thou art:"  
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,  
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams  
Of warmer sun and softer rain,  
And wait to hear the sound of streams  
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,  
For whom the flowers no longer blow,  
Who standest blighted and forlorn,  
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,  
Thy Winter shall no more depart;  
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,  
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

1849.

## CALEF IN BOSTON, 1692.

IN the solemn days of old,  
Two men met in Boston town—  
One a tradesman frank and bold,  
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone—  
“ Poisoner of the wells of truth!  
Satan’s hireling, thou hast sown  
With his tares the heart of youth!”

Spake the simple tradesman then—  
“ God be judge ’twixt thou and I;  
All thou knowest of truth hath been  
Unto men like thee a lie.

“ Falsehoods which we spurn to-day  
Were the truths of long ago;  
Let the dead boughs fall away,  
Fresher shall the living grow.

“ God is good and God is light,  
In this faith I rest secure;  
Evil can but serve the right,  
Over all shall love endure.

“ Of your spectral puppet play  
I have traced the cunning wires;  
Come what will, I needs must say,  
God is true, and ye are liars.”



When the thought of man is free,  
Error fears its lightest tones;  
So the priest cried, "Sadducee!"  
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,  
Side by side the twain now lie—  
One with humble grassy mound,  
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blest the seed  
Which that tradesman scattered then,  
And the preacher's spectral creed  
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known  
Perfect love which casts out fear,  
While the other's joys atone  
For the wrong he suffered here.

1849.

---

TO PIUS IX.\*

THE cannon's brazen lips are cold;  
No red shell blazes down the air;  
And street and tower, and temple old,  
Are silent as despair.

---

\* The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnification for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language find its ample apology in the

The Lombard stands no more at bay—  
Rome's fresh young life has bled in vain;  
The ravens scattered by the day  
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France  
Are treading on the neck of Rome,  
Hider at Gaeta—seize thy chance!  
Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples' bloody skirt;  
Thy mummer's part was acted well,  
While Rome, with steel and fire begirt,  
Before thy crusade fell!

Her death-groans answered to thy prayer;  
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call;  
Thy lights, the burning villa's glare;  
Thy beads, the shell and ball!

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands  
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,  
And Naples, with his dastard bands  
Of murderers, lead thee back!

Rome's lips are dumb; the orphan's wail,  
The mother's shriek, thou may'st not hear,  
Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,  
The unsexed shaveling's cheer!

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,  
The double curse of crook and crown,  
Though woman's scorn and manhood's hate  
From wall and roof flash down!

---

reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish  
priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

Nor heed those blood-stains on the wall,  
Not Tiber's flood can wash away,  
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,  
Thy mangled victims lay!

Let the world murmur; let its cry  
Of horror and disgust be heard;—  
Truth stands alone; thy coward lie  
Is backed by lance and sword!

The cannon of St. Angelo,  
And chanting priest and clanging bell,  
And beat of drum and bugle blow,  
Shall greet thy coming well!

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves  
Fit welcome give thee;—for her part,  
Rome, frowning o'er her new-made graves,  
Shall curse thee from her heart!

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers  
Shall childhood in thy pathway fling;  
No garlands from their ravaged bowers  
Shall Terni's maidens bring;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,  
The mocking witness of his crime,  
In thee shall loathing eyes behold  
The Nero of our time!

Stand where Rome's blood was freest shed,  
Mock Heaven with impious thanks, and call  
Its curses on the patriot dead,  
Its blessings on the Gaul!

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,  
A poor, mean idol, blood-besmeared,  
Whom even its worshippers despise—  
Unhonored, unrevered!

Yet, Scandal of the World! from thee  
One needful truth mankind shall learn—  
That kings and priests to Liberty  
And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them; and the long,  
Meek sufferance of the Heavens doth fail;  
Woe for weak tyrants, when the strong  
Wake, struggle, and prevail!

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled  
To feed the Crozier and the Crown,  
If, roused thereby, the world shall tread  
The twin-born vampires down!  
1849.

---

ELLIOTT.\*

HANDS off! thou tythe-fat plunderer! play  
No trick of priestcraft here!  
Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay  
A hand on Elliott's bier?

---

\* Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was to the artisans of England what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said to him: "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their

Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,  
Beneath his feet he trod:  
He knew the locust swarm that cursed  
The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought  
Which England's millions feel,  
A fierce and fearful splendor caught,  
As from his forge the steel.  
Strong-armed as Thor—a shower of fire  
His smitten anvil flung;  
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire—  
He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands  
Bear up the mighty dead,  
And labor's swart and stalwart bands  
Behind as mourners tread.  
Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,  
Leave rank its minster floor;  
Give England's green and daisied grounds  
The poet of the poor!

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge  
That brave old heart of oak,  
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,  
And pall of furnace smoke!  
Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,  
And axe and sledge are swung,  
And, timing to their stormy sounds,  
His stormy lays are sung.

---

scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lays for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day."

There let the peasant's step be heard,  
The grinder chant his rhyme;  
Nor patron's praise nor dainty word  
Befits the man or time.  
No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh  
For him whose words were bread—  
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby  
The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,  
O England, as thou wilt!  
With pomp to nameless worth denied,  
Emblazon titled guilt!  
No part or lot in these we claim;  
But, o'er the sounding wave,  
A common right to Elliott's name,  
A freehold in his grave!  
1850.

---

### ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age,  
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark  
 A bright soul driven,  
 Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
 From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
 Insult him now,  
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
 From sea to lake,  
 A long lament, as for the dead,  
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
 Save power remains—  
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
 The soul has fled.  
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
 The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days  
 To his dead fame;  
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
 And hide the shame!

1850.

## THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.\*

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest  
    Goaded from shore to shore;  
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic quest,  
    The leaves of empire o'er.  
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts  
    The love of man and God,  
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,  
    And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and pine  
    In the night sun are cast,  
And the deep heart of many a Norland mine  
    Quakes at each riving blast;  
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa stands,  
    A baptized Scythian queen,  
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled hands,  
    The North and East between!

Where still, through vales of Grecian fable, stray  
    The classic forms of yore,  
And Beauty smiles, new risen from the spray,  
    And Dian weeps once more;  
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart resounds;  
    And Stamboul from the sea  
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-grounds  
    Black with the cypress tree!

---

\* The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.



From Malta's temples to the gates of Rome,  
Following the track of Paul,  
And where the Alps gird round the Switzer's home  
Their vast, eternal wall;  
They paused not by the ruins of old time,  
They scanned no pictures rare,  
Nor lingered where the snow-locked mountains  
climb  
The cold abyss of air!

But unto prisons, where men lay in chains,  
To haunts where Hunger pined,  
To kings and courts forgetful of the pains  
And wants of human kind,  
Scattering sweet words, and quiet deeds of good,  
Along their way, like flowers,  
Or, pleading as Christ's freemen only could,  
With princes and with powers;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil  
Of Truth, from day to day,  
Simply obedient to its guiding will,  
They held their pilgrim way.  
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful and old  
Were wasted on their sight,  
Who in the school of Christ had learned to hold  
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vineyards blown  
From off the Cyprian shore,  
Not less for them the Alps in sunset shone,  
That man they valued more.

A life of beauty lends to all it sees  
The beauty of its thought;  
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies  
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,  
The singing waters run;  
And sunset mountains wear in light above  
The smile of duty done;  
Sure stands the promise—ever to the meek  
A heritage is given;  
Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek  
The righteousness of Heaven!

1849.

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### THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Iconoclast!  
Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,  
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,  
Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,  
By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind  
To all the beauty, power, and truth, behind.  
Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by  
The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,  
Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon their  
tombs  
The effigies of old confessors lie,  
God's witnesses; the voices of his will,  
Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!  
Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,  
Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went  
down:

Such from the terrors of the guilty drew  
The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore

In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the  
sale

Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale  
Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.

To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate

St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate—

Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,

Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.

"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he re-  
plied

To such as came his holy work to chide,

And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,

And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard

The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer

Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord  
Stifled their love of man—"An earthen dish

The last sad supper of the Master bore:

Most miserable sinners! do ye wish

More than your Lord, and grudge his dying poor

What your own pride and not his need requires?

Souls, than these shining gauds, He values  
more;

Mercy, not sacrifice, his heart desires!"

O faithful worthies! resting far behind

In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep,

Much has been done for truth and human kind—

Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind;

Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap

Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;

Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,  
Though widening still, is walled around by night;  
With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,  
Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;  
Counting, too oft, its living members less  
Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress;  
World-moving zeal, with power to bless and feed  
Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter need,  
Instead of bread, holds out the stone of creed;  
Sect builds and worships where its wealth and  
pride

And vanity stand shrined and deified,  
Careless that in the shadow of its walls  
God's living temple into ruin falls.

We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,  
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,  
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod

The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,  
Proclaiming freedom in the name of God,

And startling tyrants with the fear of hell!

Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless  
well;

But to rebuke the age's popular crime,

We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old  
time!

1849.

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#### THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, oh Paris! doth the stain  
Of blood defy the cleansing autumn rain;  
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins through,  
And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,

When squalid beggary, for a dole of bread,  
At a crowned murderer's beck of license fed  
The yawning trenches with her noble dead;  
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy stately halls  
The shell goes crashing and the red shot falls,  
And, leagued to crush thee, on the Danube's side,  
The bearded Croat and Bosniak spearmen ride;  
Still in that vale where Himalaya's snow  
Melts round the cornfields and the vines below,  
The Sikh's hot cannon, answering ball for ball,  
Flames in the breach of Moultan's shattered wall;  
On Chenab's side the vulture seeks the slain,  
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks again.  
"What folly, then," the faithless critic cries,  
With sneering lip, and wise, world-knowing eyes,  
"While fort to fort, and post to post, repeat  
The ceaseless challenge of the war-drum's beat,  
And round the green earth, to the church-bell's  
chime,

The morning drum-roll of the camp keeps time,  
To dream of peace amidst a world in arms,  
Of swords to ploughshares changed by scriptural  
charms,

Of nations, drunken with the wine of blood,  
Staggering to take the Pledge of Brotherhood,  
Like tipplers answering Father Mathew's call—  
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap Gaul,  
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with life,  
The Yankee swaggering with his bowie knife,  
The Russ, from banquets with the vulture shared,  
The blood still dripping from his amber beard,  
Quitting their mad Berserker dance, to hear  
The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;

Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,  
Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,  
To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,  
For tea and gossip, like old country dames!  
No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,  
Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,  
Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,  
And Burritt, stammering through his hundred  
tongues,

Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,  
Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar; .  
Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade  
Of 'Olive-leaves' and Resolutions made,  
Spike guns with pointed scripture-texts, and hope  
To capsize navies with a windy trope;  
Still shall the glory and the pomp of War  
Along their train the shouting millions draw;  
Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave  
His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;  
Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,  
Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;  
Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,  
O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,  
To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove  
Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;  
And Church for State, and State for Church, shall  
fight,

And both agree, that Might alone is Right!"  
Despite of sneers like these, oh, faithful few,  
Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,  
Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,  
And, o'er the present wilderness of crime,

Sees the calm futnre, with its robes of green,  
Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—

Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,  
Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head;  
No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,  
Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;  
Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,  
Common as dew and sunshine, over all.

Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall  
cease,

Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;  
As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,  
Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,  
Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,  
And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.  
Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,  
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,  
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!  
Through the mad discord send that calming word  
Which wind and wave on wild Genesareth heard,  
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against the  
Sword!

Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,  
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,  
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and  
calm

On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.  
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have  
trod,  
The great hope resting on the truth of God—

Evil shall cease and Violence pass away.  
And the tired world breathe free through a long  
Sabbath day.

11th month, 1848.

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### THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
With mocking shine a weary frame;  
The yearning of the mind is stilled—  
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—  
O! sweet, fond dream of human Love!  
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
I make my humble wishes known—  
I only ask a will resigned,  
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,  
I crave alone for peace and rest,  
Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
A miracle our Life and Death;  
A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
Around, above, beneath.



In vain I task my aching brain,  
In vain the sage's thought I scan;  
I only feel how weak and vain,  
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
And longs for light whereby to see,  
And, like a weary child, would come,  
O Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,  
My weak resolves have passed away,  
In mercy lend thy helping hand  
Unto my prayer to-day!

1848.

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OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,  
The prairied West its heavy grain,  
And sunset's radiant gates unfold  
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little State  
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;  
Her yellow sands are sands alone,  
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,  
Too long her Winter woods complain;  
From budding flower to falling leaf,  
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,  
And wintry hills, the school house stands,  
And what her rugged soil denies,  
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;  
And more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,  
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;  
And still maintains, with milder laws,  
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,  
While near her school the church-spire stands;  
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,  
While near her church-spire stands the school!

1849.

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#### ALL'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder, slake  
Our thirsty souls with rain;  
The blow most dreaded falls to break  
From off our limbs a chain;  
And wrongs of man to man but make  
The love of God more plain.  
As through the shadowy lens of even  
The eye looks farthest into heaven,  
On gleams of star and depth of blue  
The glaring sunshine never knew!

1850.

## SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie  
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky  
Yet chill with winter's melting snow,  
The husbandman goes forth to sow;

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast  
The ventures of thy seed we cast,  
And trust to warmer sun and rain,  
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard?  
Who deems it not its own reward?  
Who, for its trials, counts it less  
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

It may not be our lot to wield  
The sickle in the ripened field;  
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,  
The reaper's song among the sheaves;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought  
In unison with God's great thought,  
The near and future blend in one,  
And whatsoever is willed is done!

And ours the grateful service whence  
Comes, day by day, the recompense;  
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,  
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,  
The only end and aim of man,  
Better the toil of fields like these  
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,  
Like that revives and springs again  
And, early called, how blest are they  
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

1843.

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TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift  
Of ocean flowers,  
Born where the golden drift  
Of the slant sunshine falls  
Down the green, tremulous walls  
Of water, to the cool, still coral bowers,  
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,  
God's gardens of the deep  
His patient angels keep;  
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude  
With fairest forms and hues, and thus  
Forever teaching us  
The lesson which the many-colored skies,  
Tho flowers, and leaves, and painted butterflies,  
The deer's branched antlers, the gay bird that flings  
The tropic sunshine from its golden wings,  
The brightness of the human countenance,  
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,

Forevermore repeat,  
In varied tones and sweet,  
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O, kind and generous friend, o'er whom  
The sunset hues of Time are cast,  
Painting, upon the overpast  
And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow,  
The promise of a fairer morrow,  
An earnest of the better life to come;  
The binding of the spirit broken,  
The warning to the erring spoken,  
The comfort of the sad,  
The eye to see, the hand to cull  
Of common things the beautiful,  
The absent heart made glad  
By simple gift or graceful token  
Of love it needs as daily food,  
All own one Source, and all are good!  
Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,  
Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,  
And toss their gifts of weed and shell  
From foamy curve and combing swell,  
No unbecfitting task was thine  
To weave these flowers so soft and fair  
In unison with his design,  
Who loveth beauty everywhere;  
And makes in every zone and clime,  
In ocean and in upper air,  
"All things beautiful in their time."

For not alone in tones of awe and power  
He speaks to man;  
The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower

His rainbows span;  
And, where the caravan  
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air  
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,  
He gives the weary eye  
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,  
And, on its branches dry  
Calls out the acacia's flowers;  
And where the dark shaft pierces down  
Beneath the mountain roots,  
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,  
The star-like crystal shoots;  
So, where, the winds and waves below,  
The coral-branchéd gardens grow,  
His climbing weeds and mosses show,  
Like foliage, on each stony bough,  
Of varied hues more strangely gay  
Than forest leaves in autumn's day;—  
Thus evermore,  
On sky, and wave, and shore,  
An all-pervading beauty seems to say:  
God's love and power are one; and they,  
Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,  
Smite to restore,  
And they, who, like the gentle wind, uplift  
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift  
Their perfume on the air,  
Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift,  
Making their lives a prayer!

1850.

## THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER- BREAKERS.

[The rights and liberties affirmed by MAGNA CHARTA were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the infringer of that instrument, The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, "By the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, *or observe them being made*, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church."

WILLIAM PENN, in his admirable political pamphlet, "England's Present Interest Considered," alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: "I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed."]

IN Westminster's royal halls,  
Robed in their pontificals,  
England's ancient prelates stood  
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,  
Dark and still, like winter's cloud;  
King and council, lord and knight,  
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,  
In God's name, the Church's curse,  
By the tapers round them lit,  
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

“ Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small,  
Sacred as the monarch's hall—

“ Whoso lays his hand on these,  
England's ancient liberties—  
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,  
England's vow at Runnymede—

“ Be he Prince or belted knight,  
Whatsoever his rank or might,  
If the highest, then the worst,  
Let him live and die accursed.

“ Thou, who to thy Church hast given  
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,  
Make our word and witness sure,  
Let the curse we speak endure! ”

Silent, while that curse was said,  
Every bare and listening head  
Bowed in reverent awe, and then  
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,  
For the centuries gray and old,  
Since that stoled and mitred band  
Cursed the tyrants of their land.



Since the priesthood, like a tower,  
Stood between the poor and power;  
And the wronged and trodden down  
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,  
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell;  
Yet I sigh for men as bold  
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait  
At the threshold of the state—  
Waiting for the beck and nod  
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words  
Sanctify his stolen hoards;  
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips  
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,  
Not to them looks liberty,  
Who with fawning falsehood cower  
To the wrong, when clothed with power.

Oh! to see them meanly cling,  
Round the master, round the king,  
Sported with, and sold and bought—  
Pitifuller sight is not!

Tell me not that this must be:  
God's true priest is always free;  
Free, the needed truth to speak,  
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,  
Leaving Lazarus at the gate—  
Not to peddle creeds like wares—  
Not to mutter hireling prayers—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss  
On the sable ground of this—  
Golden streets for idle knave,  
Sabbath rest for weary slave!

Not for words and works like these,  
Priest of God, thy mission is;  
But to make earth's desert glad,  
In its Eden greenness clad;

And to level manhood bring  
Lord and peasant, serf and king;  
And the Christ of God to find  
In the humblest of thy kind!

Thine to work as well as pray  
Clearing thorny wrongs away;  
Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in—

Watching on the hills of Faith;  
Listening what the spirit saith,  
Of the dim-seen light afar,  
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,  
To the waiting ones below;  
'Twixt them and its light midway  
Heralding the better day—

Catching gleams of temple spires,  
Hearing notes of angel choirs,  
Where, as yet unseen of them,  
Comes the New Jerusalem!

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,  
On the glory downward blazing;  
Till upon Earth's grateful sod  
Rests the City of our God!

1848.

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### THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERRETYPE FROM A FRENCH  
ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through the  
tree-tops flash and glisten,  
As she stands before her lover, with raised face to  
look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient  
Jewish song:  
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her grace-  
ful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vassal's  
garb and hue,  
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher  
nature true;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a free-  
man in his heart,  
As the greegree holds his Fetich from the white  
man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's  
morning horn  
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of  
cane and corn;

Fall the keen and burning lashes, never on his  
back or limb;  
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the  
driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful and his eye is  
hard and stern;  
Slavery's last and humblest lesson, he has never  
deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before  
their master's door,  
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he  
silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which rebels  
against a lot,  
Where the brute survives the human and man's  
upright form is not!

As the serpent-like bejuco winds his spiral fold on  
fold,  
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in  
its hold;—

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the  
fell embrace,  
Till the tree is seen no longer and the vine is in  
his place—

So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's  
manhood twines,  
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba  
choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel; and our world  
of woe and sin  
Is made light and happy only when a Love is  
shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding where-  
soe'er ye roam,  
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all  
the world like home;

In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is  
but a part,  
Of one kindly current throbbing from the uni-  
versal heart;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in  
Slavery nursed,  
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil  
accursed?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman!—dear to all,  
but doubly dear  
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only  
hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen  
sky,  
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is  
never dry!

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,  
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

'T is the fervid tropic noontime; faint and low the sea-waves beat;  
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms arrowy sun-beams flash and glisten,  
Speaks her lover to the slave girl, and she lifts her head to listen:—

“ We shall live as slaves no longer! Freedom's hour is close at hand!  
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand!

“ I have seen the Haytien Captain; I have seen his swarthy crew,  
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color true.

“ They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,  
And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon!”

Oh! the blessed hope of freedom! how with joy and glad surprise,  
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes!

But she looks across the valley, where her mother's  
hut is seen,  
Through the snowy bloom of coffee and the lemon  
leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest: "It were wrong  
for thee to stay;  
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and his  
finger points the way.

"Well I know with what endurance, for the sake  
of me and mine,  
Thou hast borne too long a burden, never meant  
for souls like thine.

"Go; and at the hour of midnight, when our last  
farewell is o'er,  
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee  
from the shore.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick bed all  
the day,  
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through  
the twilight gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even free-  
dom, shared with thee,  
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and  
stripes to me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my brain  
would soon be wild:  
I should hear my mother calling through the twi-  
light for her child!"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of  
morning time,  
Through the coffee trees in blossom, and green  
hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave gang, toil the lover  
and the maid;  
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward  
on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 't is the Haytien's  
sail he sees,  
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven sea-  
ward by the breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a  
low voice call:  
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier  
than all.

1848.

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### THE CRISIS.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE TREATY  
WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's  
drouth and sand,  
The circles of our empire touch the Western  
Ocean's strand;  
From slumberous Timpanogos to Gila, wild and  
free,  
Flowing down from Neuvo Leon to California's  
sea;



And from the mountains of the East to Santa  
Rosa's shore,  
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children  
weep;  
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of  
Pecos keep;  
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,  
And Algodomes toll her bells amidst her corn and  
vines;  
For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager  
eyes of gain,  
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad  
Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the  
winds bring down,  
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold  
Nevada's crown!  
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of  
travel slack,  
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at  
his back;  
By many a lonely river and gorge of fir and pine,  
On many a wintry hill-top his nightly camp-  
fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of lake and  
plain,  
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with  
grain;  
Of mountains white with winter, looking down-  
ward, cold, serene,

On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped  
in softest green;  
Swift through those black volcanic gates, o'er  
many a sunny vale,  
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty  
trail!

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose  
mystic shores  
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;  
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds  
that none have tamed,  
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the  
Saxon never named;  
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's  
chemic powers  
Work out the Great Designer's will:—all these ye  
say are ours!

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the burden  
lies;  
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across  
the skies.  
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom, turn the poised  
and trembling scale?  
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong pre-  
vail?  
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry  
splendor waves,  
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread  
of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East, of which the  
prophets told,

And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian  
Age of Gold:  
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to  
clerkly pen,  
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs  
stand up as men;  
The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations  
born,  
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stam-  
boul's Golden Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow  
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds  
of woe?  
To feed with our fresh life-blood the old world's  
cast-off crime.  
Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from  
the tired lap of Time?  
To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,  
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong  
of man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this  
the prayers and tears,  
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger,  
better years?  
Still, as the old world rolls in light, shall ours in  
shadow turn,  
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer  
darkness borne?  
Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness  
in the air?  
Where for words of hope they listened, the long  
wail of despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it  
stands,  
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in  
Egypt's sands!  
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we  
spin;  
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or  
sin;  
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy  
crown,  
We call the dews of blessings or the bolts of curs-  
ing down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and  
shame;  
By all the warning words of truth with which the  
prophets came;  
By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes  
which cast  
Their faint and trembling beams across the black-  
ness of the Past;  
And by the blessed thought of Him who for  
Earth's freedom died,  
O, my people! O, my brothers! let us choose the  
righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way,  
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;  
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the  
vales with grain;  
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his  
train:

The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea  
shall answer sea,  
And mountain unto mountain call: PRAISE GOD,  
FOR WE ARE FREE!

1848.

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### THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills  
The sun shall sink again!  
Farewell to life and all its ills,  
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—  
But, darker far than they,  
The shadow of a sorrow old  
Is on my heart away.

For since the day when Warkworth wood  
Closed o'er my steed and I,  
An alien from my name and blood,  
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,  
I saw her turret gleam,  
And from its casement, far and white,  
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who from some desert shore  
Doth home's green isles descry,  
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er  
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate  
I gaze across the past;  
Forever on life's dial-plate  
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,  
I've knelt at many a shrine;  
And bowed me to the rocky floor  
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre  
I've pledged my knightly sword  
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,  
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!  
How vain do all things seem!  
My soul is in the past, and life  
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,  
And hard for flesh to bear;  
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,  
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—  
Its ears are open still;  
And vigils with the past they keep  
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old  
Do evermore uprise;  
I see the flow of locks of gold,  
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast  
Those golden locks recline;  
I see upon another rest  
The glance that once was mine!

"O faithless Priest!—O perjured knight!"  
I hear the Master cry;  
"Shut out the vision from thy sight,  
Let Earth and Nature die!

"The Church of God is now thy spouse,  
And thou the bridegroom art;  
Then let the burden of thy vows  
Crush down thy human heart!"

In vain! This heart its grief must know,  
Till life itself hath ceased,  
And falls beneath the self-same blow,  
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,  
And saints, and martyrs old!  
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,  
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,  
And death unbind my chain,  
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill  
The sun shall fall again.

## THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt o'er seas of sand,  
The rocking of the desert bark;  
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,  
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;  
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,  
On dust where Job of old has lain,  
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,  
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread;  
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,  
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,  
How beats the heart with God so nigh!—  
How round gray arch and column lone  
The spirit of the old time broods,  
And sighs in all the winds that moan  
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,  
I have not heard the nation's cries,  
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down  
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.  
The Christian's prayer I have not said,  
In Tadmor's temples of decay,  
Nor startled with my dreary tread,  
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.



Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,  
O, Jordan! heard the low lament,  
Like that sad wail along thy side,  
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!  
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,  
Where deep in night, the Bard of Kings  
Felt hands of fire direct his own,  
And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,  
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,  
And left his trace of tears as yet  
By angel eyes unwept away;  
Nor watched at midnight's solemn time,  
The garden where His prayer and groan,  
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,  
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot,  
Where in His Mother's arms He lay,  
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot  
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;  
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,  
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide  
His arms to fold the world He spread,  
And bowed His head to bless—and died!

## MOUNT AGIOCHOOK.

GRAY searcher of the upper air!  
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls—  
A crown upon thy forehead bare—  
A flashing on thy water-falls—  
A rainbow glory in the cloud,  
Upon thine awful summit bowed,  
Dim relic of the recent storm!  
And music, from the leafy shroud  
Which wraps in green thy giant form,  
Mellowed and softened from above,  
Steals down upon the listening ear,  
Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,  
With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain, when  
Thy shadows veiled the red man's home;  
And over crag and serpent den,  
And wild gorge, where the steps of men  
In chase or battle might not come,  
The mountain eagle bore on high  
The emblem of the free of soul;  
And midway in the fearful sky  
Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,  
Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out—  
The moccasin hath left no track—  
Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about  
The Saco or the Merrimack.

And thou that liftest up on high  
Thine awful barriers to the sky,  
    Art not the haunted mount of old,  
When on each crag of blasted stone  
Some mountain-spirit found a throne,  
    And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,  
And answered to the Thunderer's cry  
When rolled the cloud of tempest by,  
And jutting rock and riven branch  
Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then  
    Upon thy awful summit trod,  
And the red dwellers of the glen  
    Bowed down before the Indian's God.  
There, when His shadow veiled the sky,  
    The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,  
And the red flashes of His eye  
    Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,  
    The dwellers of the hill have gone,  
The sacred groves are trampled o'er,  
    And footprints mar the altar-stone.  
The white man climbs thy tallest rock  
    And hangs him from the mossy steep,  
Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,  
Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,  
And captive waters leap to light,  
And dancing down from height to height,  
    Pass onward to the far-off deep.  
Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,  
    Gray altar of the days of old!

Still are thy rugged features dear,  
As when unto my infant ear  
The legends of the past were told.  
Tales of the downward sweeping flood,  
When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—  
Of armed hand and spectral form,  
Of giants in their misty shroud,  
And voices calling long and loud  
In the drear pauses of the storm!  
Farewell! The red man's face is turned  
Toward another hunting-ground;  
For where the council-fire has burned,  
And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound  
Another fire is kindled now:  
Its light is on the white man's brow!  
The hunter race have passed away—  
Ay, vanished like the morning mist,  
Or dew-drops by the sunshine kissed,—  
And wherefore should the red man stay?  
1829.

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## METACOM.

RED as the banner which enshrouds  
The warrior-dead when strife is done,  
A broken mass of crimson clouds  
Hung over the departed sun.  
The shadow of the western hill  
Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,  
As if a sullen wave of night  
Were rushing on the pale twilight,

The forest-openings grew more dim,  
As glimpses of the arching blue  
And waking stars came softly through  
The rifts of many a giant limb.  
Above the wet and tangled swamp  
White vapors gathered thick and damp,  
And through their cloudy curtaining  
Flapped many a brown and dusky wing—  
Pinions that fan the moonless dun,  
But fold them at the rising sun!

Beneath the closing veil of night,  
And leafy bough and curling fog,  
With his few warriors ranged in sight—  
Scarred relics of his latest fight—  
Rested the fiery Wampanoag.  
He leaned upon his loaded gun,  
Warm with its recent work, of death,  
And, save the struggling of his breath  
That, slow and hard, and long-suppressed,  
Shook the damp folds around his breast,  
An eye, that was unused to scan  
The sterner moods of that dark man,  
Had deemed his tall and silent form  
With hidden passion fierce and warm,  
With that fixed eye, as still and dark  
As clouds which veil their lightning-spark—  
That of some forest-champion  
Whom sudden death had passed upon—  
A giant frozen into stone.  
Son of the thronèd Sachem,—thou,  
The sternest of the forest kings,—  
Shall the scorned pale-one trample now,

Unambushed, on thy mountain's brow—  
Yea, drive his vile and hated plough  
    Among thy nation's holy things,  
Crushing the warrior-skeleton  
In scorn beneath his armèd heel,  
And not a hand be left to deal  
A kindred vengeance fiercely back,  
And cross in blood the Spoiler's track?

He started,—for a sudden shot  
    Came booming through the forest-trees—  
The thunder of the fierce Yengeese:  
It passed away, and injured not;  
But, to the Sachem's brow it brought  
The token of his lion thought.  
He stood erect—his dark eye burned,  
As if to meteor-brightness turned;  
And o'er his forehead passed the frown  
Of an archangel stricken down,  
Ruined and lost, yet chainless still—  
Weakened of power but strong of will!  
It passed—a sudden tremor came  
Like ague o'er his giant frame,—  
It was not terror—he had stood  
    For hours, with death in grim attendance,  
When moccasins grew stiff with blood,  
    And through the clearing's midnight flame,  
Dark, as a storm, the Pequod came,  
    His red right arm their strong dependence—  
When thrilling through the forest gloom  
The onset cry of "Metacom!"  
    Rang on the red and smoky air!—  
No—it was agony which passed

Upon his soul—the strong man's last  
And fearful struggle with despair.

He turned him to his trustiest one—  
The old and war-tried Annawon—  
“Brother”—the favored warrior stood  
In hushed and listening attitude—  
“This night the Vision-Spirit hath  
Unrolled the scroll of fate before me;  
And ere the sunrise cometh, Death  
Will wave his dusky pinion o'er me!  
Nay, start not—well I know thy faith:  
Thy weapon now may keep its sheath;  
But when the bodeful morning breaks,  
And the green forest widely wakes

Unto the roar of Yengeese thunder,  
Then, trusted brother, be it thine  
To burst upon the foeman's line  
And rend his serried strength asunder.  
Perchance thyself and yet a few  
Of faithful ones may struggle through,  
And, rallying on the wooded plain,  
Offer up in Yengeese blood  
An offering to the Indian's God.”

Another shot—a sharp, quick yell,  
And then the stifled groan of pain,  
Told that another red man fell,—  
And blazed a sudden light again  
Across that kingly brow and eye,  
Like lightning on a clouded sky,—  
And a low growl, like that which thrills  
The hunter of the Eastern hills,

Burst through clenched teeth and rigid lip—

And when the Monarch spoke again,  
His deep voice shook beneath its rein,  
And wrath and grief held fellowship.  
“ Brother! methought when as but now  
I pondered on my nation’s wrong,  
With sadness on his shadowy brow  
My father’s spirit passed along!  
He pointed to the far southwest,  
Where sunset’s gold was growing dim,  
And seemed to beckon me to him,

And to the forests of the blest!—  
My father loved the Yengeese, when  
They were but children, shelterless;  
For his great spirit at distress  
Melted to woman’s tenderness—  
Nor was it given him to know  
That children whom he cherished then  
Would rise at length, like armed men,  
To work his people’s overthrow.  
Yet thus it is;—the God before  
Whose awful shrine the pale ones bow  
Hath frowned upon and given o’er  
The red man to the stranger now!—  
A few more moons, and there will be  
No gathering to the council-tree;  
The scorched earth, the blackened log,  
The naked bones of warriors slain,  
Be the sole relics which remain  
Of the once mighty Wampanoag!  
The forests of our hunting-land,  
With all their old and solemn green,  
Will bow before the Spoiler’s axe,  
The plough displace the hunter’s tracks,



And the tall Yengeese altar stand  
Where the Great Spirit's shrine hath been!

“ Yet, brother, from this awful hour  
The dying curse of Metacom  
Shall linger with abiding power  
Upon the spoilers of my home.  
The fearful veil of things to come  
By Kitchtan's hand is lifted from  
The shadows of the embryo years;  
And I can see more clearly through  
Than ever visioned Powwow did,  
For all the future comes unbid  
Yet welcomed to my trancéd view,  
As battle-yell to warrior-ears!  
From stream and lake and hunting-hill  
Our tribes may vanish like a dream,  
And even my dark curse may seem  
Like idle winds when Heaven is still—  
No bodeful harbinger of ill,  
But fiercer than the downright thunder  
When yawns the mountain-rock asunder,  
And riven pine and knotted oak  
Are reeling to the fearful stroke,  
That curse shall work its master's will!  
The bed of yon blue mountain stream  
Shall pour a darker tide than rain—  
The sea shall catch its blood-red stain,  
And broadly on its banks shall gleam  
The steel of those who should be brothers—  
Yea, those whom once fond parent nursed  
Shall meet in strife, like fiends accursed,  
And trample down the once loved form,

While yet with breathing passion warm,  
As fiercely as they would another's!"

The morning star sat dimly on  
The lighted eastern horizon—  
The deadly glare of levelled gun  
Came streaking through the twilight haze,  
And naked to its reddest blaze  
A hundred warriors sprang in view:  
One dark red arm was tossed on high—  
One giant shout came hoarsely through  
The clangor and the charging cry,  
Just as across the scattering gloom,  
Red as the naked hand of Doom,  
The Yengeese volley hurtled by—  
The arm—the voice of Metacom!—  
One piercing shriek—one vengeful yell,  
Sent like an arrow to the sky,  
Told when the hunter-monarch fell!  
1829.

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### THE FRATRICIDE.

HE stood on the brow of the well-known hill,  
Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still—  
The last of that forest which cast the gloom  
Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home;  
And the beautiful valley beneath him lay  
With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,  
And the sunshine over it all the while  
Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,  
And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine,  
And the delicate stream which crept beneath  
Soft as the flow of an infant's breath:  
And the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's  
    sigh,  
Kissing each ripple which glided by;  
And he knew every valley and wooded swell,  
For the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down  
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,  
With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,  
And their grim shade back from the sunlight  
    thrown?

What saw he there save the dreary glen,  
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,  
And the great owl sat in the leafy limb  
That the hateful sun might not look on him?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye,  
As if a spectre were stealing by,  
And glared it still on that narrow dell  
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell;  
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,  
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,  
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,  
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran  
Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man?  
His childhood's home—and his father's toil—  
And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile—  
And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,  
At the village school and the winter hearth—

The beautiful thoughts of his early time,  
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came  
Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,  
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,  
Of the ghastly forms of the scalplless dead,  
Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour  
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—  
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye  
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm—  
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,  
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm  
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,  
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,  
And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath,  
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel  
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel!

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again,  
The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,  
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,  
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!—  
And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,  
And pointed its bloodied finger at him!—  
And his heart grew cold—and the curse of Cain  
Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise  
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies?—  
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,  
It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,  
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,  
And glared by night through the wigwam door;

And here—on his own familiar hill—  
It rose on his haunted vision still!

Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun,  
Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly on?  
There were those who bent o'er that rigid face  
Who well in its darken'd lines might trace  
The features of him who, a traitor, fled  
From a brother whose blood himself had shed,  
And there—on the spot where he strangely died—  
They made the grave of the Fratricide!

1831.

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### ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

“Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.”

MIDST the palace-bowers of Hungary,—imperial  
Presburg's pride,—  
With the noble-born and beautiful assembled at  
her side,  
She stood, beneath the summer heaven,—the soft  
winds sighing on,  
Stirring the green and arching boughs, like  
dancers in the sun.

The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy  
orange-bloom,  
The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose's meek  
perfume,  
The willow crossing with its green some statue's  
marble hair,—  
All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light  
the soul, was there.

But she—a monarch's treasured one—lean'd  
gloomily apart,  
With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a  
shadow on her heart.  
Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow  
hath she known?  
Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred  
as her own?  
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or  
bower?—  
The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet  
hour?  
Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Dan-  
ube's tide?  
And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel,  
his bride?

She raised her jewell'd hand and flung her veiling  
tresses back,  
Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy  
black.—  
A tear fell on the orange leaves;—rich gem and  
mimic blossom,  
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sigh-  
ing bosom:

"Smile on, smile on," she murmur'd low, "for all  
is joy around,  
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and  
blossom'd ground;  
'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when  
nature's brow is fair,  
And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of  
the air!

"But ask not me to share with you the beauty of  
the scene—  
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tessellated  
green;  
And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious  
summer sun:  
I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath  
done—  
The hills, the sky, the sun-lit cloud, the fountain  
leaping forth,  
The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark  
green robes of earth—  
I love them still; yet I have learn'd to turn aside  
from all,  
And never more my heart must own their sweet  
but fatal thrall!

"And I could love the noble one whose mighty  
name I bear,  
And closer to my bursting heart his hallow'd  
image wear;  
And I could watch our sweet young flower, un-  
folding day by day,  
And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers  
only may;

But no, I may not cling to earth—that voice is in  
my ear,  
That shadow lingers by my side—the death-wail  
and the bier,  
The cold and starless night of death where day  
may never beam,  
The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which  
hath no dream!

“O God! to leave this fair bright world, and, more  
than all, to know  
The moment when the Spectral One shall deal his  
fearful blow;  
To know the day, the very hour; to feel the tide  
roll on;  
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the  
sunshine gone;  
To count the days, the few short days, of light and  
life and breath,—  
Between me and the noisome grave—the voiceless  
home of death,—  
Alas!—if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my  
doom,  
Let not thy frowning, O my God! lend darkness  
to the tomb.

“Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid  
the chill  
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers  
with me still:  
I would not cloud our fair child’s brow, nor let a  
tear-drop dim  
The eye that met my wedded lord’s, lest it should  
sadden him.



But there are moments when the gush of feeling  
hath its way;  
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor  
love may stay.  
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of  
joy is high;  
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone  
to weep and die."

\* \* \* \* \*

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's  
holy pile;  
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along  
the aisle;  
The banners of a kingly race waved high above  
the dead;  
A mighty band of mourners came—a king was at  
its head,  
A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim  
and tearful eye—  
He had not dream'd that one so pure as his fair  
bride could die;  
And sad and wild above the throng the funeral  
anthem rung:  
"Mourn for the hope of Austria! Mourn for the  
loved and young!"  
The wail went up from other lands—the valleys  
of the Hun,  
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of  
vine and sun;  
The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound  
went by,  
The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled  
with the cry;

The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slowak at his  
cave,  
The bow'd at the Escorial, the Magyar sternly  
brave—  
All wept the early-stricken flower, and burst from  
every tongue:  
"Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel! Mourn for the  
loved and young!"

1831.

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### STANZAS.

"Art thou beautiful?—Live, then, in accordance with the  
curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty  
of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness,  
the ornament of the beloved of God."—WILLIAM PENN.

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,  
Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!  
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown  
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—  
Shaming the light of those Orient pearls  
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft wreathing  
curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is thrown,  
And the face of an angel is meeting thine own!  
Beautiful creature—I marvel not  
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught;  
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told  
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—  
A terrible phantom is bending near;

Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye  
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully—  
With no human look—with no human breath,  
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly! but, alas! he will follow still,  
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will;  
In thy noon-day walk—in thy midnight sleep,  
Close at thy hand will that phantom keep—  
Still in thine ear shall his whispers be—  
Woe, that such phantom should follow thee!

In the lighted hall where the dancers go,  
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro;  
When thy fair arms glance in their stainless white,  
Like ivory bathed in still moonlight;  
And not one star in the holy sky  
Hath a clearer light than thine own blue eye!

Oh, then—even then—he will follow thee,  
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;  
In the soften'd light—in the turning dance—  
He will fix on thine his dead, cold glance—  
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall linger,  
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy finger!

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,  
While thy soul is open as thy brow;  
While thy heart is fresh—while its feelings still  
Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain-rill—  
And thy smiles are free as the airs of spring,  
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall come,  
When the bud shall wither before its bloom;

When thy soul is sick of the emptiness  
And changeful fashion of human bliss;  
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling  
Over thy heart as ice is stealing—

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,  
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's love;  
When the hope of that joy in thy heart is stirr'd,  
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,—  
THEN will that phantom of darkness be  
Gladness, and Promise, and Bliss to thee.

1832.

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### THE MISSIONARY.

“It is an awful, an arduous thing to root out every affection for earthly things, so as to live only for another world. I am now far, very far, from you all; and as often as I look around and see the Indian scenery, I sigh to think of the distance which separates us.”—*Letters of Henry Martyn from India.*

“SAY, whose is this fair picture, which the light  
From the unshutter'd window rests upon  
Even as a lingering halo?—Beautiful!  
The keen, fine eye of manhood, and a lip  
Lovely as that of Hylas, and impress'd  
With the bright signet of some brilliant thought—  
That broad expanse of forehead, clear and high,  
Mark'd visibly with the characters of mind,  
And the free locks around it, raven black,  
Luxuriant and unsilver'd—who was he?”

A friend, a more than brother. In the spring  
And glory of his being he went forth  
From the embraces of devoted friends,  
From ease and quiet happiness, from more—  
From the warm heart that loved him with a love  
Holier than earthly passion, and to whom  
The beauty of his spirit shone above  
The charms of perishing nature. He went forth  
Strengthen'd to suffer—gifted to subdue  
The might of human passion—to pass on  
Quietly to the sacrifice of all  
The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to turn  
The high ambition written on that brow,  
From its first dream of power and human fame,  
Unto a task of seeming lowliness—  
Yet God-like in its purpose. He went forth  
To bind the broken spirit—to pluck back  
The heathen from the wheel of Juggernaut—  
To place the spiritual image of a God  
Holy and just and true, before the eye  
Of the dark-minded Brahmin—and unseal  
The holy pages of the Book of Life,  
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than all  
The sacred tomes of Vedas—to unbind  
The widow from her sacrifice—and save  
The perishing infant from the worshipp'd river!

“And, lady, where is he?” He slumbers well  
Beneath the shadow of an Indian palm.  
There is no stone above his grave. The wind,  
Hot from the desert, as it stirs the leaves  
Of neighboring bananas, sighs alone  
Over his place of slumber.

“God forbid  
That he should die alone!”—Nay, not alone.  
His God was with him in that last dread hour—  
His great arm underneath him, and His smile  
Melting into a spirit full of peace.  
And one kind friend, a human friend, was near—  
One whom his teachings and his earnest prayers  
Had snatch’d as from the burning. He alone  
Felt the last pressure of his failing hand,  
Caught the last glimpses of his closing eye,  
And laid the green turf over him with tears,  
And left him with his God.

“And was it well,  
Dear lady, that this noble mind should cast  
Its rich gifts on the waters?—That a heart  
Full of all gentleness and truth and love  
Should wither on the suicidal shrine  
Of a mistaken duty? If I read  
Aright the fine intelligence which fills  
That amplitude of brow, and gazes out  
Like an indwelling spirit from that eye,  
He might have borne him loftily among  
The proudest of his land, and with a step  
Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,  
Gone up the paths of greatness,—bearing still  
A sister spirit with him, as some star,  
Pre-eminent in Heaven, leads steadily up  
A kindred watcher, with its fainter beams  
Baptized in its great glory. Was it well  
That all this promise of the heart and mind  
Should perish from the earth, and leave no trace,  
Unfolding like the Cereus of the clime

Which hath its sepulchre, but in the night  
Of pagan desolation—was it well?”

Thy will be done, O Father!—it *was* well.  
What are the honors of a perishing world  
Grasp'd by a palsied finger?—the applause  
Of the unthoughtful multitude which greets  
The dull ear of decay?—the wealth that loads  
The bier with costly drapery, and shines  
In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up  
The cold substantial monument? Can these  
Bear up the sinking spirit in that hour  
When heart and flesh are failing, and the grave  
Is opening under us? Oh, dearer then  
The memory of a kind deed done to him  
Who was our enemy, one grateful tear  
In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,  
One smile call'd up by unseen charity  
On the wan cheek of hunger, or one prayer  
Breathed from the bosom of the penitent—  
The stain'd with crime and outcast, unto whom  
Our mild rebuke and tenderness of love  
A merciful God hath bless'd.

“ But, lady, say,  
Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath  
The burden of his toil, and turn aside  
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast  
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—  
Still green in memory? Clung not to his heart  
Something of earthly hope uncrucified,  
Of earthly thought unchasten'd? Did he bring  
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—  
Its loves, hopes, sorrows—and become as one

Knowing no kindred but a perishing world,  
No love but of the sin-endangered soul,  
No hope but of the winning back to life  
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought  
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent  
As to a martyrdom ? ”

Nay, though the heart  
Be consecrated to the holiest work  
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there will be  
Ties of the earth around it, and, through all  
Its perilous devotion, it must keep  
Its own humanity. And it is well.  
Else why wept He, who with our nature veil'd  
The spirit of a God, o'er lost Jerusalem,  
And the cold grave of Lazarus ? And why  
In the dim garden rose his earnest prayer,  
That from his lips the cup of suffering  
Might pass, if it were possible ?

My friend  
Was of a gentle nature, and his heart  
Gush'd like a river-fountain of the hills,  
Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly smile,  
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.  
Freely his letters to his friends disclosed  
His yearnings for the quiet haunts of home—  
For love and its companionship, and all  
The blessings left behind him ; yet above  
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit rose,  
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking hold  
Of the eternal promises of God,  
And steadfast in its faith. Here are some lines  
Penn'd in his lonely mission-house, and sent



To a dear friend of his who even now  
Lingers above them with a mournful joy,  
Holding them well nigh sacred—as a leaf  
Pluck'd from the record of a breaking heart:

## AN EVENING IN BURMAH.

A night of wonder!—piled afar  
With ebon feet and crests of snow,  
Like Himalayah's peaks, which bar  
The sunset and the sunset's star  
From half the shadow'd vale below,  
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,  
And over them, and down the sky,  
Broadly and pale the lightnings go.

Above, the pleasant moon is seen,  
Pale journeyer to her own loved West!  
Like some bright spirit sent between  
The earth and heaven, she seems to lean  
Wearily on the cloud and rest;  
And light from her unsullied brow  
That gloomy cloud is gathering now  
Along each wreath'd and whitening crest.

And what a strength of light and shade  
Is checkering all the earth below!—  
And, through the jungle's verdant braid  
Of tangled vine and wild reed made,  
What blossoms in the moonlight glow!—  
The Indian rose's loveliness,  
The ceiba with its crimson dress,  
The myrtle with its bloom of snow.

And fitting in the fragrant air,  
Or nestling in the shadowy trees,  
A thousand bright-hued birds are there—  
Strange plumage quivering, wild and rare,  
With every faintly-breathing breeze;  
And, wet with dew from roses shed,  
The Bulbul droops her weary head,  
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange leaves  
The tall pagoda's turrets glow;  
O'er graceful shaft and fretted eaves  
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves,  
And hangs in flowering wreaths below;  
And where the cluster'd palms eclipse  
The moonbeams, from its marble lips  
The fountain's silver waters flow.

Yes, all is lovely—earth and air—  
As aught beneath the sky may be;  
And yet my thoughts are wandering where  
My native rocks lie bleak and bare—  
A weary way beyond the sea.  
The yearning spirit is not here;  
It lingers on a spot more dear  
Than India's brightest bowers to me.

Methinks I tread the well-known street—  
The tree my childhood loved is there,  
Its bare-worn roots are at my feet,  
And through its open boughs I meet  
White glimpses of the place of prayer—  
And unforgotten eyes again  
Are glancing through the cottage pane,  
Than Asia's lustrous eyes more fair.

What though, with every fitful gush  
Of night-wind, spicy odors come;  
And hues of beauty glow and flush  
From matted vine and wild rose-bush;  
And music's sweetest, faintest hum  
Steals through the moonlight, as in dreams,—  
Afar from all my spirit seems

Amid the dearer scenes of HOME!

A holy name—the name of home!—

Yet where, O wandering heart, is thine ?

*Here* where the dusky heathen come

To bow before the deaf and dumb,

Dead idols of their own design,

Where deep in Ganges' worshipp'd tide

The infant sinks—and on its side

The widow's funeral altars shine!

*Here*, where 'mid light and song and flowers

The priceless soul in ruin lies—

Lost—dead to all those better powers

Which link a fallen world like ours

To God's own holy Paradise;

Where open sin and hideous crime

Are like the foliage of their clime—

The unshorn growth of centuries!

Turn, then, my heart—thy home is here;

No other now remains for thee:—

The smile of love, and friendship's tear,

The tones that melted on thine ear,

The mutual thrill of sympathy,

The welcome of the household band,

The pressure of the lip and hand,

Thou mayest not hear, nor feel, nor see

God of my spirit!—Thou, alone,  
Who watchest o'er my pillowed head,  
Whose ear is open to the moan  
And sorrowing of thy child, hast known  
The grief which at my heart has fed,—  
The struggle of my soul to rise  
Above its earth-born sympathies,—  
The tears of many a sleepless bed!

Oh, be Thine arm, as it hath been,  
In every test of heart and faith—  
The Tempter's doubt—the wiles of men—  
The heathen's scoff—the bosom sin—  
A helper and a stay beneath,  
A strength in weakness 'mid the strife  
And anguish of my wasting life—  
My solace and my hope in death!

1833.

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MASSACHUSETTS.

Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. CUSHING to the House of Representatives of the United States, have been laid on the table unread and un-referred, under the infamous rule of "PATTON'S RESOLUTION."

AND have they spurn'd *thy* word,  
Thou of the old THIRTEEN!  
Whose soil, where Freedom's blood first pour'd  
Hath yet a darker green?  
Tread the weak Southron's pride and lust  
Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,  
And fix'd the padlock fast?  
Slave of the mean and tyrant South!  
Is this thy fate at last?  
Old Massachusetts! can it be  
That thus thy sons must speak of thee?

Call from the Capitol  
Thy chosen ones again—  
Unmeet for them the base control  
Of Slavery's curbing rein!  
Unmeet for necks like theirs to feel  
The chafing of the despot's heel!

Call back to Quincy's shade  
That steadfast son of thine;  
Go—if thy homage must be paid  
To Slavery's pagod-shrine,  
Seek out some meaner offering than  
The free-born soul of that old man.

Call that true spirit back,  
So eloquent and young;  
In his own vale of Merrimack  
No chains are on his tongue!  
Better to breathe its cold, keen air,  
Than wear the Southron's shackle there.

Ay, let them hasten home,  
And render up their trust;  
Through them the Pilgrim-state is dumb,  
Her proud lip in the dust!  
Her counsels and her gentlest word  
Of warning spurn'd aside, unheard!

Let them come back, and shake  
The base dust from their feet;  
And with their tale of outrage wake  
The free hearts whom they meet;  
And show before indignant men  
The scars where Slavery's chain has been.

Back from the Capitol—  
It is no place for thee!  
Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue wall  
Thy voice may still be free!  
What power shall chain thy spirit there,  
In God's free sun and freer air?

A voice is calling thee,  
From all the martyr-graves  
Of those stern men, in death made free,  
Who could not live as slaves.  
The slumberings of thy honor'd dead  
Are for thy sake disquieted!

The curse of Slavery comes  
Still nearer, day by day;  
Shall thy pure altars and thy homes  
Become the Spoiler's prey?  
Shall the dull tread of fetter'd slaves  
Sound o'er thy old and holy graves

Pride of the old THIRTEEN!  
That curse may yet be stay'd—  
Stand thou, in Freedom's strength, between  
The living and the dead;  
Stand forth, for God and Liberty  
In one strong effort worthy thee!

Once more let Faneuil Hall  
By freemen's feet be trod,  
And give the echoes of its wall  
Once more to Freedom's God!  
And in the midst, unseen, shall stand  
The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gather'd sons shall feel  
The soul of Adams near,  
And Otis with his fiery zeal,  
And Warren's onward cheer;  
And heart to heart shall thrill as when  
They moved and spake as living men.

Fling, from thy Capitol,  
Thy banner to the light,  
And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,  
For Freedom and the Right,  
Breathe once again thy vows, unbroken—  
Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out!  
A WORLD thy words shall hear;  
And they who listen round about,  
In friendship, or in fear,  
Shall know thee still, when sorest tried,  
"Unshaken and unterrified!" \*

1837.

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\* "Massachusetts has held her way right onward, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified."—*Speech of C. Cushing in the House of Representatives of the United States, 1836.*

## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY,

President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died  
on the 17th of the 9th month, 1836, a devoted Christian  
and Philanthropist.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!  
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!  
And on thine ear the murmurs blest  
Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing!  
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives  
To all the earth its healing leaves!  
In the white robe of angels clad!  
And wandering by that sacred river,  
Whose streams of holiness make glad  
The city of our God for ever!

Gentlest of spirits!—not for thee  
Our tears are shed—our sighs are given:  
Why mourn to know thou art a free  
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?  
Finish'd thy work, and kept thy faith  
In Christian firmness unto death:  
And beautiful as sky and earth,  
When Autumn's sun is downward going,  
The blessed memory of thy worth  
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still  
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly:  
And minds less steadfast to the will  
Of Him whose every work is holy.  
For not like thine, is crucified



The spirit of our human pride:  
And at the bondsman's tale of woe,  
    And for the outcast and forsaken,  
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,  
    Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way  
    The storm of human hate is sweeping;  
Hunted and branded, and a prey,  
    Our watch amidst the darkness keeping!  
Oh! for that hidden strength which can  
Nerve unto death the inner man!  
Oh! for thy spirit, tried and true,  
    And constant in the hour of trial,  
Prepared to suffer, or to do,  
    In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh! for that spirit, meek and mild,  
    Derided, spurn'd, yet uncomplaining—  
By man deserted and reviled,  
    Yet faithful to its trust remaining.  
Still prompt and resolute to save  
From scourge and chain the hunted slave!  
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,  
    Even where the fires of Hate are burning,  
The unquailing eye of innocence  
    Alone upon the oppressor turning!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,  
    Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!  
The poor man and the rescued slave  
    Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee—  
And grateful tears, like summer rain,

Quicken'd its dying grass again!  
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,  
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,  
Of gentle deeds and words of thine  
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh! for the death the righteous die!  
An end, like Autumn's day declining,  
On human hearts, as on the sky,  
With holier, tenderer beauty shining;  
As to the parting soul were given  
The radiance of an opening Heaven!  
As if that pure and blessed light,  
From off the Eternal altar flowing,  
Were bathing, in its upward flight,  
The spirit to its worship going!

1836.

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### A SUMMONS.

Lines written on the adoption of Pinckney's Resolutions, in  
the House of Representatives, and the passage of  
Calhoun's "Bill of Abominations" to a second reading,  
in the Senate of the United States.

Now, by our fathers' ashes! where's the spirit  
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?  
Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit  
Their *names* alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quench'd within us?  
Stoops the proud manhood of our souls so low,  
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile can win us  
To silence now?

No. When our land to ruin's brink is verging,  
In God's name, let us speak while there is time!  
Now, when the padlocks for our lips are forging,  
SILENCE IS CRIME!

What! shall we henceforth humbly ask as favors  
Rights all our own? In madness shall we barter,  
For treacherous peace, the FREEDOM Nature gave  
us,  
God and our charter?

*Here* shall the statesman seek the free to fetter?  
Here Lynch law light its horrid fires on high?  
And, in the church, their proud and skill'd abettor,  
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallow'd Bible,  
To sanction crime, and robbery, and blood?  
And, in Oppression's hateful service, libel  
Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect no longer,  
But stoop in chains upon her downward way,  
Thicker to gather on her limbs and stronger  
Day after day?

Oh, no; methinks from all her wild, green moun-  
tains—  
From valleys where her slumbering fathers lie—  
From her blue rivers and her welling fountains,  
And clear, cold sky—

From her rough coast, and isles, which hungry  
Ocean

Gnaws with his surges—from the fisher's skiff,  
With white sail swaying to the billows' motion  
Round rock and cliff—

From the free fire-side of her unbought farmer—  
From her free laborer at his loom and wheel—  
From the brown smith-shop, where, beneath the  
hammer,

Rings the red steel—

From each and all, if God hath not forsaken  
Our land, and left us to an evil choice,  
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall waken  
A PEOPLE'S VOICE!

Startling and stern! the Northern winds shall  
bear it

Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;  
And buried Freedom shall awake to hear it  
Within her grave.

Oh, let that voice go forth! The bondman sighing  
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's cane,  
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom dying,  
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who are gazing  
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,  
And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,  
Bless us the while.

Oh, for your ancient freedom, pure and holy,  
For the deliverance of a groaning earth,  
For the wrong'd captive, bleeding, crush'd, and  
lowly,

Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye falter  
With all they left ye peril'd and at stake?  
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy altar  
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthen'd for the trial, come together,  
Put on the harness for the moral fight,  
And, with the blessings of your heavenly Father,  
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

1836.

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### THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE.

FOND scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,

With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—  
A lasting adieu! for now, dim in the distance,  
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.  
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,  
Which guard the lov'd shores of my own native  
land;

Farewell to the village and sail-shadow'd bay,  
The forest-crown'd hill and the water-wash'd  
strand.

I've fought for my country—I've braved all the  
dangers  
That throng round the path of the warrior in  
strife;

I now must depart to a nation of strangers,  
And pass in seclusion the remnant of life;  
Far, far, from the friends to my bosom most dear,  
With none to support me in peril and pain,  
And none but the stranger to drop the sad tear,  
On the grave where the heart-broken Exile is  
lain.

Friends of my youth! I must leave you forever,  
And hasten to dwell in a region unknown:—  
Yet time cannot change, nor the broad ocean sever,  
Hearts firmly united and tried as our own.  
Ah, no! though I wander, all sad and forlorn,  
In a far distant land, yet shall memory trace,  
When far o'er the ocean's white surges I'm borne,  
The scene of past pleasures,—my own native  
place.

Farewell, shores of Erin, green land of my fathers—  
Once more, and forever, a mournful adieu!  
For round thy dim headlands the ocean-mist  
gathers,  
And shrouds the fair isle I no longer can view.  
I go—but wherever my footsteps I bend,  
For freedom and peace to my own native isle,  
And contentment and joy to each warm-hearted  
friend,  
Shall be the heart's prayer of the lonely Exile!  
HAVERHILL, *June 1, 1826.*

## THE DEITY.

1 Kings xix. 11.

THE prophet stood  
On the dark mount, and saw the tempest cloud  
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its dark reservoir  
Of congregated gloom. The mountain oak,  
Torn from the earth, heav'd high its roots where  
once

Its branches wav'd. The fir-tree's shapely form,  
Smote by the tempest, lash'd the mountain's side.  
—Yet, calm in conscious purity, the seer  
Beheld the scene of desolation—for  
Th' Eternal Spirit mov'd not in the storm!

The tempest ceas'd!—the cavern'd earthquake  
burst

Forth from its prison, and the mountain rock'd  
E'en to its base: the topmost crags were thrown,  
With fearful crashing, down its shuttering sides.  
—Unaw'd, the prophet saw and heard—he felt  
Not in the earthquake mov'd the God of Heaven!

The murmurs died away!—and from the height  
(Rent by the storm, and shattered by the shock),  
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame,  
Mighty and vast!—the startled mountain deer  
Shrunk from its glare and cower'd within the  
shade.

The wild fowl shriek'd!—Yet, even then, the seer  
Untrembling stood, and mark'd the fearful glow—  
For Israel's God came not within the flame!

The fiery beacon sunk!—a *still small voice*  
Now caught the prophet's ear. Its awful tones,  
Unlike to human sounds, at once conveyed  
Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart.  
Then bow'd the holy man! his face he veil'd  
Within his mantle, and in meekness owned  
The presence of his God—discern'd not in  
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame,  
But in the *still small voice*!

HAVERHILL, 11th of 6th month, 1826.

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### TO THE "RUSTIC BARD."

[The following poem was written by Whittier in January, 1828, and is not found in any of his published works. The "Rustic Bard" was Robert Dinsmoor of Windham, N. H., of whom a sketch may be found in Whittier's prose works ("Old Portraits and Modern Sketches").]

HEALTH to the hale auld "Rustic Bard"!  
Gin ye a poet wad regard  
Who deems it honor to be ca'd  
Yere rhymin' brither,  
'T would gie his muse a rich reward—  
He asks nae ither.

My muse, an inexperienced hizzie,  
Wi' pride an' self-importance dizzy  
O' skill to rhyme it free an' easy  
Is na possessor;  
But yours has been a lang time busy—  
An auld transgressor.



Yes, lang an' weel ye've held your way,  
An', spite o' a' that critics say,  
The memory of your rustic lay  
    Shall still be dear,  
An' wi' yere name to latest day  
    Be cherish'd here.

An' though the cauld an' heartless sneer,  
An' critics urge their wordy weir,  
An' graceless scoundrels taunt an' jeer,  
    E'en let them do it;  
They canna mak' the muse less dear  
    To ony poet.

But why should poets "fash their thumb"?  
E'en let the storms o' fortune come;  
Maun they alane be left in gloom,  
    To grope an' stumble,  
An' wear the garb fate's partial loom  
    Has wove maist humble?

No! up wi' pride—wha cares a feather  
What fools may chance to say, or whether  
They praise or spurn our rhymin' blether,—  
    Laud or abuse us,—  
While conscience keeps within fair weather,  
    An' wise men roose us?

Then let us smile when fools assail us,  
To answer them will not avail us;  
Contempt alane should meet the railers—  
    It deals a blow,  
When weapons like their ain wad fail us,  
    To cower the foe.

But whyles they need a castigation,  
Shall either name or rank or station  
Protect them frae the flagellation  
    Sae muckle needed ?  
Shall vice an' crimes that "taint the nation"  
    Pass on unheeded ?

No! let the muse her trumpet take,  
Till auld offenders learn to shake  
An' tremble when they hear her wake  
    Her tones o' thunder;  
Till pride an' bloated ignorance quake,  
    An' gawkies wonder.

For ye, auld bard, though long ye've been  
An actor in life's weary scene,  
Wi' saul erect an' fearless mien  
    Ye've held your way;  
An' O! may Heaven preserve serene  
    Your closin' day.

Farewell! the poet's hopes an' fears  
May vanish frae this vale o' tears,  
An' curtain'd wi' forgotten years  
    His muse may lie;  
But virtue's form unscaith'd appears—  
    It canna die!

THE END.







